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DAYS WITH MRS. STOWE.

FLORENCE, the city of charms and flowers, was the spot where I first met Mrs. Stowe. She was delighting herself in the fascinations of that lovely place. Not alone every day, but every second as it passed, was full of eager interest to her. She could say with Thoreau, "I moments live who lived but years." We had both been invited to a large reception, one evening, in one of the old palaces on the Arno. There were music and dancing, and there were lively groups of ladies and gentlemen strolling from room to room, contrasting somewhat strangely in their gayety with the solemn pictures hanging on the walls, and a sense of shadowy presence which seems to haunt those dusky interiors. A certain discrepancy between the modern company and the surroundings, a weird mingling of the past and the present, made any apparition appear possible, and left room only for a faint thrill of surprise when a voice by my side said, "There is Mrs. Stowe." In a moment she approached and I was presented to her, and after a brief pause she passed on. All this was natural enough, but a wave of intense disappointment swept over me. Why had I found no words to express or even indicate the feeling that had choked me? Was the fault mine? Oh yes, I said to myself, for I could not conceive it to be otherwise, and I looked upon my opportunity, the gift of the gods, as utterly and forever wasted. I was depressed and sorrowing over the vanishing of a presence I might perhaps

never meet again, and no glamour of light, or music, or pictures, or friendly voices could recall any pleasure to my heart. Meanwhile, the unconscious object of all this disturbance was strolling quietly along, leaning on the arm of a friend, hardly ever speaking, followed by a group of traveling-companions, and entirely absorbed in the gay scene around her. She was a small woman, and her pretty curling hair and far-away dreaming eyes, and her way of becoming occupied in what interested her until she forgot everything else for the time, all these I first began to see and understand as I gazed after her retreating figure.

Mrs. Stowe's personal appearance has received scant justice and no mercy at the hand of the photographer. She says herself, during her triumphal visit to England after the publication of *Uncle Tom*: "The general topic of remark on meeting me seems to be that I am not so bad looking as they were afraid I was; and I do assure you, when I have seen the things that are put up in the shop windows here with my name under them, I have been lost in wondering imagination at the boundless loving-kindness of my English and Scottish friends in keeping up such a warm heart for such a Gorgon. I should think that the Sphinx in the London Museum might have sat for most of them. I am going to make a collection of these portraits to bring home to you. There is a great variety of them, and they will be useful, like the Irishman's guide-board which showed 'where

the road did not go.' " I remember once accompanying her to a reception at a well-known house in Boston, where, before the evening was over, the hostess drew me aside, saying, "Why did you never tell me that Mrs. Stowe was beautiful?" And indeed, when I observed her in the full ardor of conversation, with her heightened color, her eyes shining and awake, but filled with great softness, her abundant curling hair rippling naturally about her head and falling a little at the sides (as in the portrait by Richmond), I quite agreed with the lady of the house. Nor was that the first time her beauty had been revealed to me, but she was seldom seen to be beautiful by the great world, and the pleasure of this recognition was very great to those who loved her.

She was never afflicted with a personal consciousness of her reputation, nor was she trammelled by it. The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion. Late in life (when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind) she was accosted, I was told, in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening, by a good old retired sea-captain who was her neighbor for the time. "When I was younger," said he respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke, "I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction Uncle Tom's Cabin. The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it." "I did not write it," answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand. "You did n't?" he ejaculated in amazement. "Why, who did, then?" "God wrote it," she replied simply. "I merely did his dictation." "Amen," said the captain reverently, as he walked thoughtfully away.

This was the expression in age of what lay at the foundation of her life. She always spoke and behaved as if she recognized herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit. When we consider how this idea absorbed her to the prejudice of what appeared to others a wholesome exercise of human will and judgment, it is not wonderful that the world was offended when she once made conclusions contrary to the opinion of the public, and thought best to publish them.

Mrs. Stowe was a delightful talker. She loved to gather a small circle of friends around a fireside, when she easily took the lead in fun and story-telling. This was her own ground, and upon it she was not to be outdone. "Let me put my feet upon the fender," she would say, "and I can talk till all is blue."

It was my good fortune to be in Mrs. Stowe's company once in Rome when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude towards herself. We had gone together to the rooms of the brothers Castellani, the world-famous workers in gold. The collection of antique gems and the beautiful reproductions of them were new to us. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the wonderful things which the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. It was an admirable work of art, and while we were enjoying it one of them said to Mrs. Stowe, "Madam, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy: you feel for us; will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?" She took the jewel in silence, but when we looked for some response, her eyes were filled with tears and it was impossible for her to speak.

When the hours of her European play-day grew near the end, she began to lay plans for returning home in the steamer

with those who had become dear to her, and in one of her notes of that period she wrote to me: "On the strength of having heard that you were going home in the *Europa* June 16, we also have engaged passage therein for that time, and hope that we shall not be disappointed. . . . It must be true; we can't have it otherwise. . . . Our southern Italy trip was a glory — it was a rose — it was a nightingale — all, in short, that one ever dreams; but alas! it is over."

It was a delightful voyage in every sense; and at that period a voyage was no little matter of six days, but a good fourteen days of sitting together on deck in pleasant summer weather, and having time enough and to spare. Hawthorne and his family also concluded to join the party. Mrs. Hawthorne, who was always the romancer in conversation, filled the evening hours by weaving magic webs of her fancies, until we looked upon her as a second *Scheherazade*, and the day the head was to be cut off was the day we should come to shore. "Oh," said Hawthorne, "I wish we might never get there." But the good ship moved steadily as fate. Meanwhile, Mrs. Stowe often took her turn at entertaining the little group. She was seldom tired of relating stories of New England life and her early experiences.

When the ship came to shore, Mrs. Stowe and her daughters went at once to Andover, where Professor Stowe had remained at his post during their long absence in Europe. She went also with equal directness to her writing-desk, and though there are seldom any dates upon her letters, the following note must have been written shortly after her return: —

"MY DEAR MR. FIELDS, — Agnes of Sorrento was conceived on the spot, — a spontaneous tribute to the exceeding loveliness and beauty of all things there.

"One bright evening, as I was entering the old gateway, I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in its shadow selling oranges. She was my Agnes. Walking

that same evening through the sombre depths of the gorge, I met 'Old Elsie,' walking erect and tall, with her piercing black eyes, Roman nose, and silver hair, — walking with determination in every step, and spinning like one of the Fates glittering silver flax from a distaff she carried in her hands.

"A few days after, our party being weather-bound at Salerno had resort to all our talents to pass the time, and songs and stories were the fashion of the day. The first chapter was my contribution to that entertainment. The story was voted into existence by the voices of all that party, and by none more enthusiastically than by one young voice which will never be heard on earth more. It was kept in mind and expanded and narrated as we went on to Rome over a track that the pilgrim Agnes is to travel. To me, therefore, it is fragrant with love of Italy and memory of some of the brightest hours of life.

"I wanted to write something of this kind as an author's introduction to the public. Could you contrive to print it on a fly-leaf, if I get it ready, and put a little sort of dedicatory poem at the end of it? I shall do this at least in the book, if not now."

In the autumn of 1862 a plan for leaving Andover altogether was finally matured. She wrote: "You have heard that we are going to Hartford to live, and I am now in all the bustle of house-planning, to say nothing of grading, underdraining, and setting out trees around our future home. It is four acres and a half of lovely woodland on the banks of a river, and yet within an easy walk of Hartford, — in fact in the city limits; and when our house is done, you and yours must come and see us. I would rather have made the change in less troublous times, but the duties here draw so hardly on Mr. Stowe's strength that I thought it better to live on less and be in a place of our own, and with no responsibilities except those of common gentlefolk."

The war, the enlistment of her second son, the eldest having already died, filled her heart and mind afresh with new problems and anxieties. She wrote the following hurried note from Hartford in 1862, which gives some idea of her occupations and frame of mind: "I am going to Washington to see the heads of departments myself, and to satisfy myself that I may refer to the Emancipation Proclamation as a reality and a substance, not to fizzle out at the little end of the horn, as I should be sorry to call the attention of my sisters in Europe to any such impotent conclusion. . . . I mean to have a talk with 'Father Abraham' himself, among others."

Mrs. Stowe lost no time, but proceeded to carry out her plan as soon as practicable. Of this visit to Washington she says little in her letters beyond the following meagre words: "It seems to be the opinion here not only that the President will stand up to his proclamation, but that the Border States will accede to his proposition for emancipation. I have noted the thing as a glorious expectancy! . . . To-day to the home of the contrabands, seeing about five hundred poor fugitives eating a comfortable Thanksgiving dinner, and singing, 'Oh, let my people go!' It was a strange and moving sight."

It was left for others to speak of her interview with President Lincoln. Her daughter was told that when the President heard her name he seized her hand, saying, "Is this the little woman who made the great war?" He then led her apart to a seat in the window, where they were withdrawn and undisturbed by other guests. No one but those two souls will ever know what waves of thought and feeling swept over them in that brief hour.

Afterwards she heard these words pronounced in the Senate Chamber in the Message of President Lincoln; it was in the darkest hour of the war, Mrs. Stowe wrote, when defeat and discouragement

had followed the Union armies and all hearts were trembling with fear: "If this struggle is to be prolonged till there be not a home in the land where there is not one dead, till all the treasure amassed by the unpaid labor of the slave shall be wasted, till every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be atoned by blood drawn by the sword, we can only bow and say, 'Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!'"

The following year was made memorable in Mrs. Stowe's life by the marriage of her youngest daughter. Again I find that no description can begin to give as clearly as the glimpses in her own letters the multifarious responsibilities which beset her. She says: "I am in trouble,—have been in trouble ever since my turtle-doves announced their intention of pairing in June instead of August, because it entailed on me an immediate necessity of bringing everything out of doors and in to a state of completeness for the wedding exhibition in June. The garden must be planted, the lawn graded, harrowed, rolled, seeded, and the grass up and growing, stumps got out and stumps and trees got in, conservatory made over, belts planted, holes filled,—and all by three very slippery sort of Irishmen who had rather any time be minding their own business than mine. I have back doorsteps to be made, and troughs, screens, and what-not; papering, painting, and varnishing, hitherto neglected, to be completed; also spring house-cleaning; also dressmaking for one bride and three ordinary females; also — and — and —'s wardrobes to be overlooked; also carpets to be made and put down; also a revolution in the kitchen cabinet, threatening for a time to blow up the whole establishment altogether." And so the letter proceeds with two more sheets, adding near the end: "I send you to-day a 'Chimney Corner' on Our Martyrs, which I have written out of the fullness of my heart. . . . It is an account of the martyrdom

of a Christian boy of our own town of Andover, who died of starvation and want in a Southern prison on last Christmas Day."

With her heroic nature she was always ready to lead the forlorn hope. The child no one else was willing to provide for, the woman the world despised, were brought into her home and cared for as her own. Unhappily, her delicate health at this time (though she was naturally strong), her constant literary labors, her uncertain income, her private griefs, all united, caused her to fall short in ability to accomplish what she undertook: hence there were often crises from sudden illness and non-fulfillment of engagements which were very serious in their effects, but the elasticity of her spirits was something marvelous and carried her over many a hard place.

In the autumn of 1864 she wrote: "I feel I need to write in these days, to keep from thinking of things that make me dizzy and blind, and fill my eyes with tears so that I cannot see the paper. I mean such things as are being done where our heroes are dying as Shaw died. It is not wise that all our literature should run in a rut cut through our hearts and red with our blood. I feel the need of a little gentle household merriment and talk of common things, to indulge which I have devised the following."

Notwithstanding her view of the need and her skillfully devised plans to meet it, she soon sent another epistle, showing how impossible it was to stem the current of her thought: —

November 29, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have sent my New Year's article, the result of one of those peculiar experiences which sometimes occur to us writers. I had planned an article, gay, sprightly, wholly domestic; but as I began and sketched the pleasant home and quiet fireside, an irresistible impulse wrote for me what followed, — an offering of sympathy to the

suffering and agonized whose homes have forever been darkened. Many causes united at once to force on me this vision, from which generally I shrink, but which sometimes will not be denied, — will make itself felt.

Just before I went to New York two of my earliest and most intimate friends lost their oldest sons, captains and majors, — splendid fellows physically and morally, beautiful, brave, religious, uniting the courage of soldiers to the faith of martyrs, — and when I went to Brooklyn it seemed as if I were hearing some such thing almost every day; and Henry, in his profession as minister, has so many letters full of imploring anguish, the cry of hearts breaking that ask help of him. . . .

It was during one of Mrs. Stowe's visits to Boston in the ensuing year that she chanced to talk with greater fullness and openness than she had done with us before on the subject of Spiritualism. In the simplest way she affirmed her entire belief in manifestations of the nearness and individual life of the unseen, and gave vivid illustrations of the reasons why her faith was thus assured. She never sought after such testimony, so far as I am aware, unless it may have been to sit with others who were interested, but her conclusions were definite and unvarying. At that period such a declaration of faith required a good deal of bravery; now the subject has assumed a different phase, and there are few thinking people who do not recognize a certain truth hidden within the shadows. She spoke with tender seriousness of "spiritual manifestations" as recorded in the New Testament and in the prophets. From his early youth her husband had possessed the peculiar power of seeing persons about him who could not be perceived by others; visions so distinct that it was impossible for him to distinguish at times between the real and the unreal. I recall one illustration

which had occurred only a few years previous to their departure from Andover. She had been called to Boston one day on business. Making her preparations hurriedly, she bade the household farewell, and rushed to the station, only to see the train go out as she arrived. There was nothing to do but to return home and wait patiently for the next train; but wishing not to be disturbed, she quietly opened a side door and crept noiselessly up the staircase leading to her own room, sitting down by her writing-table in the window. She had been seated about half an hour when Professor Stowe came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself by watching him; at last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions!"

It may seem a singular antithesis to say of the writer of one of the greatest stories the world has yet produced that she has not been a student of literature. Books as a medium of the ideas of the age, and as the promulgators of morals and religion, were of course like the breath of her life; but a study of the literature of the past as the only true foundation for a literature of the present was outside the pale of her occupations, and for the larger portion of her life outside of her interest. During the riper season of her activity with the pen, the necessity of studying style and the thoughts of others gained a larger hold upon her mind; but she always said, with a twinkle of amusement and pride, that she never could have done anything without Mr. Stowe. He knew everything, and all she had to do was to go to him. Of her great work she has written, in that noble introduction to the illustrated edition of *Uncle Tom*: "The story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. . . . The book insisted upon getting

itself into being, and would take no denial."

It is easily seen that it was neither a spirit of depreciation of knowledge nor lack of power to become a student which made her fail to obtain adjuncts indispensable to great writers, but her feet were led in other paths and her strength was needed for other ends. Madame George Sand said, writing of *Uncle Tom* soon after its publication: "If its judges, possessed with the love of what they call 'artistic work,' find unskillful treatment in the book, look well at them to see if their eyes are dry when they are reading this or that chapter. . . . I cannot say that Mrs. Stowe has talent, as one understands it in the world of letters, but she has genius, as humanity feels the need of genius, — the genius of goodness, not that of the rules of letters, but of the saint."

At this period, as she had an accessible home in the pleasant city of Hartford, strangers and travelers often sought and found her. In one of her familiar notes of 1867 she wrote: "The Amberleys have written that they are coming to us to-morrow, and of all times, accordingly, our furnace must spring a leak. We are hoping to make all right before they get here, but I am really ashamed to show such weather at this time of year. Poor America! It's like having your mother expose herself by a fit of ill temper before strangers. . . . Do, I beg, write to a poor sinner laboring under a book." And again, a little later: "*The book* is almost done — hang it! but done *well*, and will be a good thing for young men to read, and young women too, and so I'll send you one. You'll find some things in it, I fancy, that I know and you don't, about the times before you were born, when I was 'Hush, hush, my dear-ing' in Cincinnati. . . . I smell spring afar off — sniff — do you? Any smell of violets in the distance? I think it comes over the water from the Pamfili Doria."

A new era opened in Mrs. Stowe's life when she made her first visit to Florida, in the winter of 1867. She was tired and benumbed with care and cold. Suddenly the thought came to her that she would go to the South, herself, and see what the stories were worth which she was constantly hearing about its condition. In the mean time, if she could, she would enjoy the soft air, and find retirement in which she might continue her book. She says in one of her letters:—

"Winter weather and cold seem always a kind of nightmare to me. I am going to take my writing-desk and go down to Florida to F——'s plantation, where we have now a home, and abide there until the heroic agony of between-ity, the freeze and thaw of winter, is over, and then I doubt not I can write my three hours a day. Meanwhile, I have a pretty good pile of manuscript. . . . The letters I have got about blossoming roses and loungers in linen coats, while we have been frozen and snowed up, have made my very soul long to be away. Cold weather really seems to torpify my brain. I write with a heavy numbness. I have not yet had a *good* spell of writing, though I have had all through the story abundant clairvoyance, and see just how it must be written; but for writing some parts I want *warm* weather, and not to be in the state of a 'froze and thawed apple.' . . . The cold affects me precisely as extreme hot weather used to in Cincinnati, — gives me a sort of bilious neuralgia. I hope to get a clear, bright month in Florida, when I can say something to purpose.

"I did want to read some of my story to you before I went. I have read it to my husband, and though one may think a husband a partial judge, yet mine is so nervous and so afraid of being bored that I feel as if it were something to hold him; and he likes it, — is quite wakeful, so to speak, about it. All I want now, to go on, is a good *frame*, as

father used to say about his preaching. I want calm, soft, even dreamy, enjoyable weather, sunshine and flowers. Love to dear A——, whom I so much want to see once more."

Unhappily, she could not get away so soon as she desired. There were contracts to be signed and other businesses to arrange. These delays made her visit southward much shorter than she intended, but it proved to be only the introduction, the first brief chapter as it were, of her future winter life in Florida. Before leaving she wrote as follows to her publisher:—

"I am so constituted that it is absolutely fatal to me to agree to have *any* literary work done at certain dates. I *mean* to have this story done by the 1st of September. It would be greatly for my pecuniary interest to get it done before that, because I have the offer of eight thousand dollars for the newspaper use of the story I am planning to write after it. But I am bound by the laws of art. Sermons, essays, lives of distinguished people, I can write to order at times and seasons. A story comes, grows like a flower, sometimes will and sometimes won't, like a pretty woman. When the spirits will help, I can write. When they jeer, flout, make faces, and otherwise maltreat me, I can only wait humbly at their gates, watch at the posts of their doors.

"This story grows even when I do not write. I spent a month in the mountains in Stockbridge *composing* before I wrote a word.

"I only ask now a good physical condition, and I go to warmer climes hoping to save time there. I put everything and everybody off that interferes with this, except Pussy Willow, which will be a pretty story for a child's 'series.'"

At last she sailed away, about the 1st of March, 1867, and with that delightful power of knowing what she wanted, and being content when she attained her end,

which is too rare, alas! Her letters glowed and blossomed and shone with the fruit and flowers and sunshine of the South. It was hardly to be expected that her literary work could actually reach the printers' hands under these circumstances as rapidly as if she had been able to write at home: therefore it was with no sense of surprise that we received from her, during the summer of 1868, what proved to be a chapter of excuses instead of a chapter of her book: "I have a long story to tell you of *what* has prevented my going on with my story, which you must see would so occupy all the nerve and brain force I have that I have not been able to write a word except to my own children. To them in their needs I *must* write *chapters* which would otherwise go into my novel."

About this period she found herself able to come again to Boston for a few days' visit. There were often long croonings over the fire far into the night; her other-worldliness and abstractions brought with them a dreamy quietude, especially to those whose harried lives kept them only too much awake. Her coming was always a pleasure, for she made holidays by her own delightful presence, and she asked nothing more than what she found in the companionship of her friends.

The visits to Florida had now become necessary to her health, and before long she perceived that to pass the entire winter there, and to surrender her large house in Hartford, was the next step for her to take. She wrote from Florida: "I am leaving the land of flowers on the 1st of June with tears in my eyes, but having a house in Hartford, it must be lived in. I wish you and —— would just come to see it. You have no idea what a lovely place it has grown to be, and I am trying to sell it as hard as a snake to crawl out of his skin. Thus on, till reason is pushed out of life. There's no earthly sense in having anything, — lordy massy, no! By the bye, I must

delay sending you the ghost in the Captain Brown House till I can go to Natick and make a personal inspection of the premises and give it to you hot."

Her busy brain was again at work with new plans for future books and articles for magazines. "Gladly would I fly to you on the wings of the wind," she says, "but I am a slave, a bound thrall to *work*, and I cannot work and play at the same time. After this year I hope to have a little rest, and above all things I won't be hampered with a serial to write. . . . We have sold out in Hartford."

All this routine of labor was to have a new form of interruption, which gave her intense joy. "I am doing just what you say," she wrote, "being first lady-in-waiting on his new majesty. He is very pretty, very gracious and good, and his little mamma and he are a pair. . . . I am getting to be an old fool of a grand-ma, and to think there is no bliss under heaven to compare with a baby." Later she wrote on the same subject: "You ought to see my baby. I have discovered a way to end the woman controversy. Let the women all say that they won't take care of the babies till the laws are altered. One week of this discipline would bring all the men on their marrow-bones. Only tell us what you want, they would say, and we will do it. Of course you may imagine me trailing after our little king, — first granny-in-waiting."

In the summer of 1869 there was a pleasant home at St. John's Wood, in London, which possessed peculiar attractions. Other houses were as comfortable to look at, other hedges were as green, other drawing-rooms were gayer, but this was the home of George Eliot, and on Sunday afternoons the resort of those who desired the best that London had to give. Here it was that George Eliot told us of her admiration and deep regard, her affection, for Mrs. Stowe. Her reverence and love were expressed with such tremulous sincerity that the speaker

won our hearts by her love for our friend. Many letters had already passed between Mrs. Stowe and herself, and she confided to us her amusement at a fancy Mrs. Stowe had taken that Casaubon, in *Middlemarch*, was drawn from the character of Mr. Lewes. Mrs. Stowe took it so entirely for granted in her letters that it was impossible to dispossess her mind of the illusion. Evidently it was the source of much harmless household amusement at St. John's Wood. I find in Mrs. Stowe's letters some pleasant allusions to this correspondence. She writes: "We were all full of George Eliot when your note came, as I had received a beautiful letter from her in answer to one I wrote from Florida. She is a noble, true woman, and if anybody does n't see it, so much the worse for *them*, and not her." In a note written about that time Mrs. Stowe says she is coming to Boston, and will bring George Eliot's letters with her that we may read them together; but that pleasant plan was only one of the imagination, and was never carried out. Her own letter to Mrs. Lewes, written from Florida in March, 1876, may be considered one of the most beautiful and interesting pieces of writing she ever achieved.

This friendship was one that greatly enlisted Mrs. Stowe's sympathies and enriched her life. Her interest in any woman who was supporting herself, and especially in any one who found a daily taskmaster in the pen, and above all when, as in this case, the woman was one possessed of great moral aspiration half paralyzed in its action by finding itself in an anomalous and (to the world in general) utterly incomprehensible position, made such a woman like a magnet to Mrs. Stowe. She inherited from her father a faith in the divine power of sympathy, which only waxed greater with years and experience. Wherever she found a fellow mortal suffering trouble or dishonor, in spite of hindrance her feet were turned that way. The genius of George Eliot and the contrasting ele-

ments of her life and character drew Mrs. Stowe to her side in sisterly solicitude. Her attitude, her sweetness, her sincerity, could not fail to win the heart of George Eliot. They became loving friends.

It was the same inborn sense of fraternity which led her, when a child, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron, to go out into the fields and fling herself, weeping, on the mounded hay, where she might pray alone for his forgiveness and salvation. It is wonderful to observe the influence of Byron upon that generation. It is on record that when Tennyson, a boy of fifteen, heard some one say, "Byron is dead," he thought the whole world at an end. "I thought," he said one day, "everything was over and finished for every one; that nothing else mattered. I remember that I went out alone and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

From this time forward Mrs. Stowe was chiefly bound up in her life and labors at the South. In 1870, speaking of some literary work she was proposing to herself, she said: "I am writing as a pure recreative movement of mind, to divert myself from the stormy, unrestful present. . . . I am being *châtelaine* of a Florida farm. I have on my mind the creation of a town on the banks of the St. John. The three years since we came this side of the river have called into life and growth a thousand peach-trees, a thousand orange-trees, about five hundred lemons, and seven or eight hundred grapevines. A peach orchard, a vineyard, a lemon grove, will carry my name to posterity. I am founding a place which, thirty or forty years hence, will be called the old Stowe place. . . . You can have no idea of this queer country, this sort of strange, sandy, half-tropical dreamland, unless you come to it. Here I sit with open windows, the orange buds just opening and filling the air with sweetness, the hens drowsily cackling, the men planting in the field, and callas and wild roses blossoming out of doors.

We keep a little fire morning and night. We are flooded with birds; and by the bye, it is St. Valentine's Day. . . . I think a uniform edition of Dr. Holmes's works would be a good thing. Next to Hawthorne he is our most exquisite writer, and in many passages he goes far beyond him. What is the dear Doctor doing? If you know any book good to inspire dreams and visions, put it into my box. My husband chews endlessly a German cud. I must have English. Has the French book on Spiritualism come yet? If it has, put it in. . . . I wish I could give you a plateful of our oranges. . . . We had seventy-five thousand of these same on our trees this year, and if you will start off quick, they are not all picked yet. Florida wants one thing, — grass. If it had grass, it would be paradise. But nobody knows what grass is till they try to do without it."

Three months later she wrote: "I hate to leave my calm isle of Patmos, where the world is not, and I have such quiet long hours for writing. Emerson could *insulate* himself here and keep his electricity. Hawthorne ought to have lived in an orange grove in Florida. . . . You have no idea how small you all look, you folks in the world, from this distance. All your fusses and your fumings, your red-hot hurrying newspapers, your clamor of rival magazines, — why, we see it as we see steamboats fifteen miles off, a mere speck and smoke."

It was a strange contrast, and one at variance with her natural taste, which brought her before the public as a reader of her own stories in the autumn and winter of 1872-73. She was no longer able to venture on the effort of a long story, and yet it was manifestly unwise for her to forego the income which was extended to her through this channel. She wrote: "I have had a very urgent business letter, saying that the lyceums of different towns were making up their engagements, and that if I were going into it I must make my engagements now.

It seems to me that I cannot do this. The thing will depend so much on my health and ability to do. You know I could not go round in cold weather. . . . I feel entirely uncertain, and, as the Yankees say, 'did n't know what to do nor to don't.' My state in regard to it may be described by the phrase 'Kind o' love to — hate to — wish I did n't — want ter.' I suppose the result will be I shall not work into their lecture system."

In April she wrote from Mandarin: "I am painting a *Magnolia grandiflora*, which I will show you. . . . I am appalled by finding myself booked to read. But I am getting well and strong, and trust to be equal to the emergency. But I shrink from Tremont Temple, and — does not think I can fill it. On the whole, I should like to begin in Boston." And in August she said: "I am to begin in Boston in September. . . . It seems to me that is a little too early for Boston, is n't it? Will there be anybody in town then? I don't know as it's my business, which is simply to speak my piece and take my money."

Her first reading actually took place in Springfield, not Boston, and the next day she unexpectedly arrived at our cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea. She had read the previous evening in a large public hall, had risen at five o'clock that morning and found her way to us. Her next readings were given in Boston, the first in the afternoon, at the Tremont Temple. She was conscious that her effort at Springfield had not been altogether successful, — she had not held her large audience; and she was determined to put the whole force of her nature into this afternoon reading at the Tremont Temple. She called me into her bedroom, where she stood before the mirror, with her short gray hair, which usually lay in soft curls around her brow, brushed erect and standing stiffly. "Look here, my dear," she said: "now I am exactly like my father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, when he was going to preach," and she

held up her forefinger warningly. It was easy to see that the spirit of the old preacher was revived in her veins, and the afternoon would show something of his power. An hour later, when I sat with her in the anteroom waiting for the moment of her appearance to arrive, I could feel the power surging up within her. I knew she was armed for a good fight.

That reading was a great success. She was alive in every fibre of her being: she was to read portions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to men, women, and children who could hardly understand the crisis which inspired it, and she determined to effect the difficult task of making them feel as well as hear. With her presence and inspiration they could not fail to understand what her words had signified to the generation that had passed through the struggle of our war. When her voice was not sufficient to make the audience hear, men and women rose from their seats and crowded round her, standing gladly, that no word might be lost. It was the last leap of the flame which had burned out a great wrong. From this period, although she continued to write, she lived chiefly in the retirement of the Florida orange grove, which she always enjoyed. Her sympathy was strong with the new impetus benevolent work in cities had received, and she helped it from her "grotto" in more ways than one. Sometimes she would write soothing or inspiring letters, as the case might demand, to individuals.

Meanwhile, the comfort she drew in from the beauty of nature and the calm around her seemed yearly to nourish and renew her power of existence. Questions which were difficult to others were often solved to her mind by practical observation. It amused her to hear persons agitating the question as to where they should look to supply labor for the South. "Why," she remarked once, "there was a negro, one of those fearfully hot days in the spring, who was dig-

ging muck from a swamp just in front of our house, and carrying it in a wheelbarrow up a steep slope, where he dumped it down, and then went back for more. He kept this up when it was so hot that we thought either one of us would die to be five minutes in the sun. We carried a thermometer to the spot where he was working, to see how great the heat was, and it rose at once to one hundred and thirty-five degrees. The man, however, kept cheerfully at his work, and when he went to his dinner sat with the other negroes out in the white sand without a bit of shade. Afterward they all lay down for a nap in the same sheltered locality. Toward evening, when the sun was sufficiently low to enable me to go out, I went to speak to this man. 'Martin,' said I, 'you've had a warm day's work. How do you stand it? Why, I could n't endure such heat for five minutes.' 'Hah! hah! No, I s'pose you could n't. Ladies can't, missus.' 'But, Martin, are n't you very tired?' 'Bress your heart, no, missus.' So Martin goes home to his supper, and after supper will be found dancing all the evening on the wharf near by! After this, when people talk of bringing Germans and Swedes to do such work, I am much entertained."

Many were the pleasant descriptions of her home sent forth to tempt her friends away from the busy North. "Here is where we read books," she said in one of her letters, written in the month of March. "Up North nobody does, — they don't have time; so if — will mail his book to Mandarin, I will 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' We are having a carnival of flowers. I hope you read my *Palmetto Leaves*, for then you will see all about us. . . . Our home is like a martin-box. . . . I cannot tell you the quaint odd peace we have here in living under the oak. 'Behold she dwelleth under the oak at Mamre.' All that we want is friends, to whom we may say that solitude is sweet. We have some neighbors, however, who have made

pretty places near us. Mr. Stowe keeps up a German class of three young ladies, with whom he is reading Faust for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and in the evening I read aloud to a small party of the neighbors. We have made up our home as we went along, throwing out a chamber here and there, like twigs out of the old oak. . . . The orange blossoms have come like showers of pearl, and the yellow jessamine like golden fleeces, and the violets and the lilies, and azaleas. This glorious, budding, blossoming spring, and we have days when merely to breathe and be is to be blessed. I love to have a day of mere existence. Life itself is a pleasure when the sun shines warm, and the lizards dart from all the shingles of the roof, and the birds sing in so many notes and tones the yard reverberates; and I sit and dream and am happy, and never want to go back North, nor do anything with the toiling, snarling world again. I do wish I could gather you both in my little nest."

She is like her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, in many things. The scorching fire of the brain seemed to devour its essence, and she has endured, as he did

before her, some years of existence when the motive power of the brain has almost ceased to act. She has become "like a little child," wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns, but the busy, inspiring spirit is asleep.

Gradually she is fading away, shrouded in this strange mystery, hovered over by the untiring affection of her children, sweet and tender in her decadence, but "absent."

At the moment when this brief memorial was receiving a final revision before going to the press, the news reached me of the unloosing of the last threads of consciousness which bound Mrs. Stowe to this world.

A great spirit has performed its mission and has been released. The world moves on unconscious; but the world's children have been blessed by her coming, and they who know and understand should praise God reverently in her going. "As a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof."

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven."

Annie Fields.

PRESENT CONDITIONS OF LITERARY PRODUCTION.

THE present interregnum in the realm of the higher creative literature offers an inviting theme for rhetorical variations to the ready writer. The pessimist is prepared to demonstrate that the materialistic temper of the age, the preoccupation of the most vigorous minds with physical science or with the industrial conquest of the world, the exploitation of every incipient notoriety by the "syndicate," the debasement of English speech by the newspaper press, the tame cosmopolitan monotony which is everywhere

effacing the last vestiges of local color and local feeling, the tyranny exercised by the taste of the common-schooled millions who have been taught to read, but have never learned to discriminate. — that these and other characteristics of our hustling time create an atmosphere that blights in the bud all promise of artistic excellence. The optimist rejoins that these gloomy prognostications are the offspring of the ineradicable illusion that sees the golden age behind us; and that, instead of deploring the extinction

of those literary mastodons and dodoes, the epic and the heroic tragedy, and yearning for visitations of that ineffable and indefinable something called genius, we should rather rejoice in the superabundance of vigorous, wholesome talent that we possess. The reviewer of recent poetry accumulates on his desk in six months more good verse than you shall find in an average volume of Johnson's *Poets*. Our newspapers and periodicals print every month enough "crisp" prose to fill a wilderness of Tatlers, Idlers, Ramblers, and Citizens of the World. And granting a momentary and accidental dearth of commanding poetic genius, the outlook to-day is surely no darker than it was after the death of Burns, in 1796, two years before the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, or in 1824, after the death of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, when Wordsworth's work was virtually finished and Tennyson's not yet begun, when Robert Montgomery and Felicia Hemans were the chief luminaries in the poetical firmament, and when Beddoes wrote that the disappearance of Shelley from the world "seemed to have been followed by instant darkness and owl-season."

Such special pleadings are quite as entertaining, and perhaps at bottom quite as philosophical, as the illusory endeavor to estimate and accurately to forecast the issues of the inconceivably complex conditions that govern the life of the spirit in modern civilization, and its reflection in literature and art. Yet the attempt may have the tonic value that belongs to all communion with large ideas. It is of the nature of what Renan calls "a philosophical examination of conscience." It helps us to find ourselves amid the infinite dispersion of modern intellectual activity, and to adjust our own work to some broad conception of the evolutionary stream of tendency or design of the whole.

The century of literary production whose account is vaguely felt to be closed

by the deaths of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold in England, of Victor Hugo, Renan, and Taine in France, and of the last survivors of the New England poets and essayists in America, is one of the richest in the annals of mankind. Of the three ages that may be fairly compared with it, the Periclean, the Augustan, and the Elizabethan, it is distinctly inferior only to the first. What the literature of the nineteenth century lacks of classic symmetry and finish of form, or of Elizabethan imaginative vigor is more than compensated by its superior range, originality, and subtlety of thought. We stand at the close of one of the most notable efflorescences of the human spirit. By what analogies shall we endeavor to estimate the probable duration of the period of lean years that may reasonably be expected to follow the fat? The intense vitality and the wide diffusion and inexhaustible resources of modern civilization forbid our thinking for a moment of a blight like that which befell Greek letters after Chæroneia, still less of that millennial mediæval silence, broken at last by the voice of Dante, in which the chaotic elements of the modern world took shape. The genius of our race removes the fear of so complete an abdication of literature in favor of science and erudition as that which, in Germany, followed upon the brief reign of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe; and the accelerated march of modern progress forbids our anticipating as long a period of stagnation as that which England required, in Lowell's phrase, "to secrete the materials for another great poet after Chaucer." We ask rather, Is the present period of dullness merely a temporary lull, such as accident or the rhythmic law of growth imposes on every continuous development, — a break comparable to that which, in the decade following 1825, appears to divide the age of Shelley, Keats, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hallam, Rogers, Moore, Bentham, and Hazlitt from that of

Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Stuart Mill, Browning, Darwin, Spencer, Ruskin, and Arnold; or does it really mark the close of a secular era, and must we expect to wander for at least a generation in a wilderness of conflicting aims and tentative efforts before creative genius can find a new kingdom of thought and emotion to subdue and cultivate?

All depends, of course, upon the meaning of our terms. The supply of literature will not fail, if by literature we mean spicy reportorial history of the progress of the world, deftly turned ballads and verses vain, and entertaining fiction. Mr. Traill's list of authentic living bards, Mr. Stedman's Poets American and Victorian Anthology, and the recent collections of the poetry of Australia and of Canada offer appalling statistical evidence that, however it be with the taste for reading, the taste for writing verse is not on the wane. The laws of supply and demand will continue to raise up craftsmen who can spin a good yarn, produce a timely magazine article, and cultivate the annual crop of summer novels. We do not apprehend a general decay of talent, nor do we tremble, like the naïve disputants in the controversy of the ancients and moderns, lest the effete world may no longer produce the intellectual giants she bore in her lusty prime. "Summa tamen omnia constant." The resources of nature are infinite. When we are told that the death of a Shelley, a Tennyson, or even a Shakespeare extinguishes the sun, we smile, and answer with Schopenhauer's World Spirit, "The sources from which individuals and their works arise are inexhaustible and infinite as space and time."

Kipling, Lang, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, James, Meredith, Watson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Pierre Loti, Melchior de Vogüé, Bourget, Le Maître, Brunetière, to cite the first that suggest themselves, are endowed, perhaps, with quite as much native talent as the great names

that dominate the literature of England and France from 1830 to 1870; yet something constrains us to doubt their exerting an equal influence in moulding the thoughts of men, and to ask whether the age of which they are the spokesmen will contribute its quota to the abiding literature of the world. Mr. Howells would turn our thoughts from this unprofitable query to reflection on the relativity of all human duration: let us think of the time when the world with all its literature will grow cold and fall into the sun, and we shall then be content to edify and entertain our contemporaries by honest, veritist novels, without repining that our labors are not likely to endure as long as *Paradise Lost* or the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But this argument really proves too much, and drives us directly to the question of Tennyson's Despair:—

"Tho', glory and shame dying out forever in
endless time,

Does it matter so much whether crowned for
a virtue or hanged for a crime?"

Until this world does fall into the sun, the distinction between books that enter into the permanent literature of a people and books that win a temporary vogue is as real as any other difference that agitates the minds of men. The individual writer would certainly prefer his book to survive. And so, though conscious of the stony face of time and of the sullen Lethe rolling doom, we may justly estimate the artistic achievement of a generation by its permanent qualities, and may reasonably inquire whether there are not in the existing conditions of literary production some serious obstacles to the writing of books that will live. I think we may discern at least two classes of such hindrances: first, the temptation to intellectual dispersion and hasty, premature production; and second, the temporary exhaustion of available *motifs* in the higher fields of literature.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the first point. On the slightest indication

of talent, a young writer's name is heralded to the four quarters of the globe. He is interviewed in the *Revue Bleue*, and introduced by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to its cosmopolitan *clientèle*. His copy is eagerly competed for by publishers and "syndicates," and he is tempted to produce copy in excess of his inspiration. Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose poems were published and extensively criticised when he was fourteen, and Rudyard Kipling and Richard Harding Davis, developed by reporting, and celebrities when hardly out of their teens, are typical illustrations of the forcing process which the newspaper age applies to budding genius. No one denies the good side of this commercialism. It is pleasanter for the author than the old alternative of Grub Street or the patron. Everybody recognizes the justice of Thackeray's and Zola's manly protests against the silly affectation of scorning to write for pay. The spur of the ambition to get on in the world, to win an honorable competence, is probably helpful to a certain kind of literary craftsmanship. It increases the output without impairing the quality. But it is more hostile than penury, dependence on a patron, or the exercise of a regular profession, to the slow, concentrated brooding necessary to the production of permanent world-books. Dante's epic would perhaps not have made him lean for twenty years if a nineteenth-century magazine had stood ready to pay the distinguished Florentine exile a thousand florins for a canto. It is true that while noble poetry has rarely been produced for money, the giant novelists of the first two thirds of the century—Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot—made, and aimed at making, large sums by their pens. But, if I mistake not, they had all, except possibly Dickens, endured a long maturing apprenticeship before the time of temptation came, and even then they generally gave two years to a book, where their livelier successors give one.

This modern haste is not always to be deprecated. There are some brains whose first sprightly runnings cannot be improved by pains. But there are others for whom we could desire periods of enforced leisure and abstinence from printer's ink, even at the cost of some sacrifice of immediate notoriety and material convenience. While Mr. Andrew Lang earns perhaps ten or fifteen thousand a year turning paragraphs for the *Daily News* or lively introductions to blue and green fairy-books, the *magnum opus*, of which we all know him to be capable, "goes the way of Mr. Casaubon's Key to All Mythologies." It is possible that it is not in Mr. Marion Crawford to produce anything more than a good story, but neither he nor anybody else can possibly know till he ceases to turn out a good story every year. When we contemplate the array of volumes written in feverish haste by Stevenson, to pay for oceanic and transeontinental voyagings and the building of roads and chalets on South Sea islands, we cannot suppress the wish that his fine genius could have matured itself more at leisure, and sought its inspirations less exclusively in the picturesque external panorama of the globe. While nobody would wish Mr. Kipling other than he is, the time may come, after the incomparable vivacity of his impressions of the bustling world has been blurred, when the development of his genius will be checked for lack of the very bookish philosophy "that deals with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs," which he now so cordially despises.

But though the commercial spirit may here and there mislead or dissipate a fine talent, its effects are necessarily transient. Men of genuine inspiration will find a way to keep their souls alive, and after a time literature will adjust itself to the new conditions. The dearth of fresh material, if a fact, is a more serious obstacle. If, as La Bruyère said

two hundred years ago, "*tout est dit*," if the experience of our age has found adequate expression, literature can only repeat and refine upon what has been said until new revelations are vouchsafed by the Master of the Show. But the optimist will scout the notion that the significance of modern life has been exhausted by the literature of the nineteenth century. Genius may at any time reveal new aspects of life to which we were blind before, or cast the glamour of poetry and art over material hitherto deemed intractable. The progress of science is a daily confutation of those who would prescribe metes and bounds to our thoughts. The spectroscope, the telephone, and the Roentgen rays have thrice within our memory, like the gods in Pindar, "made forecast forsworn." Scientific discovery is followed by mechanical invention, and this by readjustment of industrial and social conditions, with bewildering rapidity; and while the great world spins down the ringing grooves of change, we need fear no stagnation in literature. Plausible as this may sound, however, it does not touch the real question. We may concede the realization of their wildest dreams to the enthusiasts of modern progress, and still hold that no changes which may reasonably be anticipated will supply fresh motives or forms to the literature of the next few decades.

Something of this exhaustion has been felt at the close of every great creative age of literature. Greek epic perished not merely because the development of Greek civilization had created an environment unfavorable to that species of art, but because the epic ideal of life and the epic form of poetry had yielded all their fruits; because there had been so many and such excellent epics that even in that early day

"the love of letters overdone
Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves;"
and as an epic poet of the sixth century B. C. plaintively said, "the latest run-

ners in the race could find no opening in the press to drive the sacred car of poetry to its goal."

Greek tragedy virtually died with Euripides, not because Athens ceased to produce men of fine literary genius or because the fourth-century Athenians had duller poetic sensibilities than their ancestors, but because all possible expressions and combinations of the ideals and conventions of heroic tragedy had been essayed, and Euripides himself was forced to innovate to the verge of the fantastic and the grotesque in order to sustain interest in motives and types that had become hackneyed. No really new ideas entered into Greek speculation in the centuries that followed Aristotle, because the analyses and constructions of Plato and Aristotle had taken up the entire experience of the Greek race and exhausted its philosophical significance. A new religion, a new social and political life, a new science, were required to open up fresh fields for philosophy. Similarly, it might be shown how the Italian poetry of the Renaissance, the Elizabethan drama, the French classic literature of the seventeenth century, each ran its appointed course, until the aspect of life it reflected lost its interest, or the artistic medium employed, its charm. Or, to generalize more broadly, we might trace the gradual dying out of the impulse of the Renaissance and the Reformation during the century and a half that preceded the French Revolution. The fresh forces which entered into life and literature at that time called forth the splendid outburst of nineteenth-century philosophy, and poetry, and now, after the lapse of a hundred years, reflection on the past and observation of the present both indicate that this impulse, too, is spent.

The new criticism and historical science of Germany and the enlargement of the mental horizon by the revelations of physical science broke down the barriers set to free speculation by mediæval

orthodoxy, and left thought as untrammelled as it was in early Ionia, while supplying it with an infinitely greater mass of definite fact to work up into its total imaginative interpretation of the world. Aristotle predicted in one of his earlier writings that philosophy would be consummated within a few decades. He was not altogether wrong. No discoveries and no experiences that he could have foreseen would have suggested any further competing schemes for the unification of human knowledge beyond those with which he was familiar. The only distinctively new idea in modern philosophy was the explicit recognition, enforced by the progress of physiological and anatomical discovery, of the purely subjective character of sense perception of the external world. On this centred the whole philosophical movement from Descartes to Kant. The alternatives that remained for speculative and constructive philosophy after the Kantian criticism were hardly more numerous than those that presented themselves to the contemporaries of Empedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus. Before the year 1870 they had all been worked out in imposing and ingenious systems, and the present generation has been able to add nothing of significance. The currents of contemporary philosophic thought may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. There is positivism for those who acquiesce in the scientific colligation of facts; positivism plus evolution for Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the disciples who refine upon and improve his expression, but add nothing to his substance; critical Kantianism for those who prefer to approach positivism by the way of a destructive criticism of the "metaphysical faculty;" sentimental mystical Kantianism for those who employ criticism to reduce reason to a strict neutrality in order that they may philosophize with their hearts; and lastly, not inconsistent with criticism and evolution, but adding to both an ideal touch of

poetic animism, the philosophy of Schopenhauer, who has now for thirty years been quietly exploited by an increasing number of ingenious writers, and who by the close of another decade will perhaps prove, as the distinguished French critic Ferdinand Brunetière prophesies, the chief philosophical influence in the literature of the second half of the century. I cannot stop to verify these generalizations on the minor philosophical literature of the day. It would not be difficult, after analyzing out the contributions of Kant, Schopenhauer, scientific positivism, and Spencerian evolution, to determine the residue of speculative originality even in such leaders as Wundt, Riehl, and Alfred Fouillée; still less in the *kleine Wundtians*, in the young psychologists who develop suggestions of Taine in France, or in the army of writers in England and America who paraphrase or refute Herbert Spencer.

Philosophical literature promises little beyond elegant eclecticism and special monographs on questions of detail in psychology or the history of philosophy. I do not see that any conceivable advance of physical science could alter these conditions. The reduction of the chemical elements to modifications of one primary substance and the constitution of chemistry as a branch of mathematical physics, the establishment of the spontaneous origin of life, the complete localization or the demonstrated impossibility of the localization of cerebral functions, the convertibility in practice of all forms of energy, the working out of sidereal evolution as fully as biological evolution has been traced, the invention of flying-machines and of instruments to do for the eye what the telephone has done for the ear,—the realization of these and of other dreams of modern science would not appreciably affect our attitude towards ultimate philosophic problems. They have all been discounted in advance. Nothing short of a revolution in human ideas beyond all rational surmise,

or a recovery of philosophical *naïveté* by some violent interruption to our civilization, could make possible hereafter the rearing of those ambitious structures of thought which sheltered and lent unity to the higher intellectual life of the past.

No such general prediction can be ventured with regard to poetry. As long as there are living men there will be songs of life and love and death, and songs sung for the mere delight of singing. When other inspirations fail, we can put all Roman history into madrigals, like Molière's Marquis, or all the Elizabethan dramatists into sonnets. We can always tell again the tale of Helen of Troy, or lament the decay of poesy at Wordsworth's grave, or turn the prose of Sir Thomas Malory into melodious triple and quadruple rhymes. "The future of poetry is immense," Matthew Arnold tells us. It has an immense future behind it, we are tempted to add, in the words of Heine's epigram on Alfred de Musset; for by present indications it will be a future of study and enjoyment of the poetry of the past. There is nothing in this to surprise us. The relative preponderance of the poetry of the present must always decline with every added century of continuous accumulation of literary treasure. And this tendency will be most strongly felt after a period of intellectual expansion such as that through which we have just passed. In such a case, the necessity and the inspiration of a fresh outburst of original song must come from the shock of a revolution in social and industrial conditions, or the revelation of a new world of thought. We can clearly trace the operation of these conditions in the renewal of poetry at the beginning of the past century, and we can as clearly see the improbability of their recurrence in the near future. The poetry of the last hundred years has been inspired by the French Revolution and the rise and progress of democracy; by the new and grandiose conceptions of modern sci-

ence; by the transformation of the material conditions of existence, the growth of population, and the expansion of civilization over the face of the globe which science has made possible; and in part also by a more critical and sympathetic historic study of the past.

The extensive and ever increasing literature devoted to the criticism or to the mere exposition and popularization of the thought of Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning indicates how completely their poetry has expressed the new views and aspirations of the century. Now these ideas may have many further developments in practice, for practice always lags behind the prophetic vision of the poet. But what new inspirations have they for poetry? The possibilities of democracy, we are eloquently told by Symonds, Howells, Gosse, Garland, and countless others, have not begun to be exhausted. Perhaps not in politics and social life, but what remains for the imagination? The bards of future democracy can hardly sing of

"man

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree,"

with more enthusiasm than Shelley, or declaim more vehemently against the tyranny of priests and kings than Byron and Swinburne, or affirm a more catholic camaraderie than Whitman. Shall they put into rhyme the ingenious visions of Looking Backward or Mr. Walter Besant's schemes for making a paradise of East London, which after all are hardly as good raw material for poetry as Plato's Republic? Is Mr. William Morris more genuinely inspired in *News from Nowhere* than he was in the mediæval and mythological tales of *The Earthly Paradise*?

Similar objections arise when we are told of the new worlds which the revelations of physical science are to open up to the Muse. Wordsworth's oft-quoted preface predicts that science will become poetical when science has grown familiar

to our thoughts. But the larger conceptions of science are anticipated by the poet's imagination. The passages about evolution in Shelley's Prometheus, in Browning's Paracelsus, and in Tennyson's In Memoriam are finer than anything on the subject written since the publication of The Origin of Species, — better certainly than Mathilde Blind's Ascent of Man, Watson's Dream of Man, or anything in Sully-Prudhomme or Madame Ackermann. No Yerkes or Lick telescope can give us a deeper sense of the appalling infinities of space than Tennyson's Vastness. No new contrivance of inventive ingenuity can surprise the poet who has already seen "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;" and it is not probable that the minutest details and processes of science or the ingenuities and conveniences of mechanical invention can ever be turned to poetical uses. Tennyson's exquisite judgment extinguished the jets of gas that flared in the first edition of The Palace of Art, and replaced them by

"pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems."

The Muse will always prefer such illumination to the latest triumph of the Baconian natural magic of Tesla or Edison. And we may safely predict in general that the unerring instinct of Tennyson has marked the limits which poetry will not soon pass in the use of specific scientific material. For poetry lives in the symbol as shown to the sense and in the meaning as revealed to the spirit, and these the analyses of science do not touch.

There remains the abstract possibility of the evolution of new perceptions and a new æsthetic. "Anything might happen if you give it time enough," says the father of history, in this at one with the latest school of thought. But we cannot accept the *bizarries* of Mallarmé or of that very Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, as heralds of the change. The new æsthetic thus far is

mainly an exaggeration of well-known *procédés* of the old rhetoric, — symbolism, suggestion, allegory, far-fetched metaphor and epithet, calculated reticences and mysticism. The trick is altogether too easy, and we feel that the witty good sense of Jules Le Maitre has said the last word of sane criticism on this point when he exclaims, "But after all, how much harder the old masterpieces must have been to write!"

In verse construction this straining after novelty manifests itself in the two opposite extremes of form and formlessness. The French poet either seeks with the Parnassians and Hérédia to surpass Victor Hugo in sonorousness and richness of rhyme, or impatiently rejects the yoke of convention, and builds his alexandrines of eleven or thirteen syllables as caprice may dictate. In England and America, a minority, inspired by the practice of Browning and the precept and example of Whitman, are fain "to break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry, for the most cogent purposes of these great inland states," while the majority undertake to gild the refined gold and paint the lily of the diction of Tennyson and Keats, or strive with Sidney Lanier after more luscious verbal melodies and more curiously complicated harmonies than Swinburne has achieved.

"And idly tuneful the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song,
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme."

Nay, the very author of this weighty protest, himself a thoughtful and conscientious artist, is powerless to rise above the limitations which make his volume a cento of reminiscences of the great Victorian poets and thinkers who have already expressed all that he or any poet of the day has to tell us.

But it is not in poetry or philosophy that the heralds of the "new spirit" in literature and the new æsthetic put their trust. These outworn vessels cannot

contain the strong fermentation of the new truth. The task of literature henceforth is, not to idealize or schematize life, they say, but to paint it with relentless fidelity and analyze it with scientific precision. For these purposes the best adapted literary forms are prose fiction and the realistic modern drama. The true life of literature to-day, they affirm, is with the great Latin masters abroad, and with Ibsen, Tolstóy, Dostoyevsky, and the vigorous young school of local novelists in America. These are the precursors of a new literature, which is to be as much broader, truer, and humaner than the old as the civilization, science, and universal democracy of the twentieth century will surpass the slowly decaying feudalism of the centuries of transition from Shakespeare to Tennyson. To speed the coming of this glorious time, we must dethrone the crumbling literary idols of the past; Europe must purify herself of the last remnants of the insidious feudal poison that lurks in Shakespeare and Scott; free-born America must cast the yoke of Europe from her neck, and the men of the Mississippi Valley, who, we are told, produce more wheat and possess a higher average culture than any equal body of population in the world, must rise in revolt against the provincial despotism of Boston and New York, and create a literature as broad as their prairies and as shaggy in its native strength as their buffaloes.

This is more than a prophecy; it is a programme. It converts a languid academical discussion into a conflict of aims and ideals. We cannot really forecast the literature of the twentieth century, though it may amuse us to try. But all serious thinkers are bound to have an opinion as to the methods and tendencies in education and the guidance of opinion that will best prepare a healthy soil for its growth. The mature literary worker must seek his inspiration where he finds it. If Mr. Howells really thinks that he feels a deeper debt to Tolstóy

than to any other of his literary passions, we must acquiesce in the inexplicable, though rejoicing for his sake that he first formed himself by a long study of saner models. But it is one thing for a master of realist fiction to affirm that Ibsen or Tolstóy or Valdés stimulates him, and another thing to urge, as a recent veritist critic does, that they and their fellows be preferred, in the education and reading of the young, not only to Thackeray, George Eliot, and Scott, but to Wordsworth and Shakespeare. Let us not confuse the issue. We may well concede that the novel of local color and the unconventional naturalistic drama are the most prosperous forms of literature to-day and contain the most promise for the immediate future. We may cordially admit that it is better to do what Miss Wilkins does for the life of the New England village, or Octave Thanet for the thriving towns of Iowa, or Mr. Fuller for the motley procession which strives to keep up with the swift march of events that is converting the overgrown village of Chicago into the metropolis of a continent, or Mr. Cable for his Creoles, or Miss Murfree for her Tennessee Mountaineers, than it would be to invent belated tales of chivalry or impossible adventures in fantastic Eldorados of unknown Africa. We may grant all this, and yet demur to the exaltation of this excellent work above all other forms of artistic endeavor. When those who announce the advent of the reign of veritist fiction declare that the literature of the future must, in Emerson's phrase, "deal with God's chancellors, cause and effect;" that it must represent things, persons, relations, and characters as grown-up men and women know them to be, and not as children and dreamers would fain make believe that they are, we cordially concur,—making only some slight reservation on behalf of the natural human impulse "to raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires

of the mind." But when they go on to say that this special phase of the development of the novel and the drama is the final flower and consummation of literature, that the study of its masterpieces ought to blot from our memories all trivial fond records of classicism, feudalism, and romanticism, and that to understand and perfect its methods and to multiply its products is to be the one task of studious and literary effort in the coming age, it is necessary to protest.

The ends and aims of literature are as manifold as the instincts and faculties of man. They cannot be limited to the observation and reproduction of the life of the present. What Mr. Howells calls the "foolish old superstition that literature and art are anything but the expression of life" is really the everlasting truth that literature and art are not merely the satisfaction of the love of imitation, but the exercise and gratification of tastes and instincts for symmetry, harmony, unity, and definition which life in the ordinary sense fails to satisfy. The limitation of literature to the expression of life holds good only if interpreted as the tautologous truism that one must be very much alive to produce literature that will live. The realistic novel has made it forever impossible that we should acquiesce in violation of essential truth for literary effect. It cannot permanently maintain our present zest of curious interest in the literary reflection of unessential fact. "I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron teakettle and baking shortcake," avers the bard of democracy. But men of less catholic sympathy are beginning to find it monotonous, and our grandsons may marvel as much at our enjoyment of a faithful description of flat-hunting, or our toleration of the minute portrayal of the processes of mining in Zola's *Germinal*, as we do at the admiration of our grandfathers for the technical accuracy of the description of the method

of taking the Azimuth in Falconer's epic of *The Shipwreck*. To what can these laborious inventories of unconcerning things lead? The society depicted by Balzac is obsolete; that of Zola obsolescent. We need a new *Comédie Humaine* every thirty years. By the time our rising school of local novelists have recorded every American dialect and taken the precise altitude of the barometer of ennui in their respective Western towns or Kansas farms, the conditions will have changed so that the whole work will have to be done over again, — "a thing imagination boggles at." The photographing of the present is an estimable and for the time the most flourishing branch of literary craftsmanship; but the prospect of its exclusive predominance over the literary activity and intellectual life of the future would be intolerable.

It is not to be feared. There is another factor to be taken into the reckoning beside the temporary failure of inspiration for poetry and philosophy or the growing tyranny of the realist novel. I refer to the influence of our great universities in creating a criticism based on fuller knowledge, in diffusing a truer appreciation of the value of our heritage of three thousand years of European culture, and in establishing a rational adjustment of the claims upon our attention of the present and the past. The growth of graduate instruction in the United States during the last two decades is a phenomenon which cannot be overlooked in any attempt to estimate the forces which are destined to shape the opinions and determine the spiritual life of the coming generation. Twenty years ago, when the Johns Hopkins University opened its doors, there was virtually no systematic non-professional teaching of graduates in this country. The fourth edition of the graduate students' manual, recently issued, contains a formidable list of advanced courses in seventeen great departments of human

knowledge, offered by twenty-four colleges and universities. These institutions award annually more than two hundred fellowships of the value of five hundred dollars or more each, and an equal number of scholarships yielding an income of from one hundred to three hundred dollars. During the past year more than a thousand professors were wholly or partly engaged in giving non-professional graduate instruction to more than three thousand students. The enormous intellectual effort represented by these figures cannot fail in the near future to affect powerfully both the producers and the readers and critics of literature. To begin with, the new highly specialized professorial chairs offer to the literary aspirant, confronted with the alternative of journalism or making a hit with a popular novel, a third possible *modus vivendi*. Secure in a specialty and an income, he may cultivate at leisure any slender literary faculty he may possess. The divine spark, supposing it to dwell in him, will not necessarily be extinguished in the freer life and less crushing routine of the modern university. But in default of genius, if he will make the effort, as Dryden words it, "to wear off the rust he has acquired in laying in a stock of learning," he may hope to contribute a much-needed element of sanity, breadth of view, and respect for sound traditions to a literature too much dominated by the methods of journalism and the short story, and too exclusively preoccupied with the immediate present.

The connection of literature with the professorial chair is, of course, no absolutely new thing, as the names of Ticknor, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and more recently of Boyesen, McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, Shaler, Brander Matthews, and Woodberry, remind us. The new thing is the rapid diffusion of the university spirit from Maine to California, and the fact that an increasing proportion of the upper class journeyman work of literature is being done by men

who have imbibed that spirit. The young doctor who returns from Germany, or goes out from the graduate school of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or the University of Chicago, takes with him to the smallest college town of Iowa or Nebraska the university ideal, a very different thing from the old college education. He communicates the stimulus of this ideal to the management of the college library, to the local lecture committee, to his old-fashioned colleagues, and to his more ambitious students. Whatever his pedantries or crudities, he represents in one line of intellectual endeavor, which serves him as a norm for others, no local provincial or partial standard, but the absolutely best attainable in the civilized world to-day. There are ten such men in our smaller college towns now where a few years ago there was one. In another generation they will predominate in even the remotest college faculties. They are preparing the improved school and college textbooks of the future. They are writing in *The Nation* and the *Chicago Dial* the book reviews that carry most weight with the intelligent public, and some of the more ambitious among them are slowly maturing books which, although belonging to the borderland between literature and scholarship, will perhaps contribute as much to the literature of the future as works that lie on the border-line between literature and journalism.

For one of the ways in which the university spirit will prepare the soil for the literature of the future will be by abolishing the false antithesis between scholarship and life which has been pressed on behalf of a literature and an education wholly dissociated from the past. There is really as much life in hearing a young woman read Sophocles as in watching her boil the teakettle. The impulse that drives our millionaires to lavish their wealth on the endowment of universities is as truly vital as that which makes a howling bedlam of the stock

exchange. No one who really knows our great universities can doubt that the pulse of American life beats as full and strong there as in any counting-room, manufactory, or caucus in the land. The error of the bookworm who despises the life of the people is no grosser than that of the popular rhetorician who withholds the name of life from life's finest and intensest manifestations. Now, scholarship, culture, study, bookishness, in short, so far from losing their hold on the intellectual élite of the world, will occupy a relatively larger place in the literature of the coming age. It is mere rhetoric to oppose the living present to the dead past, and protest that it is our duty to "surmount the gorgeous history of feudalism," and descend into the broad, fertile fields of democracy and science.

Literature can never be democratic in the sense of universal in its appeal. It will always be the affair of a minority, — an ever increasing minority, let us hope. The average man will read the newspapers, if he reads at all; little as he may care for Wordsworth or Milton, the veritist novel of the day leaves him still more indifferent. The devotees of Ibsen, Tolstóy, Valdés, and the other Scandinavian or Latin masters whom we are bidden to accept as the latest and greatest birth of time may take heart: a broader and sounder culture, now accessible to all who care for it, will enable them, while relishing the piquancy and actuality of the literature of the moment, to penetrate the slight veil of strangeness that bars them from communion with the master spirits of the past, and to acknowledge in them, no idols, but true divinities. For it is no disparagement of the present, but only an extension back through the ages of that democratic brotherhood of which we hear so much, to recognize that the stored quintessence of thirty centuries of thought and feeling must contain more lasting spiritual sustenance for those who know how to seek it than the utterance of the hour,

however timely. The taking stock of this inheritance, the sifting, classification, and reinterpretation of it in relation to the present, has become in France and Germany a branch of literature coördinate with and hardly inferior in general estimation to "creative" work. In this great task America has as yet borne little part; but she is now at last prepared to enter upon it, and pending the arrival of a new world-epoch of original creation, the occupation of this field is likely to be the distinctive literary effort of the next quarter of a century. The doctors' dissertations that are beginning to stream from our university presses do not all belong to literature even by their themes; but the writing and printing among us of even the feeblest of them will seriously modify the tastes and critical standards of a little circle of active minds. Collectively, they will combine with other forces to form a small but influential reading public, that will not only tolerate but demand stronger food than American literature has usually supplied in the past.

The lightness of touch that has given so widespread a popularity to the American magazine is a charming thing; but no great literature will hereafter be produced among a people so much afraid of serious reading as the American public has hitherto been. I do not mean to imply that the sole service of our university publications to literature will be to inure the public to dry reading. While our traditions and ideals are as yet mainly those of the German universities, there are encouraging signs here and there of an evolution in our scholastic essays towards the type of the French *étude*, which for all its learning is often a contribution to real literature. The fostering of this tendency will produce among us a band of scholars who will have learned to combine some grace of form with their erudition, and who will meet the serious reading public at least halfway.

The result, if I may hazard a final

prediction, will be that we shall soon have, to counterbalance our flourishing local fiction and the pretty bric-à-brac of the magazines, a vigorous and readable literature of scholarship, history, literary interpretation, and criticism, — a literature not without interest and use for

the present, and not without promise for the future. For the literature of the future, whatever else it may be, will not be based on ignorance, nor will it contract to the trivialities of the hour the horizon of the being that looks before and after.

Paul Shorey.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

THE prairie was intersected by two railroads, and at their junction, without a single natural advantage, the town sprang up. Neither lake nor stream, neither old woods nor diversity of hills, lured man's enterprise to the spot; nothing but the bald rolling prairie, gorgeous if you rode into its distances, with scarlet bunches of paint-lady, small yellow sunflowers, and lavender asters, and acres of other blooms. In yet undrained slues the iris flags stood in ranks, and at a passing touch millions of sensitive-plants folded their lace leaves and closed their black-eyed maize-colored blossoms. By such tokens it was early autumn the first evening Sam Peevey and I walked north along one of the principal streets to our new boarding-house.

We had begun by sleeping on benches provided for visiting subscribers in the sanctum of our new paper, and eating crackers and cheese and such cheap browse as the restaurants afforded. Sam was proud of this, and intended to put it in his future political speeches. As for me, I was ready for anything at that time. But our newspaper had so prospered that we could now afford to live in a house, and pay a woman who kept no other guests a modest price for boarding us.

Our belongings had already been sent to her care, and we hoped the drayload would impress her. Sam did the partnership hoping, for I did n't care for anything in the world. The street along which we walked to our new experiences had been a Pottawatomie trail from the Great Lakes; and mindful of bygones, the founders of the town called it on their map Trail Street. Further justice had been done the Pottawatomies, and their forerunner in path-making, the buffalo, by naming the town Trail City. Long gaps of vacant lots still showed between buildings. Shopping women had to walk half a mile from the north side to the south side, matching samples. It was the favorite joke of merchants in this direction to bid their customers, "Give us a call on your way to Chicago." Some still thought the supremacy of trade might be wrested from Main Street on the south side, but others were wavering toward that thoroughfare. On every hand were scattering houses, from mansions having their own gas, and their water propelled by gayly painted windmills, to the rudest shelters of pine, in which lot-owners tabernacled until they could do better; every man's first care being to secure what promised to be the most valuable location he could command.

Resin weed, strung with lumps of translucent gum, brushed our knees at

the edge of the sidewalk, which like a narrow endless bridge carried us above the black soil. This causeway let directly into many front rooms where the functions of humble life went on almost in public. But the virgin town was still untainted with deep poverty or vice. It had kept itself entirely free, Sam informed me, from that American institution called the saloon, so different from foreign wineshops. We were literally walking through a square mile of Ohio cheer, New England thrift and conscientiousness, Kentucky hospitality, New York far-sightedness with capital to back it, and native Illinois grit. The very air, resinous and sweet, had a peculiar tingle that a man, having once felt, cannot forget. Everybody was going to succeed, and on the way could put up with a few inconveniences.

The sun, a plainly defined ball, was melting away in its own radiance, and flattening as it melted, just above the horizon. This unobstructed setting made weird and long-shadowed effects. I hung back to see it touch ground beyond low buildings. Now it was half gone — now three quarters; now it was a disk of gold — a quivering thread of fire — and now a memory. The wanness of sudden twilight stole eastward. The whole wide land was a map. A freight-train trailed off into glorified northern prairie. The town-herder was bringing cows out of the west, and we could hear farmers' wagons rattling home on the dry autumnal plain. Everybody wore a satisfied grin, because the days of rattlesnake-fighting were over and a long-looked-for millennium had come. Eastward, on a billow of the prairie, a land agent with his swarm of followers could be seen offering lots. Under the clang of locomotive bells and the scattered noises of a skeleton corporation came the suction hint of the note of the bull-goose or thunder-pumper, like a buried village working its pumps.

There were a great many passers, for

people were continually walking about to gloat over the promised land, and brag, — north side, south side, or west side; the southwest quarter did not count, being reserved for driving-parks, manufactories, and other municipal appendages.

Sam was always in a hurry, but he let me see the sunset as a spectacle of local value. Sam was broad and pink and muscular. He had been the athlete of our class, while I was only the poor fellow who carried off college honors. He intended to go in for politics from the ground up. Congress was one of his goals. Congress indorsed you for the presidency, or any other job that came your way after you had been elected town alderman. Sam put a great deal of time into what he called making himself solid with people, and left me to do the office work; but I did n't want to be solid with people. The only endearing characteristic of the town was its Americanness. The raw land, the unfinish, the glad rush, the high, clear air, the jolly insolence of independent human beings, — how American they all were! I had been so sick for things American. In Paris it had seemed impossible to wait until the ship ferried me over. Gorgeous autumn colors of my country, high zenith shining as no other sky shines, clean gladness of a landscape unsoaked by mediæval filth, primitive still, but full of promise that no words can set forth, — my God! how my soul shouted hallelujah, while I whizzed through in a dining-car, paying five prices for a vile breakfast and rancid butter! If a man could always be coming home from Europe, he might accomplish something by the mere rise of his spirits. That was when I thought I could begin again where I had left off six years before.

"I'm hungry," said Sam. "And we're going to the house of one of the best amateur cooks in Trail City. But they say she has a falling jaw, and we don't want to let it drop on us. She's a holy terror over poor Kate Keene.

Why don't you limber up, Seth, and fascinate folks as you used to before you went abroad? Travel's taken all the life out of you. Six years more of Europe would have made you an imbecile."

"Who's Kate Keene?"

"You did n't need six years more; you're an imbecile now. Ever since you dumped your baggage in Trail City and walked into the War Path office, you've had the names of all the inhabitants put at your pen's end. Who's Colonel York? Who's Banker Babcock? I'll make you a little catechism."

"You'll make me an apology. You are taking an unpopular manner with me, and may lose my vote."

"Try to feel a little interest in humanity around you, Seth," pleaded Sam. "When Esther comes into the office to scrub, you do take her boy on your knee, and notice her and even her confounded crane."

"Esther comes only once a month. If we could afford to have her oftener, it might exhaust me."

"I tell you it is n't liked, Seth."

I laughed because he could think that would make any difference to me.

"Some of the finest families in the United States have gathered to this town," blustered Sam. "Lucia and Alice York and Teresa Babcock, — where will you find prettier girls? And if you look at externals, there'll be plenty of people sitting down to well-served dinners when we sit down to supper."

"I don't look at externals."

"I wish you did. For a fellow that works like a horse, you take confounded little notice of what's around you. Now, we ought to be laying our plans to get hold of some of this land while it's comparatively cheap. It'll be worth a hundred dollars an acre some time. Rich, black, deep" —

"Up to a man's knees," said I.

"Or a mule's," assented Sam. "And we want some. You had a fortune when you left college." He gave me that cast

of the eye with which he always approached this subject. It was almost a compensation to me for the loss of my fortune to see how defrauded Sam felt.

"If I had it now, would I be here?"

"But how could you run through with it — all?"

"Same old way."

"You had fifty thousand dollars."

"And you'll come back at me fifty thousand times to make me account for every dollar of it."

"You ought to account to somebody."

"That's been one of my fatal troubles, Sam: there was no one for me to account to, — no father, mother, brother, or sister."

"I'd be a brother to you and show you where to put it now, if you had it. I don't understand how you let foreigners rob you so; you're no profligate. Buying old books and old pictures is n't absolute drunkenness."

I never excused myself to Sam or helped him to better understanding of my affairs. We were partners, with all we both had staked in our little printing-house, and I had dropped into that place when I came back because it was the first thing that offered. When Sam had given me a thought, he went on: —

"Poor Keene, his profligacy was absolute drunkenness. We came here to start the paper together. I did n't know as much as I do now. I had been rubbing around at different jobs four or five years, trying to study law and one thing or another, without enough money to live on, and dabbling with newspapers all the time. In six months Keene had us sold out, and he was in the gutter. So I tried it again alone. He was as bright a fellow as you are, but he could n't be kept steady. We opened the new graveyard with him just before you came. He never did a more distinguished thing than plant his carcass on that slope. We made an occasion of it, like laying a corner-stone. Poor Kate! He left her without a cent in the world, and without a re-

lation except this half-aunt. I should say she was left literally on her wits; and she needs them, to get on with Mrs. Jutberg. Jutberg is a Swede, well-to-do, but probably the most regretful Swede that ever was in a hurry to marry an American woman. I never saw him do anything but follow his wife submissively into church. But she has religious ecstasies, and they tell this story of him: One night he sat watching Mrs. Jutberg in disgust while she paraded the aisles shouting, 'I want to be a burden-bearer!' and the next morning he refused to carry any coal into the house for her. 'Get on to dat burden yourself,' Jutberg says. 'You vas so sweet on burdens, I let you bear dat one.'"

Any but homeless men might have entered Mrs. Jutberg's sphere apprehensively. The two or three weeks I had camped in the office with Sam separated me from my former life, and the square, roomy house typified a return to civilization. From the porch inward one was impressed by exquisite rigorous house-keeping. An odor of roses sifted about. There was not a speck of dust on the furniture or on the framed hair-flowers and ancient sampler-work in the parlor. I wondered if the orphan Kate Keene held levees of youthful people in this little salon. She was nowhere to be seen, and neither was there any visible servant. Mrs. Jutberg received us with brisk dispatch. She was a small woman, of excellent trim figure, though I thought her sallow face a sullen one. Her teeth were large and broad. With unusual scrutiny I detected a looseness about the lower part of her face, which seemed thrown on its own support. But when you are predisposed against a person, and find that person a quick-footed and capable domestic angel, small minor imperfections go for nothing. Our rooms had the sweetness of lavender in the sheets. My box of books had been opened and arranged on standing shelves by some one who knew their value. I had a comfort-

able feeling in the house, such as I thought I should never have again in the world.

Sam and I sat down in state with the Swedish host in the dining-room, and the hostess herself served us.

"Good-evening, yentlemens," he said, holding knife and fork upright in his fists; and I thought he was a dear blue-eyed old fellow who would appreciate sitting and smoking in silence with a companion after meals. Sam gormandized on broiled prairie chicken and talked all the time, but the fragrance of the tea floated Mr. Jutberg and myself into a smiling, unspoken friendship. It was a meal to set a man on Mount Olympus, Sam said, becoming heartily solid with Mrs. Jutberg, who appeared distrustful of the praises of men's mouths, yet exacting of appreciation. It did indeed mark a new era after bread and cheese and restaurant stuff, and there was no restraining the vigor it put into Sam. He rushed forth, as soon as he rose from the table, into the dusk streets, where the kerosene lamps were yet unlighted, to further cultivate the influence of woman, or pursue patrons for advertising, or talk his kind of politics, or continue what he called hustling along the development of the town.

I was used to Sam's desertions in the evening, for we never went in the same direction if we walked, and often I lighted a lamp in the office and read or wrote, beetles and evening street noises buzzing up from the sidewalks. The discipline on the sanctum benches made me look forward to a bed with gratitude that astonished me, and the very best preparation for such bliss seemed a smoke on the porch with Mr. Jutberg. So we sat down, with our feet on the top step, he and his pipe, and I and one of my treasured cigars.

"I vas not a feller dat talk much ven I smoke," remarked Mr. Jutberg before each man sunk into his own sweet trance; and I responded, "The same."

His gentle Swedish monotone was

more soothing than his tobacco. The sky seemed to let its stars down almost within reach, and over eastern hummocks we could watch the unobstructed rising of constellations. There was no light in the house except in the kitchen, at the end of the hall behind us. We could hear the tinkle of dishes being washed and set on shelves, and by turning our heads could see Mrs. Jutberg and another figure passing back and forth. I wondered if the two women of the house ate in secret, and like the priests of the oracles performed their feats by hidden machinery? After my life of fierce and sickening passion these saltless doings were infinitely peaceful.

There had not been an audible word spoken in the house, when the clamor of a shrew began, almost lifting Mr. Jutberg and me, like a powder explosion, from the top step. He turned toward me, pipe in mouth, his face drawn back in apprehensive horizontal lines. I began a Latin quotation under my breath, but the terrible words of that incensed woman could not be shut out. Her voice soared and spread, and must have filled the air for several blocks. I have heard hysterical cries, but never anything so like the shrieking of a human beast. The mire of Billingsgate market and its red-faced fishwives at once came into my mind. Could any one have imagined this trim, pleasant-spoken, and skilled American woman was such a devil? The opinion of neighbors was no check on Mrs. Jutberg. She called her young relation names. The insanity of her anger being restrained by nothing but religion, she doomed the poor girl to fire and flame, which is the second death and a well-deserved one.

I saw a figure dart across the lighted space with its hands over its ears, and Mrs. Jutberg pursued it. It was then that her shrewish face worked in a spasm. The muscles struggled ineffectually while she chewed air with dreadful mouthings and contortions of the countenance, and

beckoned to us with imperative hand. I leaped up, convinced that the woman was in a fit, but Mr. Jutberg shook the ashes deliberately out of his pipe.

"It vas notting but her yaw come unyointed," he explained in gentle monotone. "I put it up again. But, by Vash-in'tons and all dem big fellers! it vas better out of joint dan it vas in."

The girl's hand was stretched forth to help Mrs. Jutberg, but Mrs. Jutberg slapped at it. My friend arose, straightening his stiffened limbs, and went in to the rescue. At my distance I thought I heard a slight click which might signify that his surgery was effectual. Mrs. Jutberg worked her jaw up and down, recovering command of it; and then, without a word to acknowledge his services, she turned her back and went into darkness at the rear of the house. We heard a door slam. Her husband took his hat from the hall and passed me, with an apology for our interrupted smoke.

"I jüst valk out behind her aviles and keep her in sight. It make her so mad ven her yaw come unyointed she not stay in de house aviles, but go out and valk de streets in her sunbonnet. Seem like ven I put it up she blame me because it come down."

I shared Mr. Jutberg's feeling of uneasiness and responsibility because Mrs. Jutberg could no longer bear to be in the house with us. The long streets, safe though poorly lighted, would lead her past much jollity and banjo and guitar playing. Nearly everybody was young and happy.

I thought it a pity that Protestant churches never keep open doors for weary and passion-tormented souls, as the Catholic church does. Toilers who left their work for a minute's prayer in the cathedral were a common sight abroad; and the dim light and holy silence must have done a lurid spirit like Mrs. Jutberg much good. There was a wide sprinkling of variously housed denominations all over town. Every man had put his

hand in his pocket to help the churches, and none more generously than the banker, Mr. Babcock, until he called a halt with sudden thought.

"Look here, boys! We'll have the preachers of all these churches to keep by and by. Let up on subscriptions. We won't build any more."

I had smoked out my cigar and thrown the stump away, when it occurred to me what guileless people these were to leave their young relation alone in the house with a stranger. Ashamed of the thought because it was un-American, I rose to go to bed, when we met in the hall. The young girl was carrying a lamp. There was no back stairway in the house, I understood afterwards, and the kitchen lamp was the only one she was allowed to make use of. It was clean and bright as the flambeaux of the wise virgins, showing her face and brown hair, and her black dress, short like a little girl's around the ankles. She was lithe and long-bodied, with an undulous motion as she walked, which struck me as the perfection of young grace. I did not expect to find anything perfect in Mrs. Jutberg's relation, though I was as indifferently sorry for the lot of the unprotected creature as I could be for anything.

We stopped, — I to give her the right of way up the stairs, and she in humility to decline it. The sickening shame which the young experience when their guardians degrade themselves made her avoid my eyes. I knew instantly that one of her ideals of life was high breeding, — daughter of a drunkard and niece of a scold!

I said, "Good-evening," and she answered, "Good-evening."

"Adams, one of Mrs. Jutberg's boarders," I mentioned, to quiet any misapprehension.

"Yes, I know."

"I'm going upstairs, too. Shall I carry the lamp for you?"

She gave it to me; but, with a touching swiftness which moistened my own

eyes, she turned against the stair-side and burst out crying.

"Oh, come, now," I objected, "don't do that."

I looked around and set the lamp on a step. It threw our shadows across the narrow passage, but I put my length in front of her as a screen from the street. Her slim sides expanded and contracted with the effort she made to hold her sobs. That helpless crying into which a visibly brave creature fell cut me up. I did not know how to comfort her; but I could have brought her Mrs. Jutberg's jaw on a salver.

"Never mind," I said; "I don't believe anybody heard but myself, and it makes no difference, anyway."

The girl began to laugh, and lifted her head, though tears ran down her clear cheeks. "It was n't that."

"What was it, then?"

"Oh, you look like my father, — you look like my father!" She flung herself against the stair-side and sobbed again.

This was flattering to a man who had had some measure of success: I looked like a sot, the opener of the new cemetery, the mortuary corner-stone, so to speak, of Trail City. I passed my hand through the thin layer of hair on my cadaverous head, being unable to hit on any suitable response.

Her second fit of weeping was short, and she dried her face, showing the freshest innocence I had ever seen on a human countenance. The guilelessness of childhood was supplemented by something like a high spiritual brightness which gave her an intent and all-alive look. Among chance comings of children into this world, I divined, whatever her parentage had been, that hers was a happy chance. She attracted the material needful to make her life.

"My father has only been dead a few months. I have n't got used to it yet."

"He left you here, did he?" I remarked, making a case against the man I resembled.

"Only until I am eighteen. After I am eighteen I may go where I please."

"He made that provision for you?"

"He only told me to stay until I was of age; and I will do as he told me."

"Perhaps he thought you would be taking a husband by that time."

"No, indeed. I am never going to marry. My father told me not to."

"He was a man of sense," I admitted, feeling more reconciled to the resemblance.

"He was the best man in the world. Other people have bad faults, but he had only one little weakness. You don't know what my father was to me. I miss him" — She stopped, catching her lip in her teeth.

The forcible reminder which I had been of this good man for the first time suggested itself as an advantage. A differentiation, impalpable as air, set the child apart to me, and gave me some hold on the only friendship I felt moved to seek. I was possessed to let out my story, which had cost lying to keep from American ears, to a person I had talked with five minutes. Sam had labored on me incessantly, and closed me up tighter all the time; and for backing he had our college years. This girl was not acquainted with my kind of grief. It was in fact unfit to mention to her. You knew by instinct she was the species of innocent who might stand in the thick of intrigue and never see it, keeping company with holy angels all the time. But I felt sure she could help me with my intolerable load just as she defended her father's little weakness.

I took up the lamp and rested it on the flat newel, detaining her when she would have continued up the stairs.

"I wish you would sometimes call me father. Not openly, I mean — but sometimes. I had a child of my own, and he died. I think of him day and night, like a woman."

"But where is the child's mother?"

"That is what I have asked myself a

great many times," I said deliberately. "'Where is the child's mother?' And the only satisfactory answer I could ever give was, 'Damn the child's mother.' She left her little sick boy with me, and she left me because she had impoverished me. But the boy, he was old enough to call me father, and I should like — to hear the word once in a while."

My young confessor took hold of a narrow ribbon and drew a packet out of her bosom, her wide and solemn eyes transfixing me while she prepared to exchange confidences. From the packet she unfolded a paper, and gave into my hand her father's last will and testament. I read it by the lamplight.

"Kate, my child, you are the only thing that excuses me for ever having lived. I want you to make a success of life, my girl. Do it for me. Cover my failure. Don't idolize anybody, Kate, but be friends with all. Be cautious about men; some of them are worse even than I am.

"It's a battle, my child, getting through the world. The people you see best off have their fights as well as the rest of us. But if you get through with credit, think what it will be to your mother and me. For God's sake, Kate, my love, do your best; and if they let a fellow out on the other side, I will watch you night and day. Your

FATHER."

I gave her back the paper, and she folded and returned it to its place. By one impulse we then shook hands, feeling that we had made a compact of friendship.

She said, "You may call me Kate."

I said, "My name is Seth."

We stood with our eyes cast down, as became the importance of the moment.

"Well, good - night," said Kate. "Good-night — father."

"Good-night, Kate."

I gave her the lamp and turned again to the porch, where I sat until Sam came home.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

THE appearance, almost simultaneous, of the memoirs of Barnard and McCosh invites attention to the remarkable renaissance now in progress in the higher educational systems of the United States. It is worthy of note that these memoirs are coincident with change of name, both at Princeton and at Columbia, from "College" to "University." In New York the change of name goes with a change of location. New buildings are to be erected upon an admirable site; large gifts are coming in; and there is an exemplary union of metropolitan influences and interests around the historic Columbia and its inspiring leader. At Princeton the enlarged campus has been covered with a group of academic halls, well adapted to their purpose, and so arranged as to produce a most agreeable impression. Under the guidance of one who is equally qualified for the exposition and defense of the local traditions, and for their application to the new conditions of society, Nassau Hall begins its fourth half-century with a new name, and the College of New Jersey becomes Princeton University. But these outward changes are of little importance unless they are signs of inward grace, and at a distance far more attention will be given to the products of the university than to its buildings and apparatus. The eyes of educated men throughout the country will henceforth be directed to these new universities as exponents of a desire and an endeavor to secure for the twentieth century higher, better, and more varied education, and every patriotic scholar will desire for both institutions the highest success.

I propose to make these volumes the occasion for some comments upon the actual problems of higher education in this country; but before entering upon

such inquiries a few words must be said regarding F. A. P. Barnard and James McCosh, the men whose work suggests this article. Both began life as country boys, of good heredity and good environment, without extraordinary gifts, opportunities, or education. Both led noble lives, continued to ripe old age and consecrated to the improvement of college education. Both were naturally conservative of the conservatives, — one trained in Scotland, and one in New England, where traditions of Calvinistic theology and of classical studies were dominant, and where there was little desire for change; but both, by gradual processes, came to see the inadequacy of the agencies then employed for the education of American youth. Both were suggestive and persistent, and both succeeded in securing a good deal of support for their progressive views, though both at times were depressed by obstructions. Barnard was naturally a mathematician and physicist, with a decided bent toward theology; and McCosh was essentially a philosopher and theologian, with a strong bias in favor of science: so that they were well fitted to be mediators between the two camps, which at one time threatened open and vehement hostilities all along the line. The state of the times and of Barnard's mind is illustrated by the theme of his inaugural address when he came to Columbia. It was a discussion of the relations of physical science to revealed religion.

Barnard's personal influence was, unfortunately, restricted by his deafness, against which he contended with all the known acoustic helps, but which precluded him, nevertheless, from active participation in conversations and debates. But the stalwart McCosh loved the fray. For many years he was the

most picturesque person upon the educational platform. His fine head and face, his Scotch accent, his racy language, and his unconscious egotism made him everywhere, among his "boys" on the campus or among the elders of the Assembly, a man of mark.

The two presidents are sure to be remembered among the best administrators of their generation, with Wayland, Tappan, Walker, Hopkins, and Woolsey, — seven wise men; yet these all belonged to a transition period. They saw in advance of them, and to some extent around them, good things that they could not attain to. "I was so vain as to think," says McCosh in his farewell speech (1888), "that out of our available materials I could have constructed a university of a high order. But this privilege has been denied me. The college has been brought to the very borders, and I leave it to another to carry it over into the land of promise." Likewise, Barnard says in his last report (1888): "It is the unavoidable tendency of things to press upon Columbia College, more and more constantly from year to year, the duty of providing for the wants of the superior class of students; that is to say, the business of proper university instruction." But there was not money enough in either institution. The fruit was not yet ripe.

If, therefore, the reader turns to the memoirs of McCosh and Barnard for light upon the functions of universities, he will surely be disappointed. They were essentially collegians, striving to amend the existing colleges, to make them freer and better, and to devise new arrangements for the education of youth. Consequently, their biographies are largely taken up with discussions pertaining to the discipline and methods of undergraduate instruction. Both were capable of entering on the higher problems, yet neither broke away, as did Eliot and White, from the fetters of the past.

If we look over the period covered by

these memoirs, we can see what changes have come to pass. Briefly stated, they are these. It is most remarkable that pecuniary resources have increased enormously, and this has made possible better buildings, larger libraries, more teachers. Private gifts, land grants, and legislative appropriations have all contributed to this result. With more liberal expenditures there has been greater freedom in every detail. The rigidity of discipline has been relaxed, manners are not so stiff, there is far less of petty regulation, the preaching is not as severe, the methods of living are much more civilizing. "The curriculum" has gone. Either absolute election or a very large amount of choice is now permitted. With the abandonment of one fixed course, the required amount of Greek and Latin has been greatly diminished, and it is demonstrated that classical studies have gained more than they have lost by this change. History, English, French, and German receive an amount of attention that was not given to these subjects thirty years ago. On the other hand, there is less attention to public speaking. Of great importance is the wide introduction of laboratory methods in the study of science, especially in physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, and geology. Athletics have made marvelous advances. Finally, the admission of women to the advantage of higher education, either by co-education, or by "annexes," or by separate foundations, is one of the greatest gains of the period under review.

During all this time two underlying tendencies have been at work, and it cannot yet be said that an agreement has been reached. On the one hand, the importance of the college has been enforced as a place of intellectual and moral discipline, where positive, well-defined acquisitions are demanded of every pupil. The other tendency is to depreciate the college. It has seemed, for example, as if the older colleges would be

transformed into something very like the philosophical faculties of a German university, and as if the disciplinary part of education would be remanded to the best preparatory schools, which would thus become "colleges." Dr. Barnard seriously discussed the giving up of the undergraduate classes in Columbia. Cornell University, in its early days, offered the freedom of university study to those who had been trained in academies and high schools without requiring intermediate collegiate work. The lists of electives offered at Harvard and Yale, and the proposals which are made, occasionally, to allow undergraduate courses to be counted as part of a preparation for the baccalaureate degree, and simultaneously as part of the preparation for a professional degree, are additional signs that the distinction between collegiate and university work is not yet perfectly clear. But unless I am mistaken, the number steadily increases of those who believe in upholding the American college, freed, enlarged, and improved, and yet as heretofore a place of discipline, social, intellectual, and moral, — a place where the habits of scholarship are formed, and the taste for science and literature is developed. The rigid training of a college, or its equivalent, seems to many the best if not the indispensable prerequisite for the advanced work of a university. It is in most cases the desirable basis for professional study in law, medicine, and theology, as well as for those innumerable arts and sciences which are commonly grouped in the faculty of philosophy. But, as Professor Goodwin clearly demonstrated in his Phi Beta Kappa speech, an immense loss of time occurs in the years antecedent to college. Boys do not begin the college training until they are eighteen years of age, and at its conclusion they are naturally impatient for professional life or for business. This is one of the unfortunate and yet remediable conditions of higher education in this country.

There is another serious question. The large institutions are growing larger and larger. This lessens the spirit of fellowship, the ties of classmates, the possibilities of personal guidance. The smaller colleges claim, with a good deal of force, that they can give better collegiate training than the so-called universities. Among other problems, the question of residence becomes more and more difficult to deal with, as the number of students grows larger. Coincidentally, "fraternities" are rapidly increasing, and are coming to be fortified places of intellectual and social influence. Many of them are really academic hostelries, managed by undergraduates and free from the supervision of the authorities. To meet some of these difficulties and dangers, it is not impossible, perhaps not unlikely, that the larger institutions, possessing many dormitories, will make each one of them (subordinate to the university government) a distinct college, with a master, tutors, library, and refectory, like the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Each such hall would be likely to have its special characteristics. In one might congregate the lovers of the classics. Scientific students would be found elsewhere. The students looking forward to law, medicine, or theology might likewise have halls where those of kindred tastes would make their homes. In some such way, the beauty of the English collegiate system might be restored to our academic life, from which it has unfortunately departed. Certainly, without provisions for the common life, colleges and universities lose much of their inspiration and charm.

The frequency with which the question is asked, "What is the difference, after all, between colleges and universities?" shows that even in educated circles the distinction is nominal rather than real. To one the university is "a collection of books;" to another it is "a place where nothing useful is taught;" to another it is "a combination of four

faculties;" to another it is "an institution where anybody may learn anything;" to another it is a group of educational establishments under one governing board; to another it is an authority for the bestowal of degrees; to many others it is only a more stately synonym for colleges. Antecedent to all these phrases is that by which Paris, the mother of universities, was once designated, "*Societas magistrorum et discipulorum*." Barnard came very near the right expression when he claimed that the university must be "a school of all learning that the necessities of the age demand." Whatever may be the best definition of a university, its functions are clearly to be discovered. It must above all things be a seat of learning, where the most cultivated scholars reside, where libraries, laboratories, and scientific collections are liberally kept up, and where the spirit of inquiry and investigation is perpetually manifested. It must be a shrine to which the outside world will resort for instruction and guidance upon the problems of the day, scientific, literary, educational, political. It must be a place from which are sent forth important contributions to science, — theses, memoirs, books. Here every form of scientific investigation should be promoted. Researches too costly for ordinary purses should be prosecuted at the expense of the general chest. Expeditions should be sent forth from time to time to engage in investigations on the seashore or on the mountains. Physical and astronomical instruments of the most improved forms should be devised, procured, and frequently renewed. The literatures of all nations, ancient and modern, should have their devotees. Every school of philosophy should be interpreted. Historical and political inquiry should be diligently promoted. The problems of modern society, economical, industrial, financial, administrative, philanthropic, demand the most careful examination. All these re-

searches should go forward in an atmosphere of repose and leisure, very different from that of business and professional engagements.

It is hardly necessary to add that in such a university it is most desirable that there should be a college or school of the liberal arts, where youth distinguished by talents and purposes may be introduced to the allurements of learning, and that there should be one or more professional schools, and, if possible, a *studium generale* affording opportunities to study any branches of science or letters. Nor are the applied sciences, for which Mr. Morrison has recently made such a vigorous plea, to be excluded from the academic grove. Rather inscribe upon its portals, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*."

All this is very costly, but the requisite money is sure to come when the needs are felt. It is not important for every institution to encourage all sciences. There is no such thing as a "complete" university, except in Utopia. It is possible, and surely desirable (as President Kellogg, of the University of California, has suggested), that the universities of the next century will be distinguished by special traits, each aiming at superiority in some chosen department; it may be medicine, jurisprudence, applied science, the classics, or mathematics. But it is essential to a university, whether broad or narrow its domain, that it should be pervaded by a right spirit, — the spirit of freedom, courage, enthusiasm, patience, coöperation, and above all things by the spirit of truth. With the endowments for university purposes there will probably be just such needless reduplications as the country has seen in the domain of collegiate work. With multiplication will come rivalry, and with rivalry antagonism, and with antagonism great waste of force. It will be most unfortunate for the world if the form of ecclesiastical or denominational universities prevails. There may be a place for a

great Catholic university, but why the Protestant bodies should seek to emphasize in universities their peculiar tenets, or should endeavor to keep the control of scientific and literary investigation in the hands, let us say, of the Plymouth Brethren or the great Sandemanian Sanhedrim, is by no means obvious to one who has studied the growth of knowledge and the agencies by which human progress has been promoted. Concentration is what is wanted, not reduplication. We have "germs" enough in our educational nursery to supply the needs of the country for fifty years to come.

On the maintenance of universities modern civilization depends. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is their motto. No tradition, however venerable, no dogma pronounced by the most illustrious councils, no hypothesis and no theory sanctioned by the authority of genius or learning, can escape from scrutiny, and none can long survive if it is found to rest upon false premises, imperfect knowledge, or fallacious reasoning. The universities are the discoverers and explorers of new domains. They are the modern judges of the world. Neither the state nor the church can reverse their decisions. By better instruments, more accurate knowledge, more precise methods, and more acute reflection, they will of their own accord amend their conclusions. The very processes they employ in ascertaining the truth are favorable to the development of critics and the education of acute and independent intellects, that will improve upon the instruction of their own most wise and honored teachers. It is the business of science to forge the instruments by which its present conclusions may be modified, its present vision extended. The processes of inquiry and of verification which during the nineteenth century have led to marvelous advances in the domain of astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology, and medicine, full of benefits to the

human race, are already employed in the working-rooms of the jurist, the historian, the economist, the archæologist, the exegete, the philologist. The lessons of man's experience in legislation and administration under all forms of government are to be applied to the politics of the day. Vagueness, uncertainty, doubt, and guesses will give way before the light of knowledge. Rare minds will first perceive the truths, and then will teach others. In due time the advanced positions of the philosophers and scholars will be occupied by the multitude, and onward will go the forces of the universities to make new conquests in the dark continents of ignorance and uncertainty till there are no new fields to conquer.

It was pathetic to hear Lord Kelvin say, at his recent jubilee,—Lord Kelvin, the greatest living physicist, the discoverer, inventor, and philosopher,—that his life seemed to him a failure, so little progress had he made in the sciences to which his days have been devoted. But on the other hand, his career ought to quicken all who believe in universities to renew their efforts to discover the men of rare abilities, to nourish them with fit intellectual diet, to provide them with the financial support requisite for their researches, and to reward them with every sort of recognition which will quicken, and not dampen, their enthusiasm. If Lord Kelvin, looking back upon the fifty years which constitute the age of electrical discovery, can perceive, like one who stands upon a mountain top, like Moses upon Pisgah, a vast unoccupied land of promise, surely Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Columbia, Cornell and Johns Hopkins, and all their sister institutions should say, "Ours be the task to engage in the pursuit of science by our observers and thinkers, by our researchers and philosophers; for we are sure that the liberation of mankind from error and ignorance will establish the reign of health, comfort, peace, happiness, and virtue."

D. C. Gilman.

SINTAMASKIN : A MIDWINTER FAIRYLAND.

THE early morning of Thursday, the last day of January, was clear and still. The heavy snowstorm of the day before had ceased during the night, leaving a new layer, a foot in depth, upon that which already lay deep over mountain and lake, and piling itself high upon every branch and twig of the dense forest about us. I had awakened at three, still conscious of the effects of yesterday's long tramp, when Peter and I had followed for eight hours the fresh tracks of a herd of seven caribou, far over steep hills, through heavy timber, and in deep, soft snow, only to find that the waning day bade us strike out for camp; for the further route of our game was still to be disentangled from a labyrinth of tracks made where they had stopped to feed. We had eaten our lunch as we marched, delay being a thing to avoid, and fire out of the question on so fresh a trail; and when we reached camp again, just as darkness closed in, we were a tired and hungry pair. So it was with difficulty now that I summoned up resolution to perform the duty of which the biting cold upon my face and the snapping of the log walls of our camp apprised me, and resisted the insidious argument that I really was not awake. To leave the snug shelter of warm blankets in order to rake together a few almost extinct embers, nurse them into a glow, and pile the stove full of wood is not an alluring task at such a time; but camp-fire etiquette, sometimes relaxed in the milder autumn season, must be rigidly adhered to, even indoors, in these long, frigid winter nights. Therefore my companion and I had made the usual agreement that he who woke first should forthwith replenish the fire, and as his deep breathing was now proof that nothing was to be expected of him, I conquered my slothful disinclination, and a roaring blaze at

last rewarded my efforts. Then I opened the door upon such a night as only the northern winter can show.

Silence, absolute and supreme; the rich purple-black of the sky revealing its immeasurable depth, in which hung, clear and round and at many distances, the myriad stars which filled it; in the north the great pale arc of the aurora reflected faintly on the white snow lying over the open space of the river in front of us. But the keen air allowed little time for more than a swift glance; then a match lighted showed the mercury at eighteen degrees below zero, — not extreme, but cold enough to make blankets desirable; so I got back into them without further delay, and fell asleep.

The next thing I knew, some one else was poking the fire; the room was warm, and the light of day came through the windows. I turned and saw the red "tuque," straight black hair, and copper skin of Peter lit up by the flames as he bent over the stove. Seeing me stir, he remarked that breakfast was nearly ready, and that the morning was "varry cold." Signs of life now appeared in George, my companion, and soon we were at breakfast, with that appetite which surely is not the least boon of a woodland life. Peter was right about the cold. It was nearly eight o'clock now, and the thermometer stood at twenty-seven degrees below zero, but the cloudless sky and perfectly still air were a promise that this would be the best of all days for a winter tramp. The journey we had planned was a rather long one and offered a considerable variety of snow-shoeing, but we were in good trim for it, and had no fear of rough climbing or tangled windfalls.

The use of snow-shoes is not a difficult matter even for the beginner. Like every other form of athletic pursuit, it

requires some practice to overcome the awkwardness of first attempts, and to acquire familiarity in dealing with the little complications of woodland travel, such as windfalls, thick bush, and steep places. But the same is true to some extent of all walking, and there is no reason why any one who likes wholesome exercise, and can ride a horse or a bicycle, row a boat or paddle a canoe, should hesitate about making a winter hunt through fear of the much-exaggerated difficulties of snow-shoeing.

I write this because I have so often been asked by my fellow sportsmen whether the art of snow-shoeing were not so difficult as to stand in the way of a winter camping-trip. I think this idea arises partly from the fact that some writers have mistaken their own lack of skill or want of competent instruction, or perhaps their pig-headedness, for an inherent difficulty in the sport they describe; and I think I have even detected occasionally traces of a desire to magnify their own exploits by exaggerating the difficulty of what they have done; but these exaggerations are to be deplored when they tend to discourage others from wholesome enjoyments. To return to our day's journey.

This was the last day of the open season; to-morrow the law would stand between our rifles and the game, — no obstacle, perhaps, save to a sportsman's conscience. George was safe from a blank score, — he had killed his caribou, a young bull, two days before; but I had not yet had a shot. Peter had urged upon me strongly the desirability of our taking up again the tracks of yesterday where we had left them, back in the mountains, saying, "Ah'll t'ought he's not go varry far; sure he's got wan varry large caribou; that's good chance for find 'um:" and had this not been our last day I should probably have adopted

this plan. But the trip decided upon was to a point which I had long wished to reach, and it had been postponed from day to day since our arrival here, for various reasons. It offered, moreover, a fair probability of seeing game, — caribou, that is, for we had found no sign of moose upon any of the hills, which we had explored in many directions. So Peter's views did not prevail.

Now as for the place we were going to, I knew little more than that, some years before, when poring over a map of this region, lost in speculations concerning the distant lakes and rivers, my fancy had been captivated by a name, the name of a lake, — Sintamaskin,¹ — which lay some distance beyond the farthest point I had then reached in my brief camping-trips. Names are misleading. This is a country of many lakes, greatly diverse in character and of very varying degrees of beauty; and I had no reason to suppose that this lake possessed any special charm to distinguish it from the hundreds of others about it. Yet the name lingered in my memory, and in those sudden waves of longing that come to all of us who love the woods it would recur to me with a strange wild flavor of the far-away northern forest. Gradually, however, it faded from my recollection, and had not been recalled to me until a few days ago, when, as we were setting out upon our trip, a friend, familiar with all this region, said, "You'd better go over to Lac Sintamaskin;" and after describing it he added, "You'll see fine timber there; you know, it has never had a dam on it." Just what this meant can best be realized by those to whom our northeastern wilderness is known. The first act of the devastating lumberman, about to ply his trade on any lake and its tributaries, is to build across the outlet of that lake a big dam, which, through the indifference

¹ Sintamaskin: the first syllable nasal, like the French *saint*; accent on the last syllable, which is pronounced as English *kin*. The Al-

gonquin word is *Sattamoshké*, and is said to signify "Shallow River."

of improvident legislatures, he is allowed to leave, and which remains, for years after his operations are concluded, a hideous monument to the brutality of man. By means of the dam the water of the lake is raised far above its natural level; the shores are drowned, and their original beauty is forever destroyed. The waters recede, but they leave behind them a ghastly fringe of bare stones and dead gray trees, to take the place of the banks carpeted to the water's edge with velvety many-hued mosses; the lovely grass-grown beaches of pebbles and white sand; the graceful boughs of the innumerable forest trees which hung over all and mirrored their shimmering foliage in the tranquil waters. Sometimes indeed it happens, as in the case of one exquisite jewel of the wilderness I have in mind, — the Little Wayagamae, — that a lake has an outlet which for some reason cannot be dammed, but which furnishes enough water without a dam to float away the logs on the spring freshets. In these cases the heavy hand of the impious and wasteful lumberman falls less cruelly, and if fire does not follow in his train, destroying all, we dismiss him from our thoughts, with curses upon him only for having cut down all the pines. But Sintamaskin, I learned, falls within neither of these categories. High upon the very summit of the hills, and distant only some three miles from the main river, it discharges its waters down the steep mountains in a tumbling, rock-strewn flood, and dam or no dam, the lumberman cannot handle his logs in that precipitous descent. Some day he will find another way, perhaps, but for the present nature's defense holds good and this spot is still inviolate. So it seemed that I might look for some sort of confirmation of my fancies concerning it. To be sure, now that the deep snow had blotted out all but the boldest shore-lines, we could hardly hope to realize one of the greatest beauties of this still unmolested lake. But my re-

solve to go there was none the less firm, and even George, to whom the whole country was a new wonder, caught something of the infection, so that now both our voices were raised against the proposal of the Indian to take up again the trail of yesterday, and our start was made upon the road to Sintamaskin.

For the first time since our arrival in camp we set forth all together, George and I and our two Indians, whom, since they were both named Pierre, we distinguished by calling one Peter and the other Pierre Joseph. They were both typical members of the Abenaki race. Pierre Joseph, whom we found here, is a somewhat morose and taciturn creature, given, say those who know him, to fits of impracticable sullenness at times, which make him an undesirable partner. Hence he tends his traps alone, which are scattered through the woods to the west and north of us, on the upper branches of the Wastaneau and the waters flowing into the Vermillon; and in this vast waste he leads his solitary life, unsolicitous of human companionship, making day by day the round of his traps, with the leathern strap across his forehead by which he drags the toboggan carrying his furs and his supplies. At the end of the day's journey he finds shelter in one of the little round-topped bark wigwams that he has built in convenient places. He is universally conceded to be a skilled hunter, and despite his rather gloomy reputation he was always obliging enough while with us.

Peter is a character, an old friend of mine, a tall man of quiet movements. His complexion is somewhat ruddier than is usual among his degenerate people, and his features have something of the aquiline which typifies the Indian. His expression is of both dignity and sweetness, his courtesy unfailing, and his industry untiring. He has the keenest sense of humor and is a most entertaining story-teller; his voice soft and musical. Altogether he has a winning personality,

whose only fault is the old one that has been the ruin of his race, and that has led him into serious trouble more than once upon his return to the haunts of men. And yet so ingratiating is this personality that time and again, by sheer virtue of that alone, he has restored himself to favor among those who had every reason to exhibit only severity. He is a descendant and bears the surname of that captive from the neighborhood of Deerfield, Samuel Gill, whose story Parkman tells in *A Half-Century of Conflict*. Now, after nearly two centuries, here was I, in part the descendant of that nation which, through the ferocity of its blood-thirsty savage allies, had been so bitterly hated and so desperately feared by the struggling colonies, and with me as guide in the trackless Canadian wilds was this child of the wilderness, this descendant of the little Massachusetts Puritan.

The first three miles of our journey were northward down the river upon which our camp faced, the south branch of Wastaneau. At this point, about a mile below the lake of the same name, it is a quiet, winding stream, flowing between banks that in summer are low and grassy, with the hills rising behind them on either hand; but now the snow had in great part obliterated the distinction between river and bank, and we cut off many turns of the stream, passing over land where a few isolated twigs, sticking at random from the white surface, were all that indicated the thick bushes I should see when paddling my canoe here the following September. Gradually the hills approached the river and the low banks disappeared; one or two rocks showed their heads in a narrow place. The men went slowly, sounding with poles through the snow to see if the ice were good, — the first premonition of what lay but a little way beyond; for there the river leaped suddenly over the brink of a ragged wall of rock, and, turning sharp to the east, went dashing and roaring down into a

deep gorge, through which it swirled in foaming whirlpools and cascades. Cliffs and great walls of forest-clad mountain rose sheer above it; between them we saw it far beneath us, to where it turned around the shoulder of a mountain and ran off again to the north, to its junction with the other branches, the *Rivière du Milieu* and the *Rivière du Nord*. Thence the three streams, united, flow eastward into the St. Maurice — *Madoba-lod'nitukw*, the Abenaki call it — some twenty-five miles below La Tuque, ancient gathering-place of the dreaded Iroquois in their bloody raids upon their northern neighbors.

At the falls we left the river and began our climb up the mountain. It was a long and toilsome ascent, guided only by the blazed trees, — for there was no other sign of portage, — and as steep as it is practicable to climb on snow-shoes. We pulled ourselves up by branches and the trunks of trees, often holding to them with one hand, and reaching back with the other to grasp the extended rifle of the man below and haul him up; continually fearful lest the soft snow might slide with us bodily and send us rolling helpless downward. We were up at last, however; and now our path was easier, though still rough and along the side of steep slopes, and up and down many sharp pitches. We were passing through a heavy forest, our course to the east, about parallel with the ravine of the river. We went, of course, in single file, the men taking turns at leading, for the work of him who "breaks track" is much the hardest. The snow was about four feet deep on a level, and far more than that in places. It was soft, and though our snow-shoes were large — very different from the slender toys one sees in the shop windows of Montreal — our tracks were at least a foot in depth. This meant heavy going for us, though it did not seem to impede the caribou. The trees on our left opened, and our path led near the edge of the ravine. It was just at the

point where it turned to the north, and through the snow-laden branches we caught glimpses of a marvelous distance : long walls of mountain, russet and gray with the naked limbs of great hard-wood trees, or deep green with tier upon tier of spruce and fir ; here and there the light green of a pine, — all hoary with snow lying high upon every branch, even to the very top of the tallest trees ; then farther lines of hills, their banks of evergreens showing an unimaginable deep blue in this intensely clear air ; beyond all, in the extreme distance, faint, translucent hills of blue and violet melting into the sky, and one clear note of rosy white, a far-away burned mountain.

Next we plunged into dense forest of deep green : the ground was level ; were it summer we should be walking on spongy green moss. All about us the tall straight stems of spruce and fir rose high into the air, their dark branches interlacing overhead. Among their feet were the little balsams, an endless wealth of Christmas trees ; but here their fragrant branches were adorned only with snow, piled upon them so deep that they were pyramids of white, merely flecked here and there with a green which by contrast looked black and colorless. So thick they stood that we could see for only a few yards, and their branches brushed our faces and sent heavy showers and lumps of snow upon us as we passed. The hoarse croak of a raven overhead brought to my mind visions of Norse gods, skin-clad and with black wings upon their heads.

Then the ground lifted again, the birches and moosewood reappeared, the forest was more open and more varied, the ground rough and broken. And so, now on rocky hard-wood ridges, again through sombre swamps of evergreens, went our way, nearly three miles in all, until at last a sudden downward slope brought us to the border of a little lake. We crossed first this, and next a narrow strip of spruce-grown land, and we had reached Lac Clair.

This is a large, open lake, with fine woods about it and some picturesque low cliffs along its eastern shore, but not on the whole a very interesting spot. We crossed it in a northeasterly direction, two miles, carefully scanning its unbroken white stretch for signs of game. We found nothing but the record of a little woodland tragedy : the footprints of a hare bound across the lake, at first near together, then suddenly far apart as he had leaped for his life ; approaching, at an angle, other tracks, those of a marten ; then the two mingled, a disturbed place in the snow, drops of blood ; and last, the tracks of the marten back to the shore, partly obliterated by the wide trail of the object he had dragged along.

Off the lake and another climb, stiff as the first, but shorter, three quarters of a mile through heavy forest, and then Lac Long, head of the waters we had followed. As its name implies, it is a long and narrow lake, through which we passed, and here we saw tracks of caribou, — made before yesterday's snow, however, so that they were not of great interest to us. Another short stretch of woodland and we came to Lac aux Truites. This was Sintamaskin water, and here for the first time we saw the pine in any quantity. Opposite us, about half a mile away, the eastern shore rose abruptly in a bold cliff, and upon its brow and on every ledge and projection of its face the pines stood in rows, their green plumes clear and beautiful against the blue of a cloudless sky. The cliff extended to the north, past the lake, and formed one wall of a ravine through which the outlet flowed ; down this we went toward the object of our journey, a mile away, — down a short way, then along a level stretch. The forest was heavy, — here and there a big pine, many tall spruces, and massive, splendid gray birches, whose rough bark, always full of color, was now, against the snow, of intense vividness of rose and violet. Then

the last slope downward, rough and rocky, and here stood the trees which are, to my mind, perhaps the greatest glory of Sintamaskin, — white birches, not the slender saplings of our local woods, but magnificent great fellows, two feet in diameter, their wonderful bark curling in scrolls where, in its exuberance, it had peeled away; silvery white in summer, — or now against the blue sky, — by contrast with the snow they were salmon and golden, their color intensified by the lumps of snow piled up on every projecting edge of bark. They grew even to the shore, where they mingled with the cedars, whose feathery branches overhang the clear green water in summer-time, but whose lower limbs were now buried beneath the sloping snow.

We came out upon a long and narrow bay, the southwestern corner of the lake. On the left was a ridge covered with spruce and hard wood; on the right a high and precipitous wall of cliff and tumbled masses of granite, upon which rose rank upon rank of the sombre-hued and rigid spruce and fir, and high above all the graceful forms and lighter green of the pines.

In single file we advanced, — Pierre ahead, then I, George next, and Peter bringing up the rear, — and as we neared the mouth of the bay the great expanse of white opened before us; we saw that its farther shores were thickly wooded and the hills not very high to the east, for the lake lies well up at their tops. In front of us was an island, five hundred yards away; to the north, others. They were rocky, fringed with cedar, and above these, again, were the birch and pine.

Further examination of the scenery was cut short; for as we reached the open and turned northward along the western shore, Pierre Joseph and I, who were somewhat ahead of the others, saw what brought us to a halt, namely, fresh tracks. They led across our path straight for the nearest island. The caribou were not long gone, and we instinct-

ively lowered our voices to a whisper as we discussed the probability of their being behind the island. But no; as I looked ahead again I saw another line across the snow. We advanced; these tracks led back from the island to the shore, and were so fresh that at the bottom of each deep hoof-print the water which overlay the ice under the heavy snow was not yet frozen, — a significant fact with the temperature still well below the zero point. There was no whispering now; we raised our eyes to the shore, which was in shade and fringed with a dense growth of cedars. Too bad, — they had gone up into the woods; it was past midday and too late to follow them far; if we had only got here a little sooner! But hold on! What's that? In the gloom of the dark cedars I saw a dim gray shape, motionless; then another. And now I realized that I had done a foolish thing, one that some years of experience should have taught me to avoid: I had left the cover on my rifle. Slowly and cautiously I drew it off, not daring to make a sudden movement, but breathless with the fear that the game might start; for one jump into the bush and the only chance would be gone. My heart was beating so that I wondered if the caribou would not hear it, when just as I got the rifle free they started, — not two of them, but three, and not into the woods, but straight across us out over the lake, about a hundred yards away. They were running, and with a swiftness that demanded quick shooting, and that was surprising in snow which, though less deep here than in the timber, still was such that a man would be practically helpless in it without snowshoes. They sank so deep that as they ploughed ahead the movement of their legs could hardly be seen, but was more than suggested by the flying lumps and clouds of snow that rose about them. Their thick-set bodies loomed large and dark against the dazzling surface beyond them, and contrasted sharply with their

long hoary manes. I sighted on the leader and fired, and as I saw him stagger perceptibly I heard another shot. George had come up and was beside me, opening fire on the second. I kept on at the first one, shooting as long as he moved; but at the third shot he pitched forward and lay in the snow. Then as I turned my head I saw George's beast sinking, and we both fired almost together at the third, now a good long shot, but after another volley down he went, too. Luck, pure and simple, after all; but then we had expended considerable skill during the past week with little to show for it, and this we considered our fairly earned reward. Then we made the tour of our quarry, — three bulls. No *coup de grâce* was needed; they were stone-dead. They lay upon their sides, with heads outstretched, and the tumbled snow covering up their heavy powerful legs and big round black hoofs which carry them abroad when all other deer are fast bound by impassable barriers of snow. Their sleek sides glistened in the sunshine, and we saw the color of their bodies, — a hue the exactest balance between brown and gray; an absolute neutral, which, with their white heads and long-haired gray throats, makes them seem of the very essence of the northern forest and the winter rime.

Our guides began at once to busy themselves with the preparations for luncheon, always to me one of the most interesting episodes of a winter day's journey. The foot of a bold rock on the shore was selected as a suitable place against which to build the fire; the snow about it tramped down to make it more firm. The men drew little axes, shaped like tomahawks, from the sashes wound about their waists: one of them attacked a dry dead tree which stood near by, his unerring strokes ringing clear and sharp on the still air; the other vanished within the woods, where he selected a fir-balsam and cut it down.

We heard the crashing as it fell, and saw a cloud of snow-dust rise among the trees. Presently he reappeared, bearing upon his shoulder a length of the trunk, which he threw upon the snow before the rock; then away again, to return with a great load of the thick green branches, which he piled upon the log. This was to be our seat. Then he turned to help his comrade, who was chopping up the dry wood of the dead tree. They brought loads of this; it was built up against the rock; strips of fat bark were torn from a birch and thrust under and among the sticks, the match was applied, and in a moment the crackling flames were shedding a heat more than grateful to him who, warm and a little tired with the toil of long and heavy tramping, soon had begun to chill under inaction in the keen cold. Meanwhile, one of our Indians had taken the tin pail and gone out a way upon the lake. He took off one of his snow-shoes and used it as a spade to dig a hole in the snow; at the bottom he found slush, through which he broke with a few blows of the head of his axe. Below again was water, a few inches deep, and under that the ice. He dipped his pail full and returned to the fire. A green pole was driven into the snow, and from the end of it the pail of water was hung over the flames. This was to make the tea, universal comfort and mainstay of the sojourner in the wilderness. The tin cups and plates were spread upon the green boughs; a plate of cold bacon and pork was set near the fire to warm; a loaf of bread was cut into generous slices, which were toasted at the flames upon the ends of sharpened sticks; and in an incredibly short time, since it was beginning to seem that this was a pretty bleak place after all, we were basking in the warmth of a roaring fire, and partaking heartily of hot drink and smoking food. Then pipes, lit with hot coals, were never better, and at last we rose, strengthened and refreshed, ready to set out upon the long

tramp home, more than ten miles away. It would be long past nightfall before we reached it; but the hills on our homeward trail sloped downward, the moon would be high in a cloudless heaven, and though weary we should be happy: so the rapidly lengthening shadows gave us no uneasiness as we turned our faces away from Sintamaskin.

When next I came it was in the blue and golden haze of a sunny September afternoon. We had toiled slowly up the long portage from the St. Maurice, three miles of continuous steep ascent, the men and I heavily laden; we had reached the lake, and the men had returned for another load. I agreed to meet them at the portage on the farther shore, and then we two, my wife and I, embarked in a tiny birch canoe. We were in a little landlocked bay, so closed at the farther end by narrows as to seem a pond; beyond them it opened out again, and again narrows appeared beyond;

thence we passed by deep winding channels among many islands which border the eastern shore. The water was crystal-clear and green; the rocks were mottled with lichens and carpeted with velvet moss, emerald-green, white, and crimson; the drooping boughs of aromatic cedars curved over the limpid depths; against their deep green the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash blazed in the sun, and among them stood the silvery stems of giant birches, their exquisite tops shimmering green and gold against the blue of the sky. And above all, upon every little island and over all the hills, rose the stately pines, in whose topmost branches the soft west wind sang the song it sings to all upon whom the wilderness has laid its spell, calling upon us to return again, with a voice that can never be long denied.

To many this is a fine, large lake, well wooded, but in which unfortunately there are no fish; to a few of us Sintamaskin is a fairyland.

C. Grant La Farge.

A HOLIDAY WITH MONTAIGNE.

It was my good luck to spend my last holidays with two companions. One was my canoe, — a canvas canoe painted maroon. Its paddle has but one blade. There is a seat for another paddler in the bow, and room amidships for a passenger to lie quite comfortable. It is somewhat difficult for one to paddle a canoe meant for two. You put your kit and a bag of sand in the bow, lean a little to one side, and take your strokes as even as you can. In this way, in calm weather, you make good speed; but when the wind blows a few points off the bow, nothing but great experience or sudden genius will help you. The canoe moves as if of a sudden it had heard music from Venusberg; it whirls about, once,

twice, and breaks into a jig; then frolicking with the wind, pirouettes back whence you came, bobbing its bow like a *maître de danse*. “*Certes c’est un sujet merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant que ” le canot.*

I started at the southern end of Lake George. The cars had been hot, and the freight-master and expressman had both laid violent hands on my canoe. From them I rescued it only by paying fees under duress, which were subsequently returned to me by persons in authority. The sun was high, a light breeze blew upon my back, a soft gray cloud hung over me like an umbrella. My pack and the sand-bag balanced my stroke. My sandwiches and a bottle of

soda-water lay safe in a tin pail under the seat. The blue-gray hills rose sleepily in the distance. The trees on the shore bunched themselves into indistinctness, and hid all but the chimneys of the houses. A noisy, self-assured little launch puffed up to us, and finding us in all points uninteresting, whistled off up the lake. I became perfectly content.

My other companion, carefully covered by a rubber blanket, lay still a little forward of the middle thwart. He was very fine in a new half-calf binding, which he had got from the money saved by the economy of a foot in the length of the canoe. The lake was so smooth that there was no danger of water-drops, and I took off the rubber blanket that I might see him. He looked very dignified in his bronze-and-black covering. I had been told that a canoe trip offered me a rare opportunity to learn what science in one of its branches had been doing of late, — science in popular dress humbling itself to the level of lewd persons, like Bolingbroke on a holiday. I thanked the teller, but took my four volumes of Montaigne. It is not well to cope with a man of the world in the city: he has you at disadvantage and presumes upon it; he turns all the happenings among crowded men and women into parables for his triumph and your discomfort. I would not willingly meet Æsop in Alexandria, or Horace in Rome. In the country you and your man of the world are man to man. There his knowledge cannot put you out of countenance; his experience is no better than oyster-forks in a jungle. Nothing is more delightful than to be with Montaigne on water and under trees. He ceases to be a man of the world, and plays the elder brother come back from far travel and from meeting many men. No matter how often you have read him in town, he seems more kind, more simple, more genuine, when you meet him in this way and hear him talk at ease. It is a constant pleasure to find how

quick is his sympathy with happiness, how keen his compassion for sorrow. In town it is the fashion to say that he is shrewd, well informed, a man of fine observation, a master of special pleading, above all a man who will neither affirm nor deny, a skeptic. In the country we say what a good fellow he is. To countrymen, he who has no certainties, who will not affirm, is no better than the Spirit that denies. One is the master, the other the man. We who like to affirm, and take our oaths that the sky is blue, the earth solid, who know that right is right, and have propositions like theorems in geometry on heights and depths and breadths, commonly entertain slight respect for the skeptic. How is there leisure to hesitate and stand aloof in such justling times? We want a St. Paul, an Emperor Julian, a Wendell Phillips. There are two sides, if you will, we say, but there is no middle ground.

“Questo misero modo

Tengon l'anime triste di coloro,

Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo.”

In our time, so full of vigorous beliefs of its own, M. Renan finds in the highest type of man “le don de sourire de son œuvre, d'y être supérieur.” But no man heeds. The world is full of undoubting believers; they believe the head or the tail of the coin. Renan's followers have pockets crammed with beliefs of their own, bawling to the public to try them. They trundle their push-carts down the boulevard hawking new creeds: “Par ici, mes amis, par ici! Voici des croyances neuves, voici la Vérité.” In the city such men vex us. Let us remain by ourselves. Why must we join this guild, this club of notions, that body metaphysical? In the moment of vexation, before the foam of it settles, quit the busy hum of men, shoulder your paddle, grasp Montaigne, and in your canoe, gliding under willow-trees, beliefs lose their terrors; you “first endure, then pity, then embrace.” In the city Mon-

taigne is sympathetic, he agrees with all you say against these licentious venders; but in the country, where, to quote M. Renan again, "on croit lourdement," where beliefs are heavy but persuasive as poppy and mandragora, Montaigne is indispensable as an antidote.

Lake George is pretty well surrounded by a cordon of houses, but by a discriminating course these may be avoided. There is a little cove hid behind a point of land, which, beaked with a rock, juts into the lake. It is hard by a house marked "The Antlers" on the map. This map you buy in the cars from the newsboy. It is the appendix to a book containing a eulogy on Lake George. Leave the eulogy on the seat; the map is very useful. This little cove has a graveled edge whereon to beach the canoe. From the rocky beak you dive into three fathoms of transparent water down towards the blue-green rocks at the bottom. After that sandwiches and soda-water. Next a pipe filled with long cut, and opening volume one, the spirit of Michel de Montaigne sits beside you discoursing. A skeptic, using the word with reference to life in general, is intended to mean one whose ideas have no home, but travel from inn to inn like wandering Jews; a man whose mind is like a fine lady before a milliner's mirror, who tries on one bonnet after another, looks at it before and behind, over the shoulder, at this angle and that, but cannot prevail upon herself to say, I take this, this is mine. And as this word is commonly used of one with whom the speaker finds some fault, it carries a tinge of ill; it signifies a person who does not believe that men act from disinterested motives, does not recognize the importance of human feelings, who denies the dignity of human existence, — one in whose presence we are ashamed of our love for the melodramatic. The greatest believer in humanity that has ever lived in Europe is Shakespeare. If a man be morbid, if somebody's toes

tread upon the kibes on his heel, if he be disheartened by ill success in his government of life, and, like the blind man beating the post, can discover no virtue in men and women, he betakes himself to Shakespeare. There he finds the dignity of man written in capital letters. So it is with the books of all great men, or perhaps one should say of all great men whose fame and books have lived. Men and women do not cherish those who despise them. The books of misanthropes lie unread in national museums. Dust to dust. There is no resurrection for them. Therefore one has a right, in approaching a man whose books are on the shelves of every library, to assume that he is not a skeptic in any unworthy sense. To judge a man, mark what interests him. Positive testimony, as lawyers say, outweighs negative evidence. In his discourse *De la Tristesse*, Montaigne tells how, after his capture by Cambyse, Psammenitus watched with apparent serenity his son marched to death, his daughter borne away a slave, but on beholding one of his servants maltreated burst into weeping. It might be thought, says Montaigne, that his fortitude, equal to the first sorrows, had at last been overcome, as the last straw breaks the camel's back. But when Cambyse questioned him, Psammenitus answered, "It is because this last displeasure may be manifested by weeping, whereas the two former exceed by much all meanes and compasse to be expressed by teares." He tells so many anecdotes of this kind that we are bound to reject the word "skeptic" as applicable to Montaigne in any mean and narrow sense.

If there be in him one quality more than another that wins the affection of the reader, it is a certain manner of courtesy, of hospitality, familiar, yet of trained urbanity withal, which infects all these discourses. The reader finds that Montaigne is wise, but he meets no suggestion that he himself is foolish; he discovers that Montaigne is of wide experience,

and he does not stop to think it odd that this experience, though so broad, tallies at all points with his own, which, had he stopped to think, he would have known to be narrow. It is with such skill and good breeding that your host leads you from matter to matter. He spreads before you one thing after another with the freshness and unexpectedness of a conjurer who suddenly out of your own memory produces meditations and reflections which you had not known were there. It is as if you were both ruminating upon a theme of common experience. Intermingled with his stories and reflections, his talk about himself, with its apparent self-revelation, pleases us wholly. Montaigne affects to wish us to believe that the book is about himself. He keeps repeating, "C'est moy que je peins." "These are but my fantasies, by which I endeavour not to make things known, but myself." "Others fashion man, I repeat him; and represent a particular one but ill made." While the book is in your hand, this egotism, or rather, say friendliness, seems to indicate a discriminating intimacy with you, giving you to feel that, unconsciously as it were, he bends and unfolds himself in consequence of the atmosphere of your personality. It is this flattery in his urbanity that has made people believe in his simplicity and sincerity. Readers should be guileless as children, simple, innocent, unsophisticated. And it may be that Montaigne is genuine. Breeding need not displace nature. Montaigne does not become a double-dealer because his manners are good and put us at our ease. One is a little ashamed to question Montaigne's portrait of himself. Yet it is hard not to do so, for he has the manner of a well-graced actor; he recalls M. Coquelin too much. There is no imputation of ill upon Montaigne in suggesting that he does not give us his real picture. Unless a man's heart be pure gold, the public weal does not demand that he wear it on his sleeve. Moreover, it may be that Montaigne en-

deavors to draw himself, and yet, his talents not permitting, does not. Howbeit, his manner has a perpetual charm. One would have young men fashion their outward behavior upon M. de Montaigne.

From this little cove near The Antlers there are some seven miles to the Narrows, and it is well worth while to cover them before sunset, in order to see the shadow from the western hills crawl up on those to the east. It means a steady and industrious paddle. I had consulted the map as to where to spend the night, and had determined upon the clump of houses denominated "Hulett's;" for the size of the asterisk on the map seemed to import an inn or a lodging-house, and suggested to my luxurious mind generous accommodations,—perhaps Bass's ale for dinner, and a bath. The wind blew from behind quite fresh. I tucked Montaigne well under his blanket, tilted the canoe slightly to the side I paddled on, and watched the gradual sinking of the sun and the little splashes of the waves as they ran beside me. After a paddle of a number of miles comes fatigue between the shoulder-blades; it can be likened to nothing but a yoke or the old man that sat astraddle of Sindbad's neck. On feeling this yoke, to obtain relief, you paddle on the other side of the boat. A better remedy is to take a swim. The wind blew fast up the Narrows, and I was thankful it came to aid me, for I could not have made head against it. Spray from the wave-tops spattered into the canoe, and it was hard to keep it steady. It was as if the bow had a potent desire to look round at me. First it swerved to right, then to left, and after trying this succession for a number of times, lulling me into routine and security, after a turn to starboard, it made believe to turn as usual to port; but just when my paddle was ready to meet that manœuvre it swung back to starboard, spattering the water so thick that Montaigne stood well in need of his blanket. Then the canoe lay limp, as if it were

completely exhausted and wholly meritorious, like Roland in the market-place at Aix. Every wave tipped it to and fro, while I brandished the paddle to right and to left to keep from shipping enough water to sink me. After a few minutes, like a puppy that has been playing dead dog, it jumped to what would have been its keel if it had had one, and shot on over the water. The setting sun shed a golden brown over the hilltops to the east; under the shadow-line the trees passed into gloom, and haze rose from the water's edge as if to hide a troop of Undines coming forth from their bath. To the west, against the ebbing light, the hills stood out black, and the little islands passed quickly by dotted with wooden signs, "government property," which looked in the distance like gray tombstones. I went ashore to lie down, rest, and read for a few minutes before dark. It may be the trees, the wind moving among the leaves, the jagged outline of the leaves themselves, or merely the smell of the pines, it may be the water of the lake rippling over the changing colors of the stones, it may be the sky framed by the boughs overhead, or it may be all in combination, yet by them and in them a man grows wiser, his limitations relax their tentacles and loose their hold,

"While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things."

Nature proffers a test of genuineness for a book the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. Out of doors, amid the simpler life of earth, motives for deception fail, masks are cumbersome; disguises grow too heavy to wear, and are transparent at that. By some strange power, the inner reality throws its shine or shadow through the man's waistcoat, through the book's cover, over the outer semblance. The pine is the clearest-eyed tree of all trees. Its needles are so many magnets pointing towards the truth. Read Cervantes under the pine-tree, and you will

find the marks of Don Quixote's heels and lance-butt fresh in the moss. Read Dante after the sun has set, when the light begins to fail and the chill wind rises, and you must stop your ears against the "sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai." For a long time, if I were in doubt about a book, whether it were genuine or not, I used to climb with it up among the branches of a sugar-maple. There my doubts were solved. Simplicity meets simplicity. They will find one another, like Pyramus and Thisbe, unless one or both be dead. It makes one marvel to mark how sensitive the pine-tree is to its company. Its tones, its shape, its colors, vary; it draws in its needles and protrudes them as if it fetched deep breaths. Its voice has the bass notes of seriousness and the treble of a boy's merriment. The deep brown resin on its trunk holds the light as if there were fire within. I think there is a strain of Clan Alpine in us all. We owe allegiance to the pine.

Perhaps Montaigne does not sympathize with great emotions, but he is interested, deeply interested, in the drama of human existence; he has the instinct of dramatic feeling; he cares not only for the free play of life, but also for a particular outcome; he prefers one issue to another: not that Virtue should be rewarded and Vice punished, but that Prudence should be happily married and Folly be pointed at. Common Sense is the god of his divinity.

Pascal complains, "Montaigne parloit trop de soi." A grievous fault if a man lack charm, but Montaigne is charming. One would not that young Apollo—he that is killing a lizard on a tree-stump—should wear jacket and trousers. Montaigne makes no pretense of self-effacement. He says, I will write about myself. He embroiders "Ego" on his banner, and under that sign he has conquered. If men dislike apparent egotism, let them leave Montaigne. Such men should vex themselves at all expression, for all fiction and art are ripe with personality.

But is this portrait of Montaigne by himself really indicative of egotism? For my part, it is as if Boswell had found Dr. Johnson in himself. Here is a man with a rare gift of delineation. He sits for his own portrait. But above this rare gift and controlling it sits the indeterminate soul; and as essay succeeds essay, this soul, uncertain of itself, half mocking his readers, half mocking himself, says, Here is the portrait of Michel de Montaigne; but if you ask me, reader, if it be like me, — *eh bien, que sçay-je?*

In half an hour I was in the canoe again, laboring vigorously. After a paddle in rough waters of half a dozen miles a man of ordinary brawn begins to think of shore. The sun had set, the western light had faded and gone. The stars were out. Hulett's, with its cold bath, cool ale, and hot beefsteak, began to stand out very clear and distinct before my mind's nose and eyes, but there were no physical signs of it. Hulett's has a post-office, and in view of this governmental footing it is, to my thinking, under a sort of national obligation to shine out and be cheerful to all wayfarers by land and water. I kept my eyes fixed over the starboard bow. The miles grew longer; ordinary miles became nautical. The yoke upon my neck would not budge, shift the paddle as I might. The wind dropped down; the water reflected Jupiter looking out through a rift in the clouds; the widening lake lay flat to the shore, over which hung a blackness that I took to be the outline of the hills. The monotony of the stroke, usually so favorable to reflection, played me false. The beat of the paddle, which during the day had had a steady half-musical splash, and had scattered drops like the tang of a rhyme at the end of every stroke, made no sounds but bath — bath — bath — Bass — Bass — Bass — Hu — Hu — Hu — letts — letts — letts. But no lights; only the flat water and the dark outline widening out. Montaigne vanished from my mind. I thought of

nothing, and repeated to myself solemnly, "A miss is as good as a mile, — a miss is as good as a mile;" wondering what conclusion I could draw from this premise. Lights at last. First one, which grew and expanded and divided in two, then in four, and other lights appeared beyond. In a few minutes I dragged the canoe up on a little beach, tipped it upside down, tucked a volume of Montaigne under my arm, slung my night-pack on my paddle, and approached a piazza and voices. I skirted these, and reached a back door. A low growl elicited a pleasant "Be quiet," from some one in authority. The light streamed from the opened door. I explained my desires, and received a short answer that this house took lodgers, but that it was very particular, and "what's more, the house is full." I guessed that my appearance made against me. I trusted that my speech was better than my clothes, and tried to remember what I could of travelers in distress. I felt for my purse. A very worn and dingy leather met my fingers. I withdrew my hand and talked fast, recalling how Ulysses' volubility had always stood him in good stead. I was successful. The house expanded, put forth an extra room; a tub was found, also chops and Milwaukee beer.

What a blessing is the power of recuperation in man! Dinner done, I lighted my pipe and fell into discourse with Montaigne. This after-dinner time is the time of all the day to sit with Montaigne. The mind rests at ease upon its well-nourished servant, and lack of desire begets interest. You yield to the summons of *bien-être*; the land of socialists, of law, of railroads and timetables, bows and withdraws, leaving you alone in the world of leisure. More than in other worlds Montaigne is at home here. His voice has leisure in it. The titles of his discourses, Of Sadnesse, Of Idleness, Of Lyers, Whether the Capitaine of a Place Besieged Ought to Sallie

Forth to Parlie, Of the Incommodity of Greatnesse, are leisurely: his habit is leisurely. Leisure sits in his chair, walks when he walks, and clips out anecdotes from Plutarch for him. It were a good wager that Bordeaux, during his mayoralty, abounded in trim gardens. Yet there is nothing lazy here. Jacques Bonhomme may be lazy, *bourgeois gentils-hommes* may be lazy, but Montaigne has leisure. As you read you have time to contemplate and reflect; you are not impatient to pass through the garnishment of his essay and come to the pith, in which you believe that Montaigne will most truly say what he truly thinks. Here is the intellectual charm of the book, — out of all he says to lay hands upon his meaning and ascertain his attitude. The problem is ever present. Is there an attempt on his part, by an assumed self-revelation, to mislead, or does the difficulty lie in his very genuineness and simplicity? Does his belief lie concealed in his anecdotes, or is it set forth in his egotistical sentences? Is he playing his game with you, or only with himself? To my mind, it is as if he divided himself and were playing blind-man's-buff; one half blindfolded, groping and clutching, the other half uncaught still, crying, "Here I am!" The same impression is left whether he talks of himself or suggests theories of life and death. "The world runnes all on wheelles. All things therein moove without intermission; yea, the earth, the rockes of Caucasus, and the Pyramides of Ægypt, both with the publike and their own motion. Constancy it selfe is nothing but a languishing and wavering dance. I cannot settle my object; it goeth so unquietly and staggering, with a naturall drunkennesse. I take it in this plight, as it is at th' instant I amuse my selfe about it. I describe not the essence but the passage; not a passage from age to age, or as the people reckon, from seaven yeares to seaven, but from day to day, from minute to minute. My history must

be fitted to the present." Is not this sense of uncertainty the very effect Montaigne wishes to leave upon the reader's mind? And how could he do it better than by putting forth a portrait of himself, saying, This is according to the best of my knowledge, and refusing to say, This is a true picture? If a man, set to the task of describing himself, cannot accomplish it, what assurance of correspondence have we between things in themselves and our knowledge, which for the most is nothing but portraits of things drawn by others, and coming to us through a succession, each copy in which is stamped with uncertainty? Has he not left this portrait of himself as the great exemplar of his doctrine? It is his secret. Whatever it be, it is his humor, his chosen method of expression. I believe he wishes to tell the reader about himself, but cannot be sure that he is showing himself as he is. He found much pleasure in trying to explain himself by sayings and stories gathered from Plutarch. There was something in the ingenuity of the method that gratified him.

Montaigne was born near Bordeaux, in 1533. His father was an admirer of the new learning, and Michel was put in care of a Latin-speaking man servant. Later he was taught Greek, but with little success, for it passed from him. At twenty-one he became a member of the Bordeaux Parlement. At his father's wish, he translated from the Spanish the Natural Theology of Raymond Sebond, and made a *mariage de convenance*. After his father's death, in 1568, he took possession of the Château de Montaigne, and soon set himself to the business of writing essays.

Montaigne published the first complete edition of his essays in 1588, and afterwards he revised it, adding, enlarging, amending, with the greatest care. He died in 1592, and in 1595 Made-moiselle de Gournay, a lady of industry and letters, published a new edition with his changes. There could be no better

evidence of the work and anxiety spent upon these essays than that given by a comparison of the two editions. Montaigne wrote them and rewrote them. One can feel the hesitation and deliberation with which he chose his words. He says: "It is a naturall, simple, and unaffected speech that I love, so written as it is spoken, and such upon the paper as it is in the mouth, a pithie, sinnowie, full, strong, compendious, and materiall speech, not so delicate and affected as vehement and piercing. Rather difficult than tedious, void of affectation, free, loose and bold; not Pedanticall, nor Frier-like, nor lawyer-like, but rather downe right, as Suetonius calleth that of Julius Cæsar." The French men of letters in the seventeenth century thought that Montaigne had no art, and in England, George Savile, the distinguished Marquis of Halifax, in accepting the dedication of Cotton's translation, says: He "showeth by a generous kind of negligence that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and of mankind. . . . He hath no affection to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own and the excellent application of what he borroweth." With great respect let it be said that this is a mistake. Montaigne had great art, and not art alone, but arts and artifice of all kinds. Every great book is a work of art. Every book that survives its own generation is a work of art. No one knew this better than Montaigne. He desired immortality, and wrote to that end. His book is the fruit of hard labor, of thought deliberate, considerate, affectionate; it has been meditated awake, and dreamed upon asleep; cogitated walking, talking, afoot, and on horseback. Nothing in it has been left to chance and the minute. The manuscript at breakfast was his newspaper, after dinner his cigar; out of doors it was in his pocket, it lay under his pillow at night.

Sitting in his library in the third story

of the château's tower, pacing up and down the corridor leading to it, cantering on his comfortable cob, promenading in his vegetable garden, you would think him as far and safe from disturbance as from the volcanoes in the moon. Yet when he betook himself to his château it was but twelve months before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Leaguers and Huguenots, men with the meanest conception of leisure, ramped about the land. Montaigne ate and slept in his unguarded house; read Seneca and Jacques Amyot; picked up sentences on the vanity of life wherever he could find them, fixing them into the walls of his library; was amiable to his wife and tended his daughter's education, while idealism and turbulence ranged abroad, spilling the wines of "Burgundy and milk of France."

For a book to succeed in surviving its own generation is a strange matter. Force, says science, is eternal; but what is force? Calvin lies neglected on the shelf, while Michel de Montaigne prospers and multiplies. His children, the essayists, are like sparrows in spring, singing, chattering, chirping everywhere.

The bed at S—— Point that night was very comfortable. The next day I learned by circuitous questioning — for I regret to say that I had let my hostess understand, or rather I had not corrected her misunderstanding, that her house had been my hope and aim all the weary afternoon — that I had passed Hulett's in the dark. Post-office, inn, cottages, boat-house, all abed by nine o'clock, and lamps extinguished. Never was there such a pitiful economy of light. To reach the northern end of the lake needs but a short paddle. At that point is a little shop, where cider and ginger-pop are sold. The proprietor has a horse and cart, and for a dollar will ferry a canoe across to Lake Champlain. The little river that connects the two lakes is impassable on account of its fall. The mills make a poor return for the turn-

ing of their wheels by fouling the water. All the way to Ticonderoga the water looks like slops. There is little pleasure rowing there. I passed the night at Ticonderoga Hotel, and left at dawn. The day began to break as I launched my canoe. Near the shore stood a clump of locust-trees, whose branches inter-arched, dividing the eastern sky into sections of orange, green, and pink; their trunks black as ink from rain in the night, save on the edges, where the morning colors streaked the outlines with yellow light. In the afternoon of the day before, under the shadow of the trees, I had wondered whether Montaigne had sympathy for the bigger emotions of life. In the early morning I knew that he had not. The rising sun is imperious in its requisition. Under its rays, the blood flows fast, muscles tighten, eyes brighten, cheeks color, sinews swell. We want love, ambition, recklessness, prayer, fasting, perils, and scars. Talk to us then of

"Le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese."

Keep Seneca and Epictetus for winter evenings, sewing societies, and convalescence. By ill luck it happened that the sun was not an hour high, and the light ran over the ripples on the lake as if creation were beginning, and creation's lord were

"in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah,"

when I opened Montaigne and read that he had once been in love. "*Je m'y eschauday en mon enfance, et y souffris toutes les rages que les poètes disent advenir à ceux qui s'y laissent aller sans ordre et sans jugement.*" "And truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this." O Montaigne, O Polonius, is your knowledge of life as great as of these matters?

Montaigne had a wife who had no part in "*toutes les rages.*" One day, when he was carried home to all appearances dead, he was met by "*ceux de ma famille, avec les cris accoustumez en*

telles choses." He had children. They died, and he says: "I lost two or three at nurse, if not without regret, at least without repining. . . . The generality of men think it a great blessing to have many children; I, and some others, think it as happy to be without them." The Huguenots give up peace, content, worldly prosperity, health, and friends for an idea, and they vex him with their nonconformist nonsense. Is not Paris worth a mass? Is not peace more than the absence of branched candlesticks? The Catholics die for love of the habit of ages, for tradition, for the divinity in asceticism; and Montaigne *professes* to be of their faith, *he* too has their religion. He is surrounded by soldiers, and what to him are the big wars, the plumed troops, the neighing steed, the spirit-stirring drum?

I put Montaigne hastily back under his blanket and paddled hard, chanting songs of America. That night I reached Westport. Lake Champlain is too big for a canoe; it is too wide; the wind blows too fresh, and unless you hug the indented shore you lose the pleasure of an ever shifting scene. The steamboats shake the water most immoderately. The only way to encounter their swell is to meet it bow on, and lift the boat over the crest of each roll with a downward stroke of the paddle. At Westport I got aboard the Chateaugay, and disembarked about noon at a point on the east side of the lake, opposite Plattsburg. There I had a very good dinner. It is not far thence to the border. The lake sluggishly glides into the river Richelieu. Never was a less appropriate christening; for a meeker, duller, feebler river it were hard to imagine. I had had thoughts of a lively current hurrying me along, but for the life of me I could not tell which way the river was running. Running, I say, but there was no more run than Richelieu in this river, except down a certain rocky declivity, several miles long, where the water,

much against its will, gives little automatic, jerky jumps, bumping along till it reaches level again. The first night on the river I passed at Rouse's Point. Nothing but Montaigne could have enabled me to free myself from the oppression of the dining-room, bed-room, guests, and hotel clerk. None but Jeremiah could live there. I had to pay four dollars for the discomforts of the night. Extortion should be resisted. But "there is nothing I hate more than driving of bargaines: it is a meere commerce of dodging and impudencie. After an hour's debating and paltring, both parties will goe from their words and oaths for the getting or saving of a shilling."

The river Richelieu has its defects and its virtues. Its chief defect, and a monstrous one when days are hot and no wind blows, is that it has no pool, no hollow, no recess, for a bath. Bushes, lily-pads, water-docks, and darnels, all manner of slimy herbs range in unbroken ranks all along the sides. To take a jump from the canoe in the middle of the river is a facile feat, "*sed revocare gradum, hic labor est.*" I poked along for hours, examining every spot that looked as if a pebbled bottom might lie underneath, but found nothing, until I saw a tiny rivulet, so little that it would take ten minutes to fill a bathtub, trickling down a bank steeper than ordinary. Here the oozy greenery parted respectfully and left an open path for the little brook to make head into the river. One step from the shore the bottom sunk two fathoms deep. I tried to mark the spot on my map for the sake of future travelers; but there was no indication of its place; not even the little house across the river was noted, the presence of which, perhaps, should have disturbed me.

The virtues of the Richelieu are those of the people past whose houses it flows, if those aggregates of roofs, walls, and chimneys can be called houses. In New England a house implies a family, — fa-

ther and mother, children, chickens, and live creatures in general. These houses have bare existence, no more. Not a man is to be seen. The flat fields spread far away on either side, and there are signs of tillage, also pastures tenanted by pigs. Along the river runs a road, and at intervals of half a mile little unpainted houses with closed doors and shut windows stand square-toed upon it. Once or twice I saw a woman sewing or knitting on the doorstep, her back turned; and I would paddle nearer and strike my paddle a little more noisily for the sake of a *bonjour*, or at least of a look with a suggestion of interest or human curiosity. The backs remained like so many Ladies of Shalott fearful of consequences. Perhaps they could see me in a mirror, perhaps there had been a time when they used to look; but the river had been so unremunerative that now no splash, how noisy soever, could provoke a turn of the head. It was the land of Nod. Some children I saw, but voiceless children, playing drowsy games or sleepily driving sleeping pigs afield. Bitten with curiosity and afraid to drink the river's water, I went up to one of these houses at noontide. I made a half circle to the back, and found a door open. In the kitchen sat two women, an old man, and one or two children; the women busy sewing, the old man braiding a mat from long strips of colored cloth. They all looked up at me and called to the dog, which had shown more interest in me than I cared for. One of the defects of the Richelieu is its dogs. Never were there such dogs. Dogs by courtesy, for they have legs, tail, head, ears, and if you go near, they growl, their hair bristles, and their tails point stiffly to the ground; but they are not the dogs honest folks are wont to meet, — mere gargoyles cast in animated clay. They fetch their hide from long-haired dogs, Scotch perhaps, their tails from English bulls, their throats from hounds, their snouts from pointers, their

forepaws from dachshunds, their hind-legs from Spitz, their teeth from jackals; their braying, barking, snarling voices are all their own.

"Bonjour," said I, after the dog had lain down. "Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de me donner du lait, madame?" The children stared as before; the women looked at each other, and then at me. I repeated my question, hat in hand. They still stared. "J'ai soif," I continued; "l'eau du fleuve est d'une telle couleur que j'en ai peur." A light broke over the old man's face; one of the women questioned him. "Il veut du lac." "Ah, du lac," and they all smiled, and then clouded up, looking dubious. "Je veux en acheter," said I intelligently. "Ah, il veut en acheter. C'est bien," and the older woman shouted for Jacques. A round-faced young man clambered down a ladder from the attic above the cattle-sheds, and presently brought me some very good milk, with which I filled my pail and departed. As I paddled off I looked back to see who was watching me, making sure that at least a child or the dog would have sufficient curiosity to see the last of me. Not a sign; the house stared indifferently at the water.

I passed one night at St. Johns, which stands at the southern end of the canal. The canal runs for twelve miles past the Chambly Rapids, the same that vexed Samuel Champlain when he made his first voyage of discovery, coming down from Mont Real to punish the Iroquois and to see what he could see. The lying Algonquins, in their eagerness to have his company, had told him that there was no obstacle for the canoes. In this town I lodged in a French inn. The host was large and portly, — somewhat too much given to looking like the innkeeper in Doré's Don Quixote, but a very good fellow. There is red wine in his cellar, and his wife cooks omelets with golden-brown tops.

Montaigne is sometimes held up as

the type of the man of the world. It may be that he is such, but for those of us who are somewhat abashed at so fine a title, who have been taught to consider a man of the world as a hireling of the Prince of this World, and prefer to cope with a man of our hundred, the name may carry them into error. It is true that Montaigne went to Paris while Catherine de' Medici and her sons held their court, and to Venice while the fame of Lepanto still hung over the Adriatic; but he did not become a man of the world, supposing that traveling to the worldly cities of the world can so fashion a man. "Ces belles villes, Venise et Paris, alterent la faveur que je leur porte, par l'aigre senteur, l'une de son maret, l'autre de sa boue." In Venice there had been a man of the world, Pietro Aretino, called *Divine* by his compatriots, "in whom except it be an high-raised, proudly puffed, mind-moving and heart-danting manner of speech, yet in good sooth more than ordinarie, wittie and ingenious; but so new fangled, so extravagant, so fantastical, so deep-laboured; and to conclud, besides the eloquence, which be it as it may be, I cannot perceive anything in it, beyond or exceeding that of many other writers of his age, much lesse that it in any sort approacheth that ancient divinitie." One suspects that it was not lack of style in Aretino that repelled Montaigne, but the superabundance of his disgusting nature. A man of the world does not have likes and dislikes; he has amusements and interests, excitements even, ennui, tedium, and vacuity. This aversion from Aretino betrays Montaigne. He would conceal it as a mere pricking of his literary thumbs, but the truth will out. There was not lurking in Montaigne's closet any skeleton of satiety. That is the mark of the man of the world. Not abroad, but in his château, in his study on the third story of the tower, is Montaigne at his ease. The world comes to him there, but what

world? This terrestrial globe peopled with ignorance and knowledge, custom and freedom, "captive good" and "captain ill," where Guise and Navarre break the peace in all the bailiwicks in France? By no means. It is Plutarch's world, a novel world of Greeks and Latins, more like Homer's world than another, where princes and heroes perform their exploits from some Scamander to the sea and back again. Plutarch was his encyclopædia of interest. The man of the world watches the face of the world, walking to and fro to see what there may be abroad. Not so Montaigne. He cares little for the contemporary world of fact, even for the city of Bordeaux, his charge. Plutarch for him; and what had Plutarch to do with the harvests and vintages of Bordeaux, with Gascon deaths and Gascon burials, with marriages and children, with drawing water and baking bread, with Ave Marias and Sunday holidays? The heroic, the superhuman, the accomplishment of aspirations and hopes, — these are the domain of Plutarch and also of Romance. Montaigne would not have liked to be dubbed romantic, and clearly he was not; yet the glance and glitter of Romance caught the fancy of this late child of the Renaissance. It is said that the ebb tide of the new birth tumbled him over in its waves and left him lying on the wet sands of disillusion. If this be so, why did he seek and get the citizenship of Rome? Was it not that "Civis Romanus sum" was one of the great permanent realities to his imagination? Why is it that he fills his pages with the romance of Alexander, Scipio, and Socrates? Why do the records of fearlessness facing death, of the stoic suffering the ills of life with a smile, of men doing deeds that surpass the measure of a man's strength, drag him to them? He will not have his heroes belittled. "Moreover, our judgments are but sick, and follow after the corruption of our manners. I see the greater part

of the wits of my time puzzle their brains to draw a cloud over the glory of the noble and generous feats of old — *grande subtilité*." The spirit of the Renaissance that wrought by land and sea in his father's time still lingered. How could a man of letters escape the spirit of freedom and belief in possibility that the lack of geography and the babyhood of science spread thick over Europe? To the west lay America and mystery. From the east news might come to-morrow that the men of Asia were masters of Vienna. From the spire of Bordeaux Cathedral a mayor standing a-tiptoe might see the cut of Drake's jib as he sailed up the Gironde. Romance impregnated the air. Into France, reformation, Roman law, the arts of Italy, were come at double-quick, and to the south, in a certain place in La Mancha, El Señor Quixada, or Quesada, gave himself over to reading books of knight-errantry with so much zeal that he clean forgot to go a-hunting, and even to attend to his property; in fact, this gentleman's curiosity and nonsense in this matter reached such a pitch that he sold many an acre of cornfields in order to buy books of knight-errantry. Montaigne had too much of Polonius to behave in that way; nevertheless, the desire to reach out beyond the chalk-line drawn by the senses was potent with him. He goes round and round a subject not merely to show how no progress can be made towards discovering the inner reality of it, but partly to see if he cannot discover something. The make-weights that kept him steadfast in sobriety were his curiosity and his wit. Wit is the spirit that ties a man's leg. It cannot abide half-lights, shadows, and darkness. Wit must deal with the immediate, with the plat of ground round which it paces its intellectual circuit. Wit has a lantern, which sheds its beams, revealing unexpected knowledge, but it turns the twilight beyond that circle of light into darkness. Ariosto's wit makes his verses, but bars

him from poetry. Spenser's lack of wit allows him to make poetry, but barricades him from readers. Shakespeare and Cervantes were great enough to dominate their wit, but Montaigne's clasped hands with his curiosity, and the two led him as the dog leads a blind man. The instinct in them has guided him to immortality. In curiosity Montaigne was of his father's time. Curiosity was one of the makers of the Renaissance. It has not the graces of resignation and of contemplation, it lacks the self-respect of belief and the self-sufficiency of unbelief, but it accomplishes more than they, it must be reckoned with. It is the force underlying science. It is the grand vizier of change. Curiosity whispered to Columbus, plucked Galileo by the sleeve, and shook the apple off Newton's apple-tree. Montaigne was a curious man. The English language lacks nicety in not having two words for the two halves of curiosity: one for Francis Bacon; one for my landlady's neighbor, she that lives behind us to the left, whose window commands our yard. But if there were, could we apply the nobler adjective to Montaigne? Does he want to *know*, like Ulysses? Will he to ocean in an open boat,

"yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star"?

Or does he rest content with the ordinary wares of knowledge, sold in market overt, and is he satisfied with ruminating over them, hands in pockets, leaving others to buy and use?

The placidity of his life is another proof of his fondness for romance. A man of the world must go out into the world to seek the motion and the tap-tap of the free play of life, in order to satisfy the physical needs of sight and sound. The man of imagination and romance sits in his study, and heroes, heroines, gryphons, and Ganelons come huddling about his chair. To Montaigne the world came through his books, yet he is not a representative scholar. His companion-

ship with books is based on friendship, not on desire for knowledge. There is no latent Faust in him. He is a man of the library. Of all great men of letters, more than the rest he has his writing-table backgrounded and shut in by bookshelves. Cicero is a man of the forum, Voltaire of the theatre, Walter Scott of the tourney. Montaigne is at home with books, not with men. Of the former, his cronies are Plutarch, Seneca, Cicero, Horace. He cares not so much about states and policies as he does how states long dead and policies forgotten appear to philosopher and poet. He is indifferent to morals as affecting the happiness of men, and eagerly interested in them as a topic of conversation, as an occasion whereby opinion may take the foils against opinion, and thought click against its fellow. Nor is he fond of poetry except as it serves to embroider his monologues. Life itself interests him chiefly as a matter for talk. And how good his talk is, how excellent his speech! With his heart, or what of heart he had, in his books, it is natural that he wished to appear among men of letters in his best array. He was ambitious, when men thenceforward should read Cicero and Seneca, that Michel de Montaigne should be read too, and that his style should stand beside theirs, uncovered, *par inter pares*. Sainte-Beuve, making mention of Calvin, Rabelais, Pascal, and Montaigne, says that Rabelais and Montaigne are poets. But Montaigne clearly does not fill an English-speaking man's conception of a poet. It must be, I think, that Sainte-Beuve was under the influence of Montaigne's language, and therefore called him so. That was natural. The French tongue at that time had a strong element of poetry; it bore deeper marks of its originals. It had not yet come under the complete dominion of narrow prosody and syntax. The words had in a measure the simplicity, the indecision of outline, the rude strength, of the Teutonic languages. Old English

words, at times, like the conspirators in Brutus' garden, come-fraught with greater meaning that they are indistinct; their shadows fall about them, hiding their feet; they glide into your presence: so it is with Montaigne's words. Nowadays French words have evolutions and drills, accepted manœuvres; they savor of mathematics and bloodless things. The French language of to-day has altered its sixteenth-century habit more than English has. No Bible arrested its development; it had no Elizabethans to disdain conformity. Montaigne has the simplicity, the directness of expression and exposition, of the men of to-day, but the poetical quality that lurks in his words and phrases they have not inherited.

At St. Johns is the custom house, but the office was locked at a reasonable hour in the morning for calling, and I felt under no further obligations towards the Canadian government. Here also is the place to pay the canal toll, and in exchange receive a ticket which gives permission to pass all the locks. The toll-taker wrote me out a permit, full of dignity, authorizing the ship *Sickle-Fin*, weighing not more than one ton, whereof Captain —, naming me, was the master, laden with ballast (Montaigne), to travel free through all the locks.

It is the every-day humanity in Montaigne that binds us to him. It is his lack of capacity for self-sacrifice, his inability to believe, his ignorance of love, his innocence of scorn. These are our common property. He likes the comforts that we like; he values security, ease, simplicity, a fire on the hearth, a book in the hand, fresh water in summer. He never makes us ashamed.

The next night I passed at Belœil. Here I was the sport of indecision for an hour, unable to make up my mind where to pass the night. There were three hotels, two on my left, one on my right. While looking at each in turn,

I resolved to go to one of the other two. Finally I made my choice. I selected a little wooden house, with a little bar-room, a little dining-room, and a very tiny larder, and beer of a despicable quality. I had ham and eggs for dinner, — “Si l'on avait su que Monsieur allait venir, on aurait pu avoir un bifteck,” — ham and eggs for breakfast, and an offer to put up ham and eggs for my lunch.

The villages along the river are all on one pattern. In the centre is a very large church, so big that you see it far off, long before there is any other indication of human life. The church is built on a rectangle, with a pointed roof and a tall spire tipped with a weather-cock. The roof is covered with tin, unpainted, which does not rust, perhaps because the air is so dry, and flashes very gaudily in the sun. Grouped about the church are large red brick buildings facing a little green. These are the houses for priests and nuns, with the offices for parish work. Images of the Virgin and saints stand about. The grass-plot and the paths are well kept, and were it not that the rest of the village does not seem to share in this prosperity, it would be a very pleasant sight. At St. Ours, where I passed the next night, there was an attractive house, shut in by a garden and well protected by trees, that had the look of accumulated savings; but in general there was little sign of the comforts so often seen in the small manufacturing villages of New England, — no sound of a lawnmower, no croquet, no tennis.

The river Richelieu joins the St. Lawrence at Sorel. There I found that the St. Lawrence is too big and strong for a canoe, at least when paddled in a jogging, unsophisticated way. I put my canoe aboard the steamer, and bought a ticket for Quebec. In my stuffy cabin, under the dim gaslight, I admired Montaigne's imperturbability and his ceaseless interest in things.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE OLD THINGS.

XIV.

WHEN Owen and Fleda were in her father's little place, and, among the brandy-flasks and pen-wipers, still more disconcerted and divided, the girl had — to do something, though it would make him stay — ordered tea, he put the letter before her quite as if he had guessed her thought. "She's still a bit nasty, — fancy!" He handed her the scrap of a note which he had pulled out of his pocket and from its envelope. "Fleda Vetch," it ran, "is at 10 Raphael Road, West Kensington. Go to see her, and try, for God's sake, to cultivate a glimmer of intelligence." When, in handing it back to him, she took in his face, she saw that its heightened color was the effect of his watching her read such an allusion to his want of wit. Fleda knew what it was an allusion to, and his pathetic air of having received a little slap in the face, tall and fine and kind as he stood there, made her conscious of not quite concealing her knowledge. For a minute she was kept silent by an angered sense of the trick that had been played her. It was a trick because Fleda considered there had been a covenant; and the trick consisted of Mrs. Gereth's having broken the spirit of their agreement while conforming in a fashion to the letter. Under the girl's menace of a complete rupture, she had been afraid to make of her secret the use she itched to make; but, in the course of these days of separation, she had gathered pluck to hazard an indirect betrayal. Fleda measured her hesitations, and the impulse which she had finally obeyed and which the continued procrastination of Waterbath had encouraged, had at last made irresistible. If, in her high-handed manner of playing their game, she had not named the thing hidden, she had named the hiding-place.

It was over the sense of this wrong that Fleda's lips closed tight: she was afraid of aggravating her case by some ejaculation that would make Owen prick up his ears. A great, quick effort, however, helped her to avoid the danger; with her constant idea of keeping cool and repressing a visible flutter, she found herself able to choose her words. Meanwhile, he had exclaimed, with his uncomfortable laugh, "That's a good one for me, Miss Vetch, is n't it?"

"Of course you know by this time that your mother's very sharp," said Fleda.

"I think I can understand well enough when I know what's to be understood," the young man asserted. "But I hope you won't mind my saying that you've kept me pretty well in the dark about that! I've been waiting, waiting, waiting, so much has depended on your news. If you've been working for me, I'm afraid it has been a thankless job. Can't she say what she'll do, one way or the other? I can't tell in the least where *I am*, you know. I have n't really learnt from you, since I saw you there, where *she is*. You wrote me to be patient, and upon my soul I *have* been. But I'm afraid you don't quite realize what I'm to be patient with. At Waterbath, don't you know? I've simply to account and answer for the damned things. Mona looks at me and waits, and I, hang it, I look to you and do the same." Fleda had gathered fuller confidence as he continued; so plain was it that she had succeeded in not dropping into his mind the spark that might produce the glimmer invoked by his mother. But even this fine assurance gave a start when, after an appealing pause, he went on: "I hope, you know, that after all you're not keeping anything back from me."

In the full face of what she was keeping back such a hope could only make

her wince ; but she was prompt with her explanations in proportion as she felt they failed to meet him. The smutty maid came in with tea-things, and Fleda, moving several objects, eagerly accepted the diversion of arranging a place for them on one of the tables. "I've been trying to break your mother down, because it has seemed there may be some chance of it. That's why I've let you go on expecting it. She's too proud to veer round all at once, but I think I speak correctly in saying that I've made an impression upon her."

In spite of ordering tea, she had not invited him to sit down ; she herself made a point of standing. He hovered by the window that looked into Raphael Road ; she kept at the other side of the room ; the stunted slavey, gazing wide-eyed at the beautiful gentleman, and either stupidly or cunningly bringing but one thing at a time, came and went between the tea-tray and the open door.

"You pegged at her so hard ?" Owen asked.

"I explained to her fully your position, and put before her much more strongly than she liked what seemed to me her absolute duty."

Owen waited a little. "And having done that, you departed ?"

Fleda felt the full need of giving a reason for her departure ; but at first she only said, with cheerful frankness, "I departed."

Her companion again looked at her in silence. "I thought you had gone to her for several months."

"Well," Fleda replied, "I could n't stay. I did n't like it. I did n't like it at all, — I could n't stand it," she went on. "In the midst of those trophies of Poynton, living with them, touching them, using them, I felt as if I were backing her up. As I was not a bit of an accomplice, as I hate what she has done, I did n't want to be, even to the extent of the mere look of it, — what is it you call such people ? — an accessory after the fact."

There was something she kept back so rigidly that the joy of uttering the rest was double. She felt the sharpest need of giving him all the other truth. There was a matter as to which she had deceived him, and there was a matter as to which she had deceived Mrs. Gereth, but her lack of pleasure in deception as such came home to her now. She busied herself with the tea, and, to extend the occupation, cleared the table still more, and spread out the coarse cups and saucers and the vulgar little plates. She was aware that she produced more confusion than symmetry, but she was also aware that she was violently nervous. Owen tried to help her with something : this made rather for disorder. "My reason for not writing to you," she pursued, "was simply that I was hoping to hear more from Ricks. I've waited from day to day for that."

"But you've heard nothing ?"

"Not a word."

"Then what I understand," said Owen, "is that, practically, you and mummy have quarreled. And you've done it — I mean you personally — for *me*."

"Oh no, we have n't quarreled a bit !" Then, with a smile, "We've only diverged."

"You've diverged uncommonly far !" and Owen laughed back. Fleda, with her hideous crockery and her father's collections, could conceive that these objects, to her visitor's perception even more strongly than to her own, measured the length of the swing from Poynton and Ricks ; she was aware, too, that her high standards figured vividly enough even to Owen's simplicity to make him reflect that West Kensington was a tremendous fall. If she had fallen, it was because she had acted for him. She was all the more content he should thus see she *had* acted, as the cost of it, in his eyes, was none of her own showing. "What seems to have happened," he exclaimed, "is that you've had a row with her and yet not moved her !"

Fleda considered a moment; she was full of the impression that, notwithstanding her scant help, he saw his way clearer than he had seen it at Ricks. He might mean many things; and what if the many should mean in their turn only one? "The difficulty is, you understand, that she does n't really see into your situation." She hesitated. "She does n't comprehend why your marriage has n't yet taken place."

Owen stared. "Why, for the reason I told you: that Mona won't take another step till mother has given full satisfaction. Everything must be there. You see, everything *was* there, the day of that fatal visit."

"Yes, that's what I understood from you at Ricks," said Fleda, "but I have n't repeated it to your mother." She had hated, at Ricks, to talk with him about Mona, but now that scruple was swept away. If he could speak of Mona's visit as fatal, she need at least not pretend not to notice it. It made all the difference that she had tried to assist him and had failed: to give him any faith in her service she must give him all her reasons but one. She must give him, in other words, with a corresponding omission, all Mrs. Gereth's. "You can easily see that, as she dislikes your marriage, anything that may seem to make it less certain works in her favor. Without my telling her, she has suspicions and views that are simply suggested by your delay. Therefore it did n't seem to me right to make them worse. By holding off long enough, she thinks she may terminate your engagement. If Mona's waiting, she believes she may at last tire Mona out." That, in all conscience, Fleda felt was lucid enough.

So the young man, following her attentively, appeared equally to feel. "So far as that goes," he promptly declared, "she *has* at last tired Mona out!" He uttered the words with a strange approach to hilarity.

Fleda's surprise at this approximation

left her a moment looking at him. "Do you mean your marriage is off?"

Owen answered with a kind of gay despair. "God knows, Miss Vetch, where or when or what my marriage is! If it is n't 'off,' it certainly, at the point things have reached, is n't *on*. I have n't seen Mona for ten days, and for a week I have n't heard from her. She used to write me every week, don't you know? She won't budge from Waterbath, and I have n't budged from town." Then he suddenly broke out, "If she *does* chuck me, will mother come round?"

Fleda, at this, felt that her heroism had come to its real test, — felt that in telling him the truth she should effectively raise a hand to push his impediment out of the way. Was the knowledge that such a motion would probably dispose forever of Mona capable of yielding to the conception of still giving her every chance she was entitled to? That conception was heroic, but at the same moment it reminded Fleda of the place it had held in her plan, she was also reminded of the not less urgent claim of the truth. Ah, the truth, — there was a limit to the impunity with which one could juggle with it! Was n't what she had most to remember the fact that Owen had a right to his property, and that he had also her vow to stand by him in the effort to recover it? How did she stand by him, if she hid from him the single way to recover it of which she was quite sure? For an instant that seemed to her the fullest of her life she debated. "Yes," she said at last, "if your marriage is really abandoned, she will give up everything she has taken."

"That's just what makes Mona hesitate!" Owen honestly exclaimed. "I mean the idea that I shall get back the things only if she gives me up."

Fleda thought an instant. "You mean, hesitate to keep you, — not hesitate to renounce you?"

Owen looked a trifle bewildered. "She

does n't see the use of hanging on, as I have n't even yet put the matter into legal hands. She's awfully keen about that, and awfully disgusted that I don't. She says it's the only real way, and she thinks I'm afraid to take it. She has given me time, and then given me again more. She says I give mummy too much. She says I'm a muff to go pottering on. That's why she's drawing off so hard, don't you see?"

"I don't see very clearly. Of course you must give her what you offered her; of course you must keep your word. There must be no mistake about *that*!" the girl declared.

Owen's bewilderment visibly increased. "You think, then, as she does, that I *must* send down the police?"

The mixture of reluctance and dependence in this made her feel how much she was failing him. She had the sense of "chucking" him, too. "No, no, not yet!" she said, though she had really no other and no better course to prescribe. "Does n't it occur to you," she asked in a moment, "that if Mona is, as you say, drawing away, she may have, in doing so, a very high motive? She knows the immense value of all the objects detained by your mother, and to restore the spoils of Poynton she is ready — is that it? — to make a sacrifice. The sacrifice is that of an engagement she had entered upon with joy."

Owen had been blank a moment before, but he followed this argument with success, — a success so immediate that it enabled him to produce with decision, "Ah, she's not that sort! She wants them herself," he added; "she wants to feel they're hers; she does n't care whether I have them or not! And if she can't get them, she does n't want *me*. If she can't get them, she does n't want anything at all."

This was categoric; Fleda drank it in. "She takes such an interest in them?"

"So it appears."

"So much that they're *all*, and that she can let everything else absolutely depend upon them?"

Owen weighed her question as if he felt the responsibility of his answer. But that answer came in a moment, and, as Fleda could see, out of a wealth of memory. "She never wanted them particularly till they seemed to be in danger. Now she has an idea about them; and when she gets hold of an idea — Oh dear me!" He broke off, pausing and looking away as with a sense of the futility of expression: it was the first time Fleda had ever heard him explain a matter so pointedly or embark at all on a generalization. It was striking, it was touching to her, as he faltered, that he appeared but half capable of floating his generalization to the end. The girl, however, was so far competent to fill up his blank as that she had divined, on the occasion of Mona's visit to Poynton, what would happen in the event of the accident at which he glanced. She had there with her own eyes seen Owen's betrothed get hold of an idea. "I say, you know, *do* give me some tea!" he went on, irrelevantly and familiarly.

Her profuse preparations had all this time had no sequel, and, with a laugh that she felt to be awkward, she hastily complied with his request. "It's sure to be horrid," she said; "we don't have good things." She offered him also some bread and butter, of which he partook, holding his cup and saucer in his other hand and moving slowly about the room. She poured herself a cup, but did not take it; after which, without wanting it, she began to eat a small stale biscuit. She was struck with the extinction of the unwillingness she had felt at Ricks to contribute to the bandying between them of poor Mona's name; and under this influence she presently resumed: "Am I to understand that she engaged herself to marry you without caring for you?"

Owen looked out into Raphael Road.

"She *did* care for me awfully. But she can't stand the strain."

"The strain of what?"

"Why, of the whole wretched thing."

"The whole thing has indeed been wretched, and I can easily conceive its effect upon her," Fleda said.

Her visitor turned sharp round. "You *can*?" There was a light in his strong stare. "You can understand it's spoiling her temper and making her come down on *me*? She behaves as if I were of no use to her at all!"

Fleda hesitated. "She's rankling under the sense of her wrong."

"Well, was it *I*, pray, who perpetrated the wrong? Ain't I doing what I can to get the thing arranged?"

The ring of his question made his anger at Mona almost resemble for a minute an anger at Fleda; and this resemblance in turn caused our young lady to observe how handsome he looked when he spoke, for the first time in her hearing, with that degree of heat, and used, also for the first time, such a term as "perpetrated." In addition, his challenge rendered still more vivid to her the mere flimsiness of her own aid. "Yes, you've been perfect," she said. "You've had a most difficult part. You've *had* to show tact and patience, as well as firmness, with your mother, and you've strikingly shown them. It's I who, quite unintentionally, have deceived you. I have n't helped you at all to your remedy."

"Well, you would n't, at all events, have ceased to like me, would you?" Owen demanded. It evidently mattered to him to know if she really justified Mona. "I mean, of course, if you *had* liked me, — liked me as *she* liked me," he explained.

Fleda looked this inquiry in the face only long enough to recognize that, in her embarrassment, she must take instant refuge in a superior one. "I can answer that better if I know how kind to her you've been. *Have* you been

kind to her?" she asked, as simply as she could.

"Why, rather, Miss Vetch!" Owen declared. "I've done every blessed thing she wished. I rushed down to Ricks, as you saw, with fire and sword, and the day after that I went to see her at Waterbath." At this point he checked himself, though it was just the point at which her interest deepened. A different look had come into his face as he put down his empty teacup. "But why should I tell you such things, for any good that it does me? I gather that you've no suggestion to make me now except that I shall request my solicitor to act. *Shall* I request him to act?"

Fleda scarcely heard his words; something new had suddenly come into her mind. "When you went to Waterbath after seeing me," she asked, "did you tell her all about that?"

Owen looked conscious. "All about it?"

"That you had had a long talk with me, without seeing your mother at all?"

"Oh yes, I told her exactly, and that you had been most awfully kind, and that I had placed the whole thing in your hands."

Fleda was silent a moment. "Perhaps that displeased her," she at last suggested.

"It displeased her fearfully," said Owen, looking very queer.

"Fearfully?" broke from the girl. Somehow, at the word, she was startled.

"She wanted to know what right you had to meddle. She said you were not honest."

"Oh!" Fleda cried, with a long wail. Then she controlled herself. "I see."

"She abused you, and I defended you. She denounced you" —

She checked him with a gesture. "Don't tell me what she did!" She had colored up to her eyes, where, as with the effect of a blow in the face, she quickly felt the tears gathering. It was a sudden drop in her great flight, a

shock to her attempt to watch over what Mona was entitled to. While she had been straining her very soul in this attempt, the object of her magnanimity had been pronouncing her "not honest." She took it all in, however, and after an instant was able to speak with a smile. She would not have been surprised to learn, indeed, that her smile was strange. "You said a while ago that your mother and I had quarreled about you. It's much more true that you and Mona have quarreled about *me*."

Owen hesitated, but at last he brought it out: "What I mean to say is, don't you know, that Mona, if you don't mind my saying so, has taken it into her head to be jealous."

"I see," said Fleda. "Well, I dare say our conferences have looked very odd."

"They've looked very beautiful, and they've *been* very beautiful. Oh, I've told her the sort you are!" the young man pursued.

"That of course has n't made her love me better."

"No, nor love me," said Owen. "Of course, you know, she *says* she loves me."

"And do you say you love her?"

"I say nothing else, — I say it all the while. I said it the other day a dozen times." Fleda made no immediate rejoinder to this, and before she could choose one he repeated his question of a moment before. "*Am* I to tell my solicitor to act?"

She had at that moment turned away from this solution, precisely because she saw in it the great chance of her secret. If she should determine him to adopt it, she might put out her hand and take him. It would shut in Mrs. Gereth's face the open door of surrender: she would flare up and fight, flying the flag of a passionate, an heroic defense. The case would obviously go against her, but the proceedings would last longer than Mona's patience or Owen's propriety.

With a formal rupture he would be at large; and she had only to tighten her fingers round the string that would raise the curtain on that scene. "You tell me you 'say' you love her, but is there nothing more in it than your saying so? You would n't say so, would you, if it's not true? What in the world has become, in so short a time, of the affection that led to your engagement?"

"The deuce knows what has become of it, Miss Vetch!" Owen cried. "It seemed all to go to pot as this horrid struggle came on." He was close to her now, and, with his face lighted again by the relief of it, he looked all his helpless history into her eyes. "As I saw you and noticed you more, as I knew you better and better, I felt less and less — I could n't help it — about anything or any one else. I wished I had known you sooner, — I knew I should have liked you better than any one in the world. But it was n't you who made the difference," he eagerly continued, "and I was awfully determined to stick to Mona to the death. It was she herself who made it, upon my soul, by the state she got into, the way she sulked, the way she took things, and the way she let me have it! She destroyed our prospects and our happiness, upon my honor. She made just the same smash of them as if she had kicked over that tea-table. She wanted to know all the while what was passing between us, between you and me; and she would n't take my solemn assurance that nothing was passing but what might have directly passed between me and old mummy. She said a pretty girl like you was a nice old mummy for me, and, if you'll believe it, she never called you anything else but that. I'll be hanged if I have n't been good, have n't I? I have n't breathed a breath of any sort to you, have I? You'd have been down on me hard if I had, would n't you? You're down on me pretty hard as it is, I think, are n't you? But I don't care what you say now, or what

Mona says, either, or a single rap what any one says: she has given me at last, by her confounded behavior, a right to speak out, to utter the way I feel about it. The way I feel about it, don't you know, is that it had all better come to an end. You ask me if I don't love her, and I suppose it's natural enough you should. But you ask it at the very moment I'm half mad to say to you that there's only one person on the whole earth I *really* love, and that that person" — Here Owen pulled up short, and Fleda wondered if it was from the effect of his perceiving, through the closed door, the sound of steps and voices on the landing of the stairs. She had caught this sound herself with surprise and a vague uneasiness: it was not an hour at which her father ever came in, and there was no present reason why she should have a visitor. She had a fear, which after a few seconds deepened: a visitor was at hand; the visitor would be simply Mrs. Gereth. That lady wished for a near view of the consequence of her note to Owen. Fleda straightened herself, with the instant thought that if this was what Mrs. Gereth desired, Mrs. Gereth should have it in a form not to be mistaken. Owen's pause was the matter of a moment, but during that moment our young couple stood with their eyes holding each other's eyes, and catching the suggestion, still through the door, of a murmured conference in the hall. Fleda had begun to make the movement to cut it short, when Owen stopped her with a grasp of her arm. "You're surely able to guess," he said, with his voice dropped and her arm pressed as she had never known such a drop or such a pressure, — "you're surely able to guess the one person on earth I love?"

The handle of the door turned, and Fleda had only time to jerk at him, "Your mother!"

The door opened, and the smutty maid, edging in, announced, "Mrs. Brigstock!"

XV.

Mrs. Brigstock, in the doorway, stood looking from one of the occupants of the room to the other; then they saw her eyes attach themselves to a small object that had lain hitherto unnoticed on the carpet. This was the biscuit of which, on giving Owen his tea, Fleda had taken a perfunctory nibble: she had immediately laid it on the table, and that subsequently, in some precipitate movement, she should have brushed it off was doubtless a sign of the agitation that possessed her. For Mrs. Brigstock there was apparently more in it than met the eye. Owen, at any rate, picked it up, and Fleda felt as if he were removing the traces of some scene that the newspapers would have characterized as "lively." Mrs. Brigstock clearly took in also the sprawling tea-things, and the mark as of high water in the full faces of her young friends. These elements made the little place a vivid picture of intimacy. A minute was filled by Fleda's relief at finding her visitor not to be Mrs. Gereth, and a longer space by the ensuing sense of what was really more compromising in the actual apparition. It dimly occurred to her that the lady of Ricks had also written to Waterbath. Not only had Mrs. Brigstock never paid her a call, but Fleda would have been unable to figure her as so employed. A year before, the girl had spent a day under her roof, but had never felt that Mrs. Brigstock regarded this as constituting a bond. She had never stayed in any house but Poynton where the imagination of a bond, one way or the other, prevailed. After the first astonishment she dashed gayly at her guest, emphasizing her welcome, and wondering how her whereabouts had become known at Waterbath. Had not Mrs. Brigstock quitted that residence for the very purpose of laying her hand on the associate of Mrs. Gereth's mis-

conduct? The spirit in which this hand was to be laid our young lady was yet to ascertain; but she was a person who could think ten thoughts at once, — a circumstance which, even putting her present plight at its worst, gave her a great advantage over a person who required easy conditions for dealing even with one. The very vibration of the air, however, told her that whatever Mrs. Brigstock's spirit might originally have been, it had been sharply affected by the sight of Owen. He was essentially a surprise: she had reckoned with everything that concerned him but his presence. With that, in awkward silence, she was reckoning now, as Fleda could see, while she effected with friendly aid an embarrassed transit to the sofa. Owen would be useless, would be deplorable: that aspect of the case Fleda had taken in as well. Another aspect was that he would admire her, adore her, exactly in proportion as she herself should rise gracefully superior. Fleda felt for the first time free to let herself "go," as Mrs. Gereth had said, and she was full of the sense that to "go" meant now to aim straight at the effect of moving Owen to rapture at her simplicity and tact. It was her impression that he had no positive dislike of Mona's mother; but she could not entertain that notion without a glimpse of the implication that he had a positive dislike of Mrs. Brigstock's daughter. Mona's mother declined tea, declined a better seat, declined a cushion, declined to remove her boa: Fleda guessed that she had not come on purpose to be dry, but that the voice of the invaded room had itself given her the hint.

"I just came on the mere chance," she said. "Mona found yesterday, somewhere, the card of invitation to your sister's marriage that you sent us, or your father sent us, some time ago. We could not be present, — it was impossible; but as it had this address on it, I said to myself that I might find you here."

"I'm very glad to be at home," Fleda responded.

"Yes, that does not happen very often, does it?" Mrs. Brigstock looked round afresh at Fleda's home.

"Oh, I came back from Ricks last week. I shall be here now till I don't know when."

"We thought it very likely you would have come back. We knew, of course, of your having been at Ricks. If I did not find you, I thought I might perhaps find Mr. Vetch," Mrs. Brigstock went on.

"I'm sorry he's out. He's always out, — all day long."

Mrs. Brigstock's round eyes grew rounder. "All day long?"

"All day long," Fleda smiled.

"Leaving you quite to yourself?"

"A good deal to myself, but a little, to-day, as you see, to Mr. Gereth," and the girl looked at Owen to draw him into their sociability. For Mrs. Brigstock he had immediately sat down; but the movement had not corrected the sombre stiffness taking possession of him at the sight of her. Before he found a response to the appeal addressed to him Fleda turned again to her other visitor. "Is there any purpose for which you would like my father to call on you?"

Mrs. Brigstock received this question as if it were not to be unguardedly answered; upon which Owen intervened with pale irrelevance: "I wrote to Mona this morning of Miss Vetch's being in town; but of course the letter had not arrived when you left home."

"No, it had not arrived. I came up for the night, — I've several matters to attend to." Then looking with an intention of fixedness from one of her companions to the other, "I'm afraid I've interrupted your conversation," Mrs. Brigstock said. She spoke without effectual point, had the air of merely announcing the fact. Fleda had not yet been confronted with the question of the sort of person Mrs. Brigstock was; she had only been confronted with the ques-

tion of the sort of person Mrs. Gereth scorned her for being. She was really, somehow, no sort of person at all, and it came home to Fleda that if Mrs. Gereth could see her at this moment she would scorn her more than ever. She had a face of which it was impossible to say anything but that it was pink, and a mind that it would be possible to describe only if one had been able to mark it in that same fashion. As nature had made this organ neither green nor blue nor yellow, there was nothing to know it by: it strayed and bleated like an unbranded sheep. Fleda felt for it at this moment much of the kindness of compassion, for Mrs. Brigstock had brought it with her to do something for her that she regarded as delicate. Fleda was quite prepared to help it to perform, if she should be able to gather what it wanted to do. What she gathered, however, more and more, was that it wanted to do something different from what it had wanted to do in leaving Waterbath. There was still nothing to enlighten her more specifically in the way her visitor continued: "You must be very much taken up. I believe you quite espouse his dreadful quarrel."

Fleda vaguely demurred. "His dreadful quarrel?"

"About the contents of the house. Are n't you looking after them for him?"

"She knows how awfully kind you've been to me," Owen said. He showed such discomfiture that he really gave away their situation; and Fleda found herself divided between the hope that he would take leave and the wish that he should see the whole of what the occasion might enable her to do for him.

She explained to Mrs. Brigstock: "Mrs. Gereth, at Ricks, the other day, asked me particularly to see him for her."

"And did she ask you also particularly to see him here in town?" Mrs. Brigstock's hideous bonnet seemed to argue for the unsophisticated truth; and it was on Fleda's lips to reply that such

had indeed been Mrs. Gereth's request. But she checked herself, and before she could say anything else Owen had addressed their companion:—

"I made a point of letting Mona know that I should be here, don't you see? That's exactly what I wrote her this morning."

"She would have had no doubt you would be here, if you had a chance," Mrs. Brigstock returned. "If your letter had arrived, it might have prepared me for finding you here at tea. In that case I certainly would n't have come."

"I'm glad, then, it did n't arrive. Would n't you like him to go?" Fleda asked.

Mrs. Brigstock looked at Owen and considered: nothing showed in her face but that it turned a deeper pink. "I should like him to go with *me*." There was no menace in her tone, but she evidently knew what she wanted. As Owen made no response to this, Fleda glanced at him to invite him to assent; then, for fear that he would n't, and would thereby make his case worse, she took upon herself to declare that she was sure he would be very glad to meet such a wish. She had no sooner spoken than she felt that the words had a bad effect of intimacy: she had answered for him as if she had been his wife. Mrs. Brigstock continued to regard him as if she had observed nothing, and she continued to address Fleda: "I've not seen him for a long time, and I've particular things to say to him."

"So have I things to say to you, Mrs. Brigstock!" Owen interjected. With this he took up his hat as if for an immediate departure.

The other visitor, meanwhile, turned to Fleda. "What is Mrs. Gereth going to do?"

"Is that what you came to ask me?" Fleda demanded.

"That and several other things."

"Then you had much better let Mr. Gereth go, and stay by yourself and

make me a pleasant visit. You can talk with him when you like, but it is the first time you've been to see me."

This appeal had evidently a certain effect; Mrs. Brigstock visibly wavered. "I can't talk with him whenever I like," she returned; "he has n't been near us since I don't know when. But there are things that have brought me here."

"They are not things of any importance," Owen, to Fleda's surprise, suddenly announced. He had not at first taken up Mrs. Brigstock's expression of a wish to carry him off: Fleda could see that the instinct at the bottom of this was that of standing by her, of seeming not to abandon her. But abruptly, all his soreness working within him, it had struck him that he should abandon her still more if he should leave her to be dealt with by her other visitor. "You must allow me to say, you know, Mrs. Brigstock, that I don't think you should come down on Miss Vetch about anything. It's very good of her to take the smallest interest in us and our horrid little squabble. If you want to talk about it, talk about it with *me*." He was flushed with the idea of protecting Fleda, of exhibiting his consideration for her. "I don't like your cross-questioning her, don't you see? She's as straight as a die: I'll tell you all about her!" he declared, with an excited laugh. "Please come off with me and let her alone."

Mrs. Brigstock, at this, became vivid at once; Fleda thought she looked uncommonly queer. She stood straight up, with a peculiar distention of her whole person and of everything in her face but her mouth, which she gathered into a small, tight orifice. Fleda was painfully divided; her joy was deep within, but it was more relevant to the situation that she should not appear to associate herself with the tone of familiarity in which Owen addressed a lady who had been, and was perhaps still, about to become his mother-in-law. She laid on Mrs. Brigstock's arm a repressive hand. Mrs.

Brigstock, however, had already exclaimed on her having so wonderful a defender, "He speaks, upon my word, as if I had come here to be rude to you!"

At this, grasping her hard, Fleda laughed; then she achieved the exploit of delicately kissing her. "I'm not in the least afraid to be alone with you, or of your tearing me to pieces. I'll answer any question that you can possibly dream of putting to me."

"I'm the proper person to answer Mrs. Brigstock's questions," Owen broke in again, "and I'm not a bit less ready to meet them than you are." He was firmer than she had ever seen him: it was as if she had not known he could be so firm.

"But she'll only have been here a few minutes. What sort of a visit is that?" Fleda cried.

"It has lasted long enough for my purpose. There was something I wanted to know, but I think I know it now."

"Anything you don't know I dare say I can tell you!" Owen observed, as he impatiently smoothed his hat with the cuff of his coat.

Fleda by this time desired immensely to keep his companion, but she saw she could do so only at the cost of provoking on his part a further exhibition of the sheltering attitude, which he exaggerated precisely because it was the first thing, since he had begun to "like" her, that he had been able frankly to do for her. It was not in her interest that Mrs. Brigstock should be more struck than she already was with that benevolence. "There may be things you know that I don't," she presently said to her, with a smile. "But I've a sort of sense that you're laboring under some great mistake."

Mrs. Brigstock, at this, looked into her eyes more deeply and yearningly than she had supposed Mrs. Brigstock could look; it was the flicker of a certain willingness to give her a chance. Owen, however, quickly spoiled every-

thing. "Nothing is more probable than that Mrs. Brigstock is doing what you say; but there's no one in the world to whom you owe an explanation. I may owe somebody one, — I dare say I do; but not you, no!"

"But what if there's one that it's no difficulty at all for me to give?" Fleda inquired. "I'm sure that's the only one Mrs. Brigstock came to ask, if she came to ask any at all."

Again the good lady looked hard at her young hostess. "I came, I believe, Fleda, just, you know, to plead with you."

Fleda, with a bright face, hesitated a moment. "As if I were one of those bad women in a play?"

The remark was fatal. Mrs. Brigstock, on whom her brightness was lost, evidently thought it singularly free. She turned away, as from a presence that had really defined itself as objectionable, and Fleda had a vain sense that her good humor, in which there was an idea, was taken for impertinence, or at least for levity. Her allusion was improper, even if she herself was n't; Mrs. Brigstock's emotion simplified: it came to the same thing. "I'm quite ready," that lady said to Owen, rather mildly and woundedly. "I do want to speak to you very much."

"I'm completely at your service." Owen held out his hand to Fleda. "Good-by, Miss Vetch. I hope to see you again to-morrow." He opened the door for Mrs. Brigstock, who passed before the girl with an odd, averted salutation. Owen and Fleda, while he stood at the door, then faced each other darkly and without speaking. Their eyes met once more for a long moment, and she was conscious there was something in hers that the darkness did n't quench, that he had never seen before, and that he was perhaps never to see again. He stayed long enough to take it, — to take it with a sombre stare that just showed the dawn of wonder; then he followed Mrs. Brigstock out of the house.

XVI.

Owen had uttered the hope that he should see her the next day, but Fleda could easily reflect that he would n't see her if she were not there to be seen. If there was a thing in the world she desired at that moment, it was that the next day should have no point of resemblance with the day that had just elapsed. She accordingly projected an absence: she would go immediately down to Maggie. She ran out that evening and telegraphed to her sister, and in the morning she quitted London by an early train. She required for this step no reason but the sense of necessity. It was a strong personal need; she wished to interpose something, and there was nothing she could interpose but distance, but time. If Mrs. Brigstock had to deal with Owen, she would allow Mrs. Brigstock the chance. To be there, to be in the midst of it, was the reverse of what she craved; she had already been more in the midst of it than had ever entered into her plan. At any rate, she had renounced her plan; she had no plan now but the plan of separation. This was to abandon Owen, to give up the fine office of helping him back to his own; but when she had undertaken that office she had not foreseen that Mrs. Gereth would defeat it by a manœuvre so simple. The scene at her father's rooms had extinguished all offices, and the scene at her father's rooms was of Mrs. Gereth's producing. Owen, at all events, must now act for himself: he had obligations to meet, he had satisfactions to give, and Fleda fairly ached with the wish that he might be equal to them. She never knew the extent of her tenderness for him till she became conscious of the present force of her desire that he should be superior, be perhaps even sublime. She obscurely made out that superiority, that sublimity, might n't after all be fatal. She closed her eyes, and lived for a day or two in the mere

beauty of confidence. It was with her on the short journey; it was with her at Maggie's; it glorified the mean little house in the stupid little town. Owen had grown larger to her: he would do, like a man, whatever he should have to do. He would n't be weak, — not as she was: she herself was weak, exceedingly.

Arranging her few possessions in Maggie's fewer receptacles, she caught a glimpse of the bright side of the fact that her old things were not such a problem as Mrs. Gereth's. Picking her way with Maggie through the local puddles, diving with her into smelly cottages, and supporting her, at smellier shops, in firmness over the weight of joints and the taste of cheese, it was still her own secret that was universally interwoven. In the puddles, the cottages, the shops, she was comfortably alone with it; that comfort prevailed even while, at the evening meal, her brother-in-law invited her attention to a diagram, drawn with a fork on too soiled a tablecloth, of the scandalous drains of the Convalescent Home. To be alone with it she had come away from Ricks; and now she knew that to be alone with it she had come away from London. This advantage was of course menaced, but not immediately destroyed, by the arrival, on the second day, of the note she had been sure she would receive from Owen. He had gone to West Kensington and found her flown, but he had got her address from the little maid, and then hurried to a club and written to her. "Why have you left me just when I want you most?" he demanded. The next words, it was true, were more reassuring on the question of his steadiness. "I don't know what your reason may be," they went on, "nor why you've not left a line for me; but I don't think you can feel that I did anything yesterday that it was n't right for me to do. As regards Mrs. Brigstock, certainly I just felt what was right, and I did it. She had no business whatever to attack you that way, and I

should have been ashamed if I had left her there to worry you. I won't have you worried by any one; no one shall be disagreeable to you but me. I did n't mean to be so yesterday, and I don't to-day; but I'm perfectly free now to want you, and I want you much more than you've allowed me to explain. You'll see if I'm not all right, if you'll let me come to you. Don't be afraid, — I'll not hurt you nor trouble you. I give you my honor I'll not hurt any one. Only I *must* see you, on what I had to say to Mrs. B. She was nastier than I thought she could be, but I'm behaving like an angel. I assure you I'm all right, — that's exactly what I want you to see. You owe me something, you know, for what you said you would do and have n't done; what your departure without a word gives me to understand — does n't it? — that you definitely can't do. Don't simply forsake me. See me, if you only see me once. I shan't wait for any leave, — I shall come down to-morrow. I've been looking into trains, and find there's something that will bring me down just after lunch, and something very good for getting me back. I won't stop long. For God's sake, be there."

This communication arrived in the morning, but Fleda would still have had time to wire a protest. She debated on that alternative; then she read the note over, and found in one phrase an exact statement of her duty. Owen's simplicity had expressed it, and her subtlety had nothing to answer. She owed him something for her obvious failure, and what she owed him was to receive him. If indeed she had known he would make this attempt, she might have been held to have gained nothing by her flight. Well, she had gained what she had gained, — she had gained the interval. She had no compunction for the greater trouble she should give the young man; it was now doubtless right that he should have as much trouble as possible. Maggie, who thought she was in her confidence, but

was not, had reproached her for having left Mrs. Gereth, and Maggie was just in this proportion gratified to hear of the visitor with whom, early in the afternoon, she would have to ask to be left alone. Maggie liked to see far, and now she could sit upstairs and rake the whole future. She had known that, as she familiarly said, there was something the matter with Fleda, and the value of that knowledge was augmented by the fact that there was apparently also something the matter with Mr. Gereth.

Fleda, downstairs, learned soon enough what this was. It was simply that, as he announced the moment he stood before her, he was now all right. When she asked him what he meant by that, he replied that he meant he could practically regard himself henceforth as a free man; he had had, at West Kensington, as soon as they got into the street, such a horrid scene with Mrs. Brigstock.

"I knew what she wanted to say to me: that's why I was determined to get her off. I knew I should n't like it, but I was perfectly prepared," said Owen. "She brought it out as soon as we got round the corner; she asked me point-blank if I was in love with you."

"And what did you say to that?"

"That it was none of her business."

"Ah," said Fleda, "I'm not so sure!"

"Well, I am, and I'm the person most concerned. Of course I did n't use just those words: I was perfectly civil, quite as civil as she. But I told her I did n't consider she had a right to put me any such question. I said I was n't sure that even Mona had, with the extraordinary line, you know, that Mona has taken. At any rate, the whole thing, the way I put it, was between Mona and me; and between Mona and me, if she did n't mind, it would just have to remain."

Fleda was silent a little. "All that did n't answer her question."

"Then you think I ought to have told her?"

Again our young lady reflected. "I think I'm rather glad you did n't."

"I knew what I was about," said Owen. "It did n't strike me that she had the least right to come down on us that way and ask for explanations."

Fleda looked very grave, weighing the whole matter. "I dare say that when she started, when she arrived, she did n't mean to 'come down.'"

"What then did she mean to do?"

"What she said to me just before she went: she meant to plead with me."

"Oh, I heard her!" said Owen. "But plead with you for what?"

"For you, of course, — to entreat me to give you up. She thinks me awfully designing, — that I've taken some sort of possession of you."

Owen stared. "You have n't lifted a finger! It's I who have taken possession."

"Very true, you've done it all yourself." Fleda spoke gravely and gently, without a breath of coquetry. "But those are shades between which she's probably not obliged to distinguish. It's enough for her that we're singularly intimate."

"I am, but you're not!" Owen exclaimed.

Fleda gave a dim smile. "You make me at least feel that I'm learning to know you very well when I hear you say such a thing as that. Mrs. Brigstock came to get round me, to supplicate me," she went on; "but to find you there, looking so much at home, paying me a friendly call, and shoving the tea-things about, that was too much for her patience. She does n't know, you see, that I'm after all a decent girl. She simply made up her mind on the spot that I'm a very bad case."

"I could n't stand the way she treated you, and that was what I had to say to her," Owen returned.

"She's simple and slow, but she's not a fool: I think she treated me, on the whole, very well." Fleda remembered

how Mrs. Gereth had treated Mona when the Brigstocks came down to Poynton.

Owen evidently thought her painfully perverse. "It was you who carried it off; you behaved like a brick. And so did I, I consider. If you only knew the difficulty I had! I told her you were the noblest and straightest of women."

"That can hardly have removed her impression that there are things I put you up to."

"It did n't," Owen replied, with candor. "She said our relation, yours and mine, is n't innocent."

"What did she mean by that?"

"As you may suppose, I particularly inquired. Do you know what she had the cheek to tell me?" Owen asked. "She did n't better it much: she said she meant that it's excessively unnatural."

Fleda considered afresh. "Well, it is!" she brought out at last.

"Then, upon my honor, it's only you who make it so!" Her perversity was distinctly too much for him. "I mean you make it so by the way you keep me off."

"Have I kept you off to-day?" Fleda sadly shook her head, raising her arms a little and dropping them.

Her gesture of resignation gave him a pretext for catching at her hand, but before he could take it she had put it behind her. They had been seated together on Maggie's single sofa, and her movement brought her to her feet, while Owen, looking at her reproachfully, leaned back in discouragement. "What good does it do me to be here, when I find you only a stone?"

She met his eyes with all the tenderness she had not yet uttered, and she had not known till this moment how great was the accumulation. "Perhaps, after all," she risked, "there may be, even in a stone, still some little help for you."

Owen sat there a minute staring at her. "Ah, you're beautiful, more beautiful than any one," he broke out, "but I'll be hanged if I can ever understand

you! On Tuesday, at your father's, you were beautiful, — as beautiful, just before I left, as you are at this instant. But the next day, when I went back, I found it had apparently meant nothing; and now again, that you let me come here and you shine at me like an angel, it does n't bring you an inch nearer to saying what I want you to say." He remained a moment longer in the same position, then he jerked himself up. "What I want you to say is that you like me, — what I want you to say is that you pity me." He sprang up and came to her. "What I want you to say is that you'll *save* me!"

Fleda hesitated. "Why do you need saving, when you announced to me just now that you're a free man?"

He too hesitated, but he was not checked. "It's just for the reason that I'm free. Don't you know what I mean, Miss Vetch? I want you to marry me."

Fleda, at this, put out her hand in charity; she held his own, which quickly grasped it a moment, and if he had described her as shining at him, it may be assumed that she shone all the more in her deep, still smile. "Let me hear a little more about your freedom first," she said. "I gather that Mrs. Brigstock was not wholly satisfied with the way you disposed of her question."

"I dare say she was n't. But the less she's satisfied, the more I'm free."

"What bearing have *her* feelings, pray?" Fleda asked.

"Why, Mona's much worse than her mother. She wants much more to give me up."

"Then why does n't she do it?"

"She will, as soon as her mother gets home and tells her."

"Tells her what?" Fleda inquired.

"Why, that I'm in love with *you*!"

Fleda debated. "Are you so very sure she will?"

"Certainly I'm sure, with all the evidence I already have. That will finish her!" Owen declared.

This made his companion thoughtful again. "Can you take such pleasure in her being 'finished,' a poor girl you've once loved?"

Owen waited long enough to take in the question; then, with a serenity startling even to her knowledge of his nature, "I don't think I can have *really* loved her, you know," he replied.

Fleda broke into a laugh, which gave him a surprise as visible as the emotion it testified to. "Then how am I to know that you 'really' love — anybody else?"

"Oh, I'll show you that!" said Owen.

"I must take it on trust," the girl pursued. "And what if Mona does n't give you up?" she added.

Owen was baffled but a few seconds; he had thought of everything. "Why, that's just where you come in."

"To save you? I see. You mean I must get rid of her for you." His blankness showed for a little that he felt the chill of her cold logic; but as she waited for his rejoinder, she knew which of them it cost most. He gasped a minute, and that gave her time to say, "You see, Mr. Owen, how impossible it is to talk of such things yet!"

Like lightning he had grasped her arm. "You mean you *will* talk of them?" Then, as he began to take the flood of assent from her eyes, "You *will* listen to me? Oh, you dear, you dear, when, when?"

"Ah, when it is n't mere misery!" The words had broken from her in a sudden, loud cry, and what next happened was that the very sound of her pain upset her. She heard her own true note; she turned short away from him; in a moment she had burst into sobs; in another his arms were round her; the next she had let herself go so far that even Mrs. Gereth might have seen it. He clasped her, and she gave herself, — she poured out her tears on his breast; something prisoned and pent throbbed and gushed; something deep and sweet surged up, — something that came from

far within and far off, that had begun with the sight of him in his indifference, and had never had rest since then. The surrender was short, but the relief was long: she felt his lips upon her face and his arms tighten with his full divination. What she did, what she *had* done, she scarcely knew: she only was aware, as she broke from him again, of what had taken place in his own quick breast. What had taken place was that, with the click of a spring, he saw. He had cleared the high wall at a bound; they were together without a veil. She had not a shred of a secret left; it was as if a whirlwind had come and gone, laying low the great false front that she had built up stone by stone. The strangest thing of all was the momentary sense of desolation.

"Ah, all the while you *cared*?" Owen read the truth with a wonder so great that it was visibly almost a sadness, a terror caused by his sudden perception of where the impossibility was not. That made it all perhaps elsewhere.

"I cared, I cared, I cared!" Fleda moaned it as defiantly as if she were confessing a misdeed. "How could n't I care? But you must n't, you must never, never ask! It is n't for us to talk about!" she insisted. "Don't speak of it, don't speak!"

It was easy indeed not to speak when the difficulty was to find words. He clasped his hands before her as he might have clasped them at an altar; his pressed palms shook together while he held his breath, and while she stilled herself in the effort to come round again to the real and the right. He helped this effort, soothing her into a seat with a touch as light as if she had really been something sacred. She sank into a chair, and he dropped before her on his knees; she fell back with closed eyes, and he buried his face in her lap. There was no way to thank her but this act of prostration, which lasted, in silence, till she laid consenting hands on him,

touched his head and stroked it, held it in her tenderness while he acknowledged his long density. He made the avowal seem only his, — made her, when she rose again, raise him at last, softly, as if from the abasement of shame. If in each other's eyes now, however, they saw the truth, this truth, to Fleda, looked harder even than before, — all the harder that when, at the very moment she recognized it, he murmured to her ecstatically, in fresh possession of her hands, which he drew up to his breast, holding them tight there with both his own, "I'm saved, I'm saved, — *I am!* I'm ready for anything. I have your word. Come!" he cried, as if from the sight of a response slower than he needed, and in the tone he so often had of a great boy at a great game.

She had once more disengaged herself, with the private vow that he should n't yet touch her again. It was all too horribly soon, — her sense of this was rapidly surging back. "We must n't talk, we must n't talk; we must *wait!*" she intensely insisted. "I don't know what you mean by your freedom; I don't see it, I don't feel it. Where is it yet, where, your freedom? If it's real there's plenty of time, and if it is n't there's more than enough. I hate myself," she protested, "for having anything to say about her: it's like 'waiting for dead men's shoes'! What business is it of mine what she does? She has her own trouble and her own plan. It's too hideous to watch her and count on her!"

Owen's face, at this, showed a reviving dread, the fear of some darksome process of her mind. "If you speak for yourself I can understand, but why is it hideous for *me*?"

"Oh, I mean for myself!" Fleda said impatiently.

"I watch her, I count on her: how can I do anything else? If I count on her to let me definitely know how we stand, I do nothing in life but what she herself has led straight up to. I never

thought of asking you to 'get rid of her' for me, and I never would have spoken to you if I had n't held that I *am* rid of her, that she has backed out of the whole thing. Did n't she do so from the moment she began to put it off? I had already applied for the license; the very invitations were half addressed. Who but she, all of a sudden, demanded an unnatural wait? It was none of *my* doing; I had never dreamed of anything but coming up to the scratch." Owen grew more and more lucid, and more confident of the effect of his lucidity. "She called it 'taking a stand,' to see what mother would do. I told her mother would do what I would make her do; and to that she replied that she would like to see me make her first. I said I would arrange that everything should be all right, and she said she really preferred to arrange it herself. It was a flat refusal to trust me in the smallest degree. Why then had she pretended so tremendously to care for me? And of course, at present," said Owen, "she trusts me, if possible, still less."

Fleda paid this statement the homage of a minute's muteness. "As to that, naturally, she has reason."

"Why on earth has she reason?" Then, as his companion, moving away, simply threw up her hands, "I never looked at you — not to call looking — till she had regularly driven me to it," he went on. "I know what I'm about. I do assure you I'm all right!"

"You're not all right, — you're all wrong!" cried Fleda in despair. "You must n't stay here, you must n't!" she repeated, with clear decision. "You make me say dreadful things, and I feel as if I made *you* say them." But before he could reply she took it up in another tone: "Why in the world, if everything had changed, did n't you break off?"

"I" — The inquiry seemed to have moved him to stupefaction. "Can you ask me that question, when I only wanted

to please you? Did n't you seem to show me, in your wonderful way, that that was exactly how? I did n't break off just on purpose to leave it to *her*. I did n't break off so that there should n't be a thing to be said against me."

The instant after her challenge Fleda had faced him again in self-reproof. "There *is* n't a thing to be said against you, and I don't know what nonsense you make me talk! You *have* pleased me, and you've been right and good, and it's the only comfort, and you must go. Everything must come from Mona, and if it does n't come we've said entirely too much. You must leave me alone — forever!"

"Forever?" Owen gasped.

"I mean unless everything is different."

"Everything *is* different — when I *know*!"

Fleda winced at what he knew; she made a wild gesture which seemed to whirl it out of the room. The mere allusion was like another embrace. "You know nothing — and you must go and wait! You must n't break down at *this* point."

He looked about him and took up his hat: it was as if, in spite of frustration, he had got the essence of what he wanted, and could afford to agree with her to the extent of keeping up the forms. He covered her with his fine, simple smile, but made no other approach. "Oh, I'm so awfully happy!" he exclaimed.

She hesitated: she would only be impeccable, even though she should have to be sententious. "You'll be happy if you're perfect!" she risked.

He laughed out at this, and she wondered if, with a new-born acuteness, he saw the absurdity of her speech, and that no one was happy just because no one could be what she so lightly prescribed. "I don't pretend to be perfect, but I shall find a letter to-night!"

"So much the better, if it's the kind of one you desire!" That was the most

she could say, and having made it sound as dry as possible, she lapsed into a silence so pointed as to deprive him of all pretext for not leaving her. Still he stood there, playing with his hat. Suddenly she asked, "When did you say Mrs. Brigstock was to have gone back?"

Owen stared. "To Waterbath? She was to have spent the night in town, don't you know? But when she left me after our talk, I said to myself that she would take an evening train. I know I made her want to get home."

"Where did you separate?" Fleda asked.

"At the West Kensington station, — she was going to Victoria. I had walked with her there, and our talk was all on the way."

Fleda pondered a moment. "If she did go back that night, you would have heard from Waterbath by this time."

"I don't know," said Owen. "I thought I might hear this morning."

"She can't have gone back," Fleda declared. "Mona would have written on the spot."

"Oh yes, she *will* have written bang off!" Owen cheerfully conceded.

Fleda thought again. "Then, even in the event of her mother's not having got home till the morning, you would have had your letter at the latest to-day. You see she has had plenty of time."

Owen hesitated; then, "Oh, she's all right!" he laughed. "I go by Mrs. Brigstock's certain effect on her, — the effect of the temper the old lady showed when we parted. Do you know what she asked me?" he sociably continued. "She asked me in a kind of nasty manner if I supposed you 'really' cared anything about me. Of course I told her I supposed you did n't, — not a solitary rap. How could I suppose you *do*, with your extraordinary ways? It does n't matter; I could see she thought I lied."

"You should have told her, you know, that I had seen you in town only that one time," Fleda observed.

"By Jove, I did, — for *you*! It was only for you."

Something in this touched the girl so that for a moment she could not trust herself to speak. "You're an honest man," she said simply, at last. She had gone to the door and opened it. "Good-by."

Even yet, however, Owen hung back. "But even if there's no letter" — he began. He began, but there he left it.

"You mean, even if she does n't let you off? Ah, you ask me too much!" Fleda spoke from the tiny hall, where she had taken refuge between the old barometer and the old mackintosh. "There are things too utterly for yourselves alone. How can I tell? What do I know? Good-by, good-by! If she does n't let you off, it will be because she *is* attached to you."

"She's not, she's not: there's nothing in it! Does n't a fellow know? — except with *you*!" Owen ruefully added. With this he came out of the room, lowering his voice to secret supplication, pleading with her really to meet him on the ground of the negation of Mona. It was this betrayal of his need of support and sanction that made her retreat, — harden herself in the effort to save what might remain of all she had given, given probably for nothing. The very vision of him as he thus morally clung to her was the vision of a weakness somewhere in the core of his bloom, a blessed manly weakness, of which, if she had only the valid right, it would be all a sweetness to take care. She faintly sickened, however, with the sense that there was as yet no valid right poor Owen could give. "You can take it from my honor, you know," he whispered, "that she loathes me."

Fleda had stood clutching the knob of Maggie's little painted stair-rail; she took, on the stairs, a step backward. "Why then does n't she prove it in the only clear way?"

"She *has* proved it. Will you believe it if you see the letter?"

"I don't want to see any letter," said Fleda. "You'll miss your train."

Facing him, waving him away, she had taken another upward step; but he sprang to the side of the stairs, and brought his hand, above the banister, down hard on her wrist. "Do you mean to tell me that I must marry a woman I hate?"

From her step she looked down into his raised face. "Ah, you see it's not true that you're free!" She seemed almost to exult. "It's not true, it's not true!"

He only, at this, like a buffeting swimmer, gave a shake of his head and repeated his question: "Do you mean to tell me I must marry such a woman?"

Fleda hesitated; he held her fast. "No. Anything is better than that."

"Then, in God's name, what must I do?"

"You must settle that with her. You must n't break faith. Anything is better than that. You must at any rate be utterly sure. She *must* love you, — how can she help it? *I* would n't give you up!" said Fleda. She spoke in broken bits, panting out her words. "The great thing is to keep faith. Where *is* a man if he does n't? If he does n't, he may be so cruel. So cruel, so cruel, so cruel!" Fleda repeated. "I could n't have a hand in *that*, you know: that's my position, — that's mine. You offered her marriage: it's a tremendous thing for her." Then looking at him another moment, "I would n't give you up!" she said again. With a quick dip of her face she reached his hand with her lips, pressing them to the back of it with a force that doubled the force of her words. "Never, never, never!" she cried; and, scrambling up the stairs, got away from him even faster than she had got away from him at Ricks.

Henry James.

ABOUT FACES IN JAPANESE ART.

I.

A VERY interesting essay upon the Japanese art collections in the National Library was read by Mr. Edward Strange at a meeting of the Japan Society held last year in London. Mr. Strange proved his appreciation of Japanese art by an exposition of its principles, — the subordination of detail to the expression of a sensation or idea, the subordination of the particular to the general. He spoke especially of the decorative element in Japanese art, and of the Ukiyo-yé school of color-printing. He remarked that even the heraldry of Japan, as illustrated in little books costing only a few pence each, contained “an education in the planning of conventional ornament.” He referred to the immense industrial value of Japanese stencil designs. He tried to explain the nature of the advantage likely to be gained in the art of book illustration from the careful study of Japanese work; and he indicated the influence of Japanese methods in the work of such artists as Aubrey Beardsley, Edgar Wilson, Steinlen Ibels, Whistler, Grasset, Cheret, and Lantrec. Finally, he pointed out the harmony between certain Japanese principles and the doctrines of one of the modern Western schools of Impressionism.

Such an address could hardly fail to provoke adverse criticism in England, because it suggested a variety of new ideas. English opinion does not prohibit the importation of ideas: it will even complain if fresh ideas be not regularly set before it. But its requirement of them is aggressive: it wants to have an intellectual battle over them. To persuade its acceptance of new beliefs or thoughts without opposition, to coax it to jump to a conclusion, were about as easy as to make the mountains skip

like rams, and the little hills like lambs of the flock. It must first be convinced of the absolute correctness of every single step in the mental process by which the new conclusion has been reached, — though willing to be convinced, providing the idea is not morally “dangerous.” That Mr. Strange’s just but almost enthusiastic admiration of Japanese art could pass without challenge was not possible; but one would scarcely have anticipated a challenge from the ranks of the Japan Society itself. The report, however, shows that Mr. Strange’s views were received even by the society in the characteristic English way. The idea that English artists could learn anything important from the study of Japanese art methods was practically pooh-poohed; and the verbal criticisms made by various members indicated that the philosophic part of the paper had been either misunderstood or unnoticed. One gentleman innocently complained that he could not imagine “why Japanese art should be utterly wanting in facial expression.” Another declared that there could never have been any lady like the ladies of the Japanese prints; and he described the faces therein portrayed as “absolutely insane.”

Then came the most surprising incident of the evening, — the corroboration of these adverse criticisms by his Excellency the Japanese Minister, with the apologetic remark that the prints referred to “were only regarded as common things in Japan.” Common things! The artists named were Hokusai, Toyokuni, Hiroshigé, Kuniyoshi, Kunisada! But his Excellency seemed to think the subject trifling; for he took occasion to call away the attention of the meeting, irrelevantly as patriotically, to the triumphs of the war. In this he reflected faithfully the Japanese *Zeitgeist*, which

can scarcely now listen with patience to the foreign praise of Japanese art. Unfortunately, those dominated by the just and natural martial pride of the hour do not reflect that while the development and maintenance of great armaments — unless effected with the greatest economical caution — might lead in short order to national bankruptcy, the future industrial prosperity of the country is likely to depend in no small degree upon the conservation and perfection of the national art sense. Nay, those very means by which Japan won her late victories were largely purchased by the commercial results of that very art sense to which his Excellency seemed to attach no importance. Japan must continue to depend upon her æsthetic faculty, even in so commonplace a field of industry as the manufacture of mattings; for in mere cheap production she will never be able to undersell China.

II.

Although the criticisms provoked by Mr. Strange's essay were unjust to Japanese art, they were quite natural, and indicated nothing worse than ignorance of that art and miscomprehension of its purpose. It is not an art of which the meaning can be read at a glance: years of study are necessary for a right comprehension of it. I cannot pretend that I have mastered the knowledge of all its moods and tenses, but I can say truthfully that the faces in the old picture-books and in the cheap prints of to-day, especially those of the illustrated Japanese newspapers, do not seem to me in the least unreal, much less "absolutely insane." There was a time when they did appear to me fantastic. Now I find them always interesting, sometimes pretty, occasionally beautiful. If I am told

that no other European would say so, then I must declare all other Europeans wrong. I feel sure that if these faces seem to most Occidentals either absurd or soulless, it is only because most Occidentals do not understand them; and even if his Excellency the Japanese Minister to England be willing to accept the statement that no Japanese women ever resembled the women of the Japanese picture-books and cheap prints, I must still refuse to do so.¹ Those pictures, I contend, are true, and reflect intelligence, grace, and beauty. I see the women of the Japanese picture-books in every Japanese street. I have beheld in actual life almost every normal type of face to be found in a Japanese picture-book: the child and the girl, the bride and the mother, the matron and the grandparent; poor and rich; charming or commonplace or vulgar. If I am told that trained art critics who have lived in Japan laugh at this assertion, I reply that they cannot have lived in Japan long enough, or felt her life intimately enough, or studied her art impartially enough, to qualify themselves to understand even the commonest Japanese drawing.

Before I came to Japan I used to be puzzled by the absence of facial expression in certain Japanese pictures. I must confess that the faces, although not even then devoid of a certain weird charm, seemed to me impossible. Afterwards, during the first two years of Far-Eastern experience, — that period in which the stranger is apt to imagine that he is learning all about a people whom no Occidental can ever really understand, — I could recognize the grace and truth of certain forms, and feel something of the intense charm of color in Japanese prints, but I had no perception of the deeper

¹ That Japanese art is capable of great things in ideal facial expression is sufficiently proved by its Buddhist images. In ordinary prints the intentional conventionalism of the faces is hardly noticeable when the drawing is upon a small scale. The suggestion of beauty

is perceptible in such cases. But when the drawing has a certain dimension, — when the face-oval, for instance, has a diameter of more than an inch, — the same treatment seems unnatural to eyes accustomed to look closely for elaborated detail.

meaning of that art. Even the full significance of its color I did not know: much that was simply true I then thought outlandish. While conscious of the charm of many things, the reason of the charm I could not guess. I imagined the apparent conventionalism of the faces to indicate the arrested development of an otherwise marvelous art faculty. It never occurred to me that they might be conventional only in the sense of symbols which, once interpreted, would reveal more than any Western drawing can express. But this was because I still remained under old barbaric influences, — influences that blinded me to the meaning of Japanese drawing. And now, having at last learned a little more, it is the Western art of illustration that appears to me conventional, undeveloped, semi-barbarous. The pictorial attractions of English weeklies and of American magazines now impress me as flat, coarse, and clumsy. My opinion on the subject, however, is limited to the ordinary class of Western illustration as compared with the ordinary class of Japanese prints.

Perhaps somebody will say that, even granting my position, the meaning of any true art should need no interpretation, and that the inferior character of Japanese work is proved by the admission that its meaning is not universally recognizable. Whoever makes such a criticism must imagine Western art to be everywhere equally intelligible. Some of it — the very best — probably is; and some of Japanese art also is. But I can assure the reader that the ordinary art of Western book illustration or magazine engraving is just as incomprehensible to Japanese as Japanese drawings are to Europeans who have never seen Japan. For a Japanese to understand our common engravings, he must have lived abroad. For an Occidental to perceive the truth, or the beauty, or the humor of Japanese drawings, he must know the life which those drawings reflect.

One of the critics at the meeting of

the Japan Society found fault with the absence of facial expression in Japanese drawing as conventional. He compared Japanese art on this ground with the art of the old Egyptians, and held both inferior because restricted by convention. Yet surely the age which makes Laocoön a classic ought to recognize that Greek art itself was not free from conventions. It was an art which we can scarcely hope ever to equal; yet it was more conventional than any existing form of art. And since it proved that even the divine could find development within the limits of artistic convention, the charge of formality is not a charge worth making against Japanese art. Somebody may respond that Greek conventions were conventions of beauty, while those of Japanese drawing have neither beauty nor meaning. But such a statement is possible only because Japanese art has not yet found its Winckelmann nor its Lessing, whereas Greek art, by the labor of generations of modern critics and teachers, has been made somewhat more comprehensible to us than it could have been to our barbarian forefathers. The Greek conventional face cannot be found in real life, no living head presenting so large a facial angle; but the Japanese conventional face can be seen everywhere, when once the real value of its symbol in art is properly understood. The face of Greek art represents an impossible perfection, a superhuman evolution. The seemingly inexpressive face drawn by the Japanese artists represents the living, the actual, the every-day. The former is a dream; the latter is a common fact.

III.

A partial explanation of the apparent physiognomical conventionalism in Japanese drawing is just that law of the subordination of individualism to type, of personality to humanity, of detail to feeling, which the miscomprehended lecturer, Mr. Edward Strange, vainly tried to teach the Japan Society something

about. The Japanese artist depicts an insect, for example, as no European artist can do: he makes it live; he shows its peculiar motion, its character, everything by which it is at once distinguished as a type, — and all this with a few brush-strokes. But he does not attempt to represent every vein upon each of its wings, every separate joint of its antennæ: ¹ he depicts it as it is really seen at a glance, not as studied in detail. We never see all the details of the body of a grasshopper, a butterfly, or a bee, in the moment that we perceive it perching somewhere; we observe only enough to enable us to decide what kind of a creature it is. We see the typical, never the individual peculiarities. Therefore the Japanese artist paints the type alone. To reproduce every detail would be to subordinate the type character to the individual peculiarity. A very minute detail is rarely brought out except when the instant recognition of the type is aided by the recognition of the detail; as, for example, when a ray of light happens to fall upon the joint of a cricket's leg, or to reverberate from the mail of a dragon in a double-colored metallic flash. So likewise in painting a flower, the artist does not depict a particular, but a typical flower: he shows the morphological law of the species, or, to speak symbolically, nature's thought behind the form. The results of this method may astonish even scientific men. Alfred Russel Wallace speaks of a collection of Japanese sketches of plants as "the most masterly things" that he ever saw. "Every stem, twig, and leaf," he declares, "is *produced by single touches of the brush*; the character and perspective of very complicated plants being admirably given, and the articulations of stem and leaves shown in a most scientific manner." (The italics are my own.) Observe that while the work is simplicity itself, "produced by single

touches of the brush," it is, nevertheless, in the opinion of one of the greatest living naturalists, "most scientific." And why? Because it shows the type character and the law of the type. So again, in portraying rocks and cliffs, hills and plains, the Japanese artist gives us the general character, not the wearisome detail of masses; and yet the detail is admirably suggested by this perfect study of the larger law. Or look at his color studies of sunsets and sunrises: he never tries to present every minute fact within range of vision, but offers us only those great luminous tones and chromatic blendings which, after a thousand petty details have been forgotten, still linger in the memory, and there recreate the *feeling* of what has been seen.

Now this general law of the art applies to Japanese representations of the human figure, and also (though here other laws too come into play) of the human face. The general types are given, and often with a force that the cleverest French sketcher could scarcely emulate; the personal trait, the individual peculiarity, is not given. Even when, in the humor of caricature or in dramatic representation, facial expression is strongly marked, it is rendered by typical, not by individual characteristics, just as it was rendered upon the antique stage by the conventional masks of Greek actors.

IV.

A few general remarks about the treatment of faces in ordinary Japanese drawing may help to the understanding of what that treatment teaches.

Youth is indicated by the absence of all but essential touches, and by the clean, smooth curves of the face and neck. Excepting the touches which suggest eyes, nose, and mouth, there are no lines. The curves speak sufficiently of fullness, smoothness, ripeness. For illustrative

¹ Unless he carves it. In that case, his insect — cut in bone or ivory, and appropriately colored — can scarcely be distinguished from

a real insect, except by its weight, when held in the hand. Such absolute realism, however, is only curious, not artistic.

purpose it is unnecessary to elaborate feature; for the age is correctly indicated by the style of the coiffure and the fashion of the dress. In female figures, the absence of eyebrows, also, indicates wifehood; a straggling tress signifies grief; troubled thought is shown by an unmistakable pose or gesture. Hair, costume, and attitude are indeed enough to explain almost everything. But the Japanese artist knows how, by means of extremely delicate variations in the direction and position of the half dozen touches indicating feature, to give some hint of character, whether sympathetic or unsympathetic; and this hint is seldom lost upon a Japanese eye.¹ Again, an almost imperceptible hardening or softening of these touches has moral significance. Still, this is never individual; it is only the faintest possible hint of a physiognomical law. In the case of immature youth, boy and girl faces, there is only a general indication of softness and gentleness, — the abstract rather than the concrete charm of childhood.

In the portrayal of maturer types the lines are more numerous and more accentuated, in recognition of the fact that character necessarily becomes more marked in middle age, as the facial muscles begin to show. But there is only the suggestion of this change, not any study of individualism.

In the representation of old age, the Japanese artist shows us all the wrinkles, the hollows, the shrinking of tissues, the "crow's-feet," the gray hairs, the change in the line of the face following upon the loss of teeth. His old men and women show character. They delight us

by a certain worn sweetness of expression, a look of benevolent resignation; or they repel us by an aspect of cunning, avarice, or envy. There are many types of old age; but they are types of human conditions, not of personality. The picture is not drawn from a model; it is not the reflection of an individual existence: its value is made by the recognition which it exhibits of a general physiognomical or biological law.

Here it is worth while to notice that the reserves of Japanese art in the matter of facial expression accord with the ethics of Oriental society. For ages the rule of conduct has been to mask all selfish feeling as far as possible, — to hide pain and passion under an exterior semblance of smiling amiability or of impassive resignation. One key to the enigmas of Japanese art is Buddhism.

V.

I have said that when I now look at a foreign illustrated newspaper or magazine I can find little pleasure in the engravings. Most often they repel me. The drawing seems to me coarse and hard, and the realism of the conception petty. Such work leaves nothing to the imagination, and usually betrays the effort which it cost. A common Japanese drawing leaves much to the imagination, — nay, irresistibly stimulates it, — and never betrays effort. Everything in a common European engraving is detailed and individualized. Everything in a Japanese drawing is impersonal and suggestive. The former reveals no law: it is a study of particularities. The latter invariably teaches something of law, and

¹ In modern Japanese newspaper illustrations (I refer particularly to the admirable woodcuts illustrating the *feuilletons* of the Osaka Asahi Shimbun) these indications are quite visible even to a practiced foreign eye. The artist of the Asahi Shimbun is a woman.

I am here reminded of a curious fact which I do not remember having seen mention of in any book about Japan. The newly arrived Westerner often complains of his inability to

distinguish one Japanese from another, and attributes this difficulty to the absence of strongly marked physiognomy in the race. He does not imagine that our more sharply accentuated Occidental physiognomy produces the very same effect upon the Japanese. Many and many a one has said to me, "For a long time I found it very hard to tell one foreigner from another: they all seemed to me alike."

suppresses particularities except in their relation to law.

One may often hear Japanese say that Western art is too realistic; and the judgment contains a certain amount of truth. But the realism in it which offends Japanese taste, especially in the matter of facial expression, is not found fault with merely because of minuteness of detail. Detail in itself is not condemned by any art; and the highest art is that in which detail is most exquisitely elaborated. The art which saw the divine, which rose above nature's best, which discovered supramundane ideals for animal and even floral shapes, was characterized by the sharpest possible perfection of detail. And in the higher Japanese art, as in the Greek, the use of detail aids rather than opposes the aspirational aim. What most displeases in the realism of our modern illustration is not mere multiplicity of detail, but, as we shall presently see, *character* of detail.

The queerest fact about the suppression of physiognomical detail in Japanese art is that this suppression is most evident just where we should least expect to find it, namely, in those creations called "This-miserable-world pictures" (Ukiyo-yé), or, to use a corresponding Western religious term, "Pictures of this Vale of Tears." For although the artists of this school have really given us pictures of a very beautiful and happy world, they professed to reflect truth. One form of truth they certainly gave, but after a manner totally at variance with our common notions of realism. The Ukiyo-yé artist drew actualities, but not repellent or meaningless actualities, proving his rank even more by his refusal than by his choice of subjects. He looked for dominant laws of contrast and color, for the general character of nature's combinations, for the order of the beautiful as it was and is. Otherwise his art was in no sense aspirational; it was the art of the larger comprehension of things as they are. Thus he was rightly

a realist, notwithstanding that his realism appears only in the study of constants, generalities, types. And as expressing the synthesis of common fact, the systematization of natural law, this Japanese art is by its method scientific in the truest sense. The higher art, the aspirational art (whether Japanese or old Greek), is, on the contrary, essentially religious by its method.

Where the scientific and the aspirational extremes of art touch, one may expect to find some universal æsthetic truth recognized by both. They agree in their impersonality: they refuse to individualize. And the lesson of the very highest art that ever existed suggests the true reason for this common refusal.

What does the charm of an antique head express, whether in marble, gem, or mural painting, — for instance, that marvelous head of Leucothea which prefaces the work of Winckelmann? Needless to seek the reply from works of mere art critics. Science alone can furnish it. You will find it in Herbert Spencer's essay on Personal Beauty. The beauty of such a head signifies a superhumanly perfect development and balance of the intellectual faculties. All those variations of feature constituting what we call "expression" represent departures from a perfect type just in proportion as they represent what we term "character;" and they are, or ought to be, more or less disagreeable or painful because "the aspects which please us are the outward correlatives of inward perfections; and the aspects which displease us are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections." Mr. Spencer goes on to say that although there are often grand natures behind plain faces, and although fine countenances frequently hide small souls, "these anomalies do not destroy the general truth of the law any more than the perturbations of planets destroy the general ellipticity of their orbits."

Both Greek and Japanese art recognized the physiognomical truth which

Mr. Spencer put into the simple formula, "Expression is feature in the making." The highest art, Greek art, rising above the real to reach the divine, gives us the dream of feature perfected. Japanese realism, so much larger than our own as to be still misunderstood, gives us only "feature in the making," or rather, the general law of feature in the making.

VI.

Thus we reach the common truth recognized equally by Greek art and by Japanese art, namely, the non-moral significance of individual expression. And our admiration of the art reflecting personality is, of course, non-moral, since the delineation of individual imperfection is not, in the ethical sense, a subject for admiration.

Although the facial aspects which really attract us may be considered the outward correlatives of inward perfections, or of approaches to perfections, we generally confess an interest in physiognomy which by no means speaks to us of inward *moral* perfections, but rather suggests perfections of the reverse order. This fact is manifested even in daily life. When we exclaim, "What force!" on seeing a head with prominent bushy brows, incisive nose, deep-set eyes, and a massive jaw, we are really expressing our recognition of force, but only of the sort of force underlying instincts of aggression and brutality. When we commend the character of certain strong aquiline faces, certain so-called Roman profiles, we are really commending the traits that mark a race of prey. It is true that we do not admire faces in which only brutal, or cruel, or cunning traits exist; but it is true also that we admire the indications of obstinacy, aggressiveness, and harshness when united with certain indications of intelligence. It may even be said that we associate the idea of manhood with the idea of aggressive power more than with the idea of any other power. Whether this power

be physical or intellectual, we estimate it in our popular preferences, at least, above the really superior powers of the mind, and call intelligent cunning by the euphemism of "shrewdness." Probably the manifestation in some modern human being of the Greek ideal of masculine beauty would interest the average observer less than a face presenting the abnormal development of traits the reverse of noble, since the intellectual significance of such beauty could be realized only by persons capable of appreciating the miracle of a perfect balance of the highest possible human faculties. In modern art we look only for the feminine beauty which appeals to the feeling of sex, or for that child beauty which appeals to the instincts of parenthood; and we should characterize real beauty in the portrayal of manhood not only as unnatural, but as effeminate. War and love are still the two dominant tones in that reflection of modern life which our serious art gives. But it will be noticed that when the artist would exhibit the ideal of beauty or of virtue, he is still obliged to borrow from antique knowledge. As a borrower, he is never quite successful, since he belongs to a humanity in many respects much below the ancient Greek level. A German philosopher has well said, "The resuscitated Greeks would, with perfect truth, declare our works of art in all departments to be thoroughly barbarous." How could they be otherwise in an age which openly admires intelligence less because of its power to create and preserve than because of its power to crush and destroy?

Why this admiration of powers which we should certainly not like to have exercised against ourselves? Largely, no doubt, because we admire what we wish to possess, and we understand the immense value of aggressive power, intellectual especially, in the great competitive struggle of modern civilization.

As reflecting both the actualities and the aspirations of Western life, our art

would be found ethically not only below Greek art, but even below Japanese. Greek art expressed the aspiration of a race toward the divinely beautiful and the divinely wise. Japanese art reflects the simple joy of existence, the perception of natural law in form and color, the perception of natural law in change, and the sense of life made harmonious by social order and by self-suppression. Modern Western art reflects the thirst of pleasure, the idea of life as a battle for the right to enjoy, and the unamiable qualities which are indispensable to success in the competitive struggle.

It has been said that the history of Western civilization is written in Western physiognomy. I am not sure whether this is true. But it is interesting to study Western facial expression through Oriental eyes. I have frequently amused myself by showing European or American illustrations to Japanese children and hearing their artless comments upon the faces therein depicted. A complete record of these comments might prove to have value as well as interest, but for present purposes I shall offer only the results of two experiments.

The first was with a little boy, nine years old, before whom, one evening, I placed several numbers of an illustrated magazine. After turning over a few of the pages, he exclaimed, "Why do foreign artists like to draw horrible things?"

"What horrible things?" I inquired.

"These," he said, pointing to a group of figures representing voters at the polls.

"Why, those are not horrible," I answered. "We think those drawings very good."

"But the faces! There cannot really be such faces in the world."

"We think those are ordinary men. Really horrible faces we very seldom draw."

He stared in surprise, evidently suspecting that I was not in earnest.

To a little girl of eleven I showed some engravings representing famous European beauties.

"They do not look bad," was her comment. "But they seem so much like men, and their eyes are so big! Their mouths are pretty."

The mouth signifies a great deal in Japanese physiognomy, and the child was in this regard appreciative. I then showed her some drawings from life, in a New York periodical. She asked, "Is it true that there are people like those pictures?"

"Plenty," I said. "Those are good, common faces, mostly country folk, farmers."

"Farmers! They are like *Oni* [demons] from the *jigoku* [Buddhist hell]."

"No," I answered, "there is nothing very bad in those faces. We have faces in the West very much worse."

"Only to see them," she exclaimed, "I should die! I do not like this book."

I set before her a Japanese picture-book, — a book of views of the Tokaido. She clapped her hands joyfully, and pushed my half-inspected foreign magazine out of the way.

Lafcadio Hearn.

POETIC RHYTHMS IN PROSE.

ONE of the things that critics often speak of is prose rhythm, but if you look in the books to find out what prose rhythm is you will gain but small comfort. It appears to be something that a man of taste will recognize and feel and like (if it be good), but no one has yet said anything very definite about it; so if you do not see it for yourself, you must get on as well as you can without.

Different authors have been said to have a good rhythm, or not to have one. Thus of Cardinal Newman it is written¹ that he "understood perfectly the symbolic value of rhythm, and the possibility of imposing upon a series of simple words, by delicately sensitive adjustment, a power over the feelings like that of an incantation." Whereas of Mr. Pater I read² that his work "is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage in music, and seems, here and there, to lack the true rhythmical life of words, and the fine freedom and richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces." I like to think that I understand such passages when I turn to the authors themselves, but, with my painful academic habit of mind, I sometimes ask myself: "What is this rhythm in prose? Is it a thing definable? Will any good come from trying to observe it, to abstract it, to note its qualities and effects? Can we formulate it in such particular terms that one who has no previous inkling of it shall recognize it, and feel that thereby good prose has something for him that it never had before?" So far, however, I must confess that I have by no means satisfied myself in the matter.

There is something attractive in the subject, all the same, something alluring; I suspect that it rather fascinates one.

¹ By Mr. Gates, in the Introduction to his *Selections from Newman*.

² *Intentions*, by Oscar Wilde.

The conception of this undercurrent of living power, making itself felt, though unobserved in its processes and its modes of action; this formative resolvent; this indefinable pulsing, which thaws out the rigidity of prose, as it were, which brings it into harmony, like the unseen forces of the earth in springtime, brings it into harmony with nature herself as she goes heaving along from all time-was to eternity, with unceasing rhythm and life, — it takes a hold on one's imagination. And after all, the imagination is one way toward truth; it is by his imagination that one knows the scholar.

Rather easier than to tell what is good prose rhythm is to tell what it is not: and nowadays, when the expression "poetic prose" has a certain vogue, it is good to clear one's mind on the subject; to understand, namely, that good prose does not easily adopt the especial garment of poetry. Even so far back as Aristotle, that man who was the first to understand so many things now simple, the matter was observed. Certain rather flashy writers, it would seem, had misled public taste into feeling that prose was at its best when it was drifting into poetry. Aristotle, however, as though conscious of the responsibility resting on him of laying down the law for all coming critics, remarks that it is the opinion of most uneducated people that a poetical style in prose is the finest, but adds that "the idea is erroneous, the styles of prose and of poetry being distinct."³ And all the way down from Aristotle the idea has been dimly present in the critical mind that distinctly poetic rhythms in prose were a blemish rather than a beauty. One hears of unconscious hexameters in Livy, of the couplets (lacking only rhyme)

³ *Rhetoric* III. 1. See Welldon's translation for a note or two.

in Rousseau, of "many a scanning line" in Dryden.

All this sounds well, and there is good sense in it. Just as the different arts really have different powers and different methods, and do not successfully poach on one another's preserves, so one thing can be done best by good poetry, and another by good prose; nor is it very clear that anything can be done best by a mixture of the two. Still, one is sometimes led to think the critics on the way toward pedantry; to think a poetic rhythm in prose not necessarily very offensive even to a cultivated ear; in other words, to fancy that the matter may be pushed rather too far. Looking earnestly for the real fact without much regard to theory, I believe that one might well agree with Wordsworth, who says that "lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable."¹

Poetic rhythm may certainly be found here and there without much hunting.²

"It is well to know the trick of a lock
And the hour that guard is changed,"

is the remark of a rough character, not in a ballad by Rudyard Kipling, but in a prose tale by Gilbert Parker. In a less romantic place, namely, the Editor's Study of Harper's, I once read:—

"We say that the time of the falling leaves
Is the pleasantest time of the year."

But the little gem was quaintly pretending to be prose, and probably will not be found in the collected poems of its gifted author.

Even in the great lords of creation we may find something of the sort. Thus, although Mr. Gates says of Newman that there is not "any of the sing-song of pseudo-poetic prose" in his cadences, one of the passages to which he afterwards refers makes one feel doubtful. "To consider the world in its length and

breadth," writes Newman at the beginning of the passage in question; and if he had only gone on, "is an excellent thing to do," the metrical effect would probably have been more easily noticed. So also Mr. Pater, who thinks that Dryden's prose is "vitiating" by those scanning lines, allows himself certain lapses not only in Marius, but elsewhere. "Perhaps," he says, in writing of Botticelli,

"Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why
those peevish-looking Madonnas
Conform to no acknowledged or obvious type
of beauty."

While of Marius he says that

"The sense of some unexplored evil, ever dog-
ging his footsteps,
Made him oddly suspicious of particular
places and persons."

Such matters, however, passed unnoticed, quite clearly, with Mr. Pater and Cardinal Newman, and it would seem rather like pedantry to insist that because you can, if you try hard enough, scan a dozen words or so, they should not have their place in a bit of prose. Often, indeed, the words scan only when pulled out of their connection; in their place, as they were written, there is little hint of metrical effect. In the celebrated description of St. Mark's, Mr. Ruskin has so artfully mingled metre with his prose that in some cases it will pass quite unnoticed until one's attention is called to it. "The figures," he writes, "indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago." Here we have at the end six iambic feet, to use the classical name, but it seems harsh to separate off the alexandrine:—

"When first its gates were angel-guarded long
ago."

Metrically, it can be read as a six-foot in a note on "The Music of Prose," in *Impressions and Memories*, by J. Ashcroft Noble.

¹ In a note in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

² The reader may find a number of examples

iambic, but it was hardly meant to be read with just such an accentuation, and obviously we gain no pleasure from forcing a metrical swing upon prose which was meant to be read in a manner quite different.

There are times, however, when the metrical effect is hard to avoid, and times, moreover, when the temptation to metre is powerful, but ruinous. Here, for instance, are two passages from *The Teacher of a Violin*, by Mr. Shorthouse:

“News of a world beyond the thought of those
Who merely haunt the palaces of earth.”

In this passage, coming as it does at the very end of a paragraph, there will be in the minds of some a certain self-justification. But the next extract ends very unhappily:—

“The wandering, seeking wind
Through reed or organ-pipe or flute,
Or over strings of violin, or grassy hill,
Spoke to the spirit and to the spirit born,
And to such only, with a sufficient and adequate
voice.”

In this case, the reader's ear becomes used, for good or ill, to the iambic movement, broken a little now and then by an anapest as in blank verse, having an alexandrine which offers no real bar to the metre, and so passes on and on, until at the very end comes that “sufficient and adequate voice” which at the moment seems so very insufficient and inadequate. This is really annoying: it is not merely the academic question, if you choose to call it so, whether scanning lines are to be allowed in prose or not; it is a positive jar upon the ear; it is harsh, painful. It is only imperfect poetry; it has as bad an effect as an assonance in blank verse.

Sometimes the case is not precisely the same. It is not that we have anything that is really metrical, but we have something that comes pretty near it,—something so nearly metrical that our ear finds the metre out, and is constantly tantalized by being so near it, and yet never attaining it in any completeness. I notice this more than elsewhere in

prose written by poets. William Morris once wrote *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, in a curious sort of diction which, although probably never used by any living man except the author, had a kind of old-fashioned effect. Here is a passage which I believe is rather representative:—

“So he opened the locker again, and drew out thence a great horn of some huge neat of the outlands, which was girthed and stopped with silver, and also a golden cup, and gave it into Hallblithe's hand, and said, ‘Drink, O black-fledged nestling! But call a health over the cup if thou wilt.’ So Hallblithe raised the cup aloft, and cried, ‘Health to the House of the Raven and to them that love it! An ill day to its foemen!’ Then he set his lips to the cup and drank; and that wine seemed to him better and stronger than any he had ever tasted.”

Now, whatever excellence that prose has in the way of rhythm, it is not the excellence of prose rhythm, for by a few changes one can turn it into a sort of hexameter (with apologies to the eminent author) as follows:—

The stranger

Opened the locker again, and drew out thence a
great horn of
Some huge neat of the outlands, girthed and
stopped with silver;
Also a golden cup; and he filled the cup from
the neat-horn,
Gave it to Hallblithe's hand, and said, “Drink,
O black-fledged nestling!”

Hallblithe raised the cup, and cried, “Health
to the House of the Raven!
Health to them that love it! An evil day to
its foemen!”
He set his lips to the cup; and the wine seemed
better and stronger, —
Better and stronger it seemed than any he ever
had tasted.

In this case the prose is so near to verse that one is constantly slipping over the edge. If one feels no jar at such diction, if one feels rather a certain pleasure at it, that pleasure would seem to be of the kind given by poetry, and rather poor poetry at that.

Much the same thing is a fault of one of the less known stories of Edgar Allan Poe, in which his right hand had lost its cunning. The only reason for dragging it out is that it really is such an instructive example. It is named *Eleanora*. The first paragraph has a good prose rhythm, and the second is not so bad; the third is as follows:—

"She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother, long departed. *Eleanora* was the name of my cousin. We had always lived together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling round about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in the vicinity; and to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back with force the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley, — I and my cousin and her mother."

Just near enough to be annoying is this to

We had always lived together, 'neath a burning
tropic sun,
In the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.
No rude, unguided footstep ever came upon
that vale;

For it lay
Far away, etc.

There is a good deal more of the same sort in the tale; the next paragraph to the last, for instance, begins, "I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked;" and throughout the story one feels that there is poetical movement somewhere close at hand, if only one could get hold of it.

Thus far of the facts in the case: it seems as if there could be no doubt that certain approaches to metre in prose are

distinctly harsh; or perhaps a better word is "annoying." Aside from the question, What constitutes good prose rhythm? we may feel assured that the introduction of poor poetical rhythm has an effect rather irritating than otherwise, and that even with good poetical rhythm the transition from metre to prose is apt to be trying.

All this becomes plainer if we compare it with what little we really know of rhythm from the standpoint of the psychologist. Although the matter is not wholly clear to me, it would seem that to some extent rhythm is subjective, that it is imposed by the mind upon this or that. Any one can try the experiment readily enough by listening to the puffs of a locomotive engine, or to the noise made by the car-wheels going over the ends of the railroad tracks. You will find generally that you can make them go in one rhythm or another, to suit yourself. People are rather different about it, but almost every one can make a watch or a clock tick, one, two — one, two — and so on; or one, two, three — one, two, three; a good many people can go much farther. So it is with a great number of recurrent sounds; they may not actually differ in stress, but the mind imposes a sort of rhythm, so that we hear a stick dragged along the paling, a drop of rain falling in a particular place, or anything of the sort, in a kind of "pattern," as I used to call it when a boy. Now in poetry this "pattern" is suggested to us by the look of the poem, if we are experienced; sometimes the metre is not apparent, however, and we have to make one or two trials before we get rightly started. But the idea once established, the mind continues to impose the rhythm upon everything that comes along; thus in the beginning of *Elaine*, for instance:—

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot."

Here the first two lines are so regular that we get at once the notion of the iambic rhythm, so that the variations in the third and fourth lines are noticeable, though not offensive, being slight. The words "high" and "guarded" are accented, a thing out of the usual recurrence; but this serves to give them an emphasis which is not out of place. The words "tower to the east" must be pronounced rapidly, which gives perhaps a feeling in harmony with the airy height of the tower. Then, as the poem goes on, there are enough verses perfectly regular to keep the rhythm well in mind, so that the variations from it may serve the purposes of the poet. All this is repeated many times in the experience of any reader of poetry. The mind gets the idea of the rhythm, and imposes this idea on all that comes before it; when it cannot impose the rhythm without doing real violence to ordinary usage, then, if the interruption be slight there is a concentration of attention, and if the reason be clear we go cheerfully on. But in such passages as those quoted the interruption is not slight; take the second quoted from Mr. Shorthouse, or let us take another example from the same book:—

"A world of human suffering and doubt and terror, of love unrequited, of righteousness unrecognized, of toil and sorrow and despair unrelieved, until, in the thronged theatres and market-places, where life stands waiting its abiding doom, the times and seasons of the world's harvest being fully ripe, the riddle of righteousness and wrong is answered, and in the sad gray dawn of the eternal day the dividing sickle is put in."

Here the first words may give us the effect of rhythm. If they do not, we go on with no such idea until we come to the next set of italicized words, and then no sooner do we catch the rhythm than we are landed in prose again; in a minute or two we have rhythm once more, then once more it vanishes.

All this makes what we may really call harshness; it is like coasting into a stretch of sand at the bottom of a hill, or like a train running off the track. And this difficulty will always attend the change from metre to prose; for one of the characteristics of metrical prose is that you never know when the metre is coming or when it is going to stop. In the other extracts the case is somewhat different. There it would seem that the mind gets a sort of inkling of the way things should go, but do not, and that we have a painful disappointment in expecting a recurrence that does not recur. Such disappointments are recognized by the students of scientific æsthetic in many directions; they are called, I believe, "repressive pains." In ordinary language I should call them disappointments; but whatever be their best name, the reader of metrical prose stands in danger of them.

So much for metrical snatches in prose; where they are only dimly apprehended they may not trouble us, but as soon as we appreciate them they offend. They do not make good prose rhythm: they are, as has always been said, faults, blemishes in good prose.

The difference between the rhythm of poetry and the rhythm of prose is the difference in form between conventionalized designs and the freer representations of nature. In point of time, poetry always comes first so far as art is concerned, just as the first drawing and painting is always in some degree conventional. We gain a certain pleasure from poetic rhythm as such, just as we gain a certain pleasure from conventionalized design as such. It is true that in painting and drawing the most effective expressions are the more natural, which is hardly the case in poetry and prose. I suppose the difference is that in the graphic arts the forms go for so much more; we have no way of getting at the meaning except by the forms (which is not the case in poetry and prose); we

notice so much more readily the incongruity between the unnatural form and the nature of the subject. Be this as it may, the comparison may at least serve as a simile: in poetical rhythm we have the conventionalized roll of the wave border; in prose rhythm we have the irregularity of the waves themselves, in which, however, any one may perceive sufficient regularity for its own kind of pleasure. Or, to change the figure a little, in prose rhythm we have the lingering, hurrying, eddying course of the current of some little river. And this figure is rather better than the other, for prose proceeds in very much the way such a lazy little river does. It seems to be caused by successive periods of alternate hasting over considerable lengths of slightly accented words, and eddying around groups of accents more thickly put together than is possible in poetry.

But I see that I am allowing myself to be tempted into writing of what I do not understand; I must remain content with the comparisons. It may be re-

marked, however, that in the matter of form only are the comparisons suggestive; we prefer the breakers on the beach and the river in the meadow-land for many reasons beside their abstract form; color, light and shade, and all the current of ideas brought along by association are far more important. So do we prefer poetry to prose often enough for many other reasons than their mere metrical effect; indeed, rather a small number of persons even apprehend the metrical effect of either. They read poetry as if it were prose, and prose as if it were anything you please. To abstract the rhythmical effect is not so very easy, any more than it is easy to abstract the sensations of pure form from the other sensations and perceptions that we gain from ocean or river. But those who do abstract these qualities find, when they drop analysis and proceed with the simple synthetic appreciation needful to art, that they have gained a something which gives to prose as well as to poetry a quality which they could ill afford to spare.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

ATHÉNAÏSE: A STORY OF A TEMPERAMENT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

ATHÉNAÏSE went away in the morning to make a visit to her parents, ten miles back on rigolet du Bon Dieu. She did not return in the evening, and Cazeau, her husband, fretted not a little. He did not worry much about Athénaïse, who, he suspected, was resting only too content in the bosom of her family; his chief solicitude was manifestly for the pony she had ridden. He felt sure those "lazy pigs," her brothers, were capable of neglecting it seriously. This misgiving Cazeau communicated to his servant,

old Félicité, who waited upon him at supper.

His voice was low pitched, and even softer than Félicité's. He was tall, sinewy, swarthy, and altogether severe looking. His thick black hair waved, and it gleamed like the breast of a crow. The sweep of his mustache, which was not so black, outlined the broad contour of the mouth. Beneath the under lip grew a small tuft which he was much given to twisting, and which he permitted to grow, apparently, for no other purpose. Cazeau's eyes were dark blue, narrow and overshadowed. His hands were coarse

and stiff from close acquaintance with farming tools and implements, and he handled his fork and knife clumsily. But he was distinguished looking, and succeeded in commanding a good deal of respect, and even fear sometimes.

He ate his supper alone, by the light of a single coal-oil lamp that but faintly illumined the big room, with its bare floor and huge rafters, and its heavy pieces of furniture that loomed dimly in the gloom of the apartment. Félicité, ministering to his wants, hovered about the table like a little, bent, restless shadow.

She served him a dish of sunfish fried crisp and brown. There was nothing else set before him beside the bread and butter and the bottle of red wine which she locked carefully in the buffet after he had poured his second glass. She was occupied with her mistress's absence, and kept reverting to it after he had expressed his solicitude about the pony.

"Dat beat me! on'y marry two mont', an' got de head turn' a'ready to go 'broad. Ce n'est pas Chrétien, tenez!"

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders for answer, after he had drained his glass and pushed aside his plate. Félicité's opinion of the unchristian-like behavior of his wife in leaving him thus alone after two months of marriage weighed little with him. He was used to solitude, and did not mind a day or a night or two of it. He had lived alone ten years, since his first wife died, and Félicité might have known better than to suppose that he cared. He told her she was a fool. It sounded like a compliment in his modulated, caressing voice. She grumbled to herself as she set about clearing the table, and Cazeau arose and walked outside on the gallery; his spur, which he had not removed upon entering the house, jangled at every step.

The night was beginning to deepen, and to gather black about the clusters of trees and shrubs that were grouped in the yard. In the beam of light from the open kitchen door a black boy stood

feeding a brace of snarling, hungry dogs; further away, on the steps of a cabin, some one was playing the accordion; and in still another direction a little negro baby was crying lustily. Cazeau walked around to the front of the house, which was square, squat, and one-story.

A belated wagon was driving in at the gate, and the impatient driver was swearing hoarsely at his jaded oxen. Félicité stepped out on the gallery, glass and polishing-towel in hand, to investigate, and to wonder, too, who could be singing out on the river. It was a party of young people paddling around, waiting for the moon to rise, and they were singing Juanita, their voices coming tempered and melodious through the distance and the night.

Cazeau's horse was waiting, saddled, ready to be mounted, for Cazeau had many things to attend to before bedtime; so many things that there was not left to him a moment in which to think of *Athénaïse*. He felt her absence, though, like a dull, insistent pain.

However, before he slept that night he was visited by the thought of her, and by a vision of her fair young face with its drooping lips and sullen and averted eyes. The marriage had been a blunder; he had only to look into her eyes to feel that, to discover her growing aversion. But it was a thing not by any possibility to be undone. He was quite prepared to make the best of it, and expected no less than a like effort on her part. The less she revisited the rigolet, the better. He would find means to keep her at home hereafter.

These unpleasant reflections kept Cazeau awake far into the night, notwithstanding the craving of his whole body for rest and sleep. The moon was shining, and its pale effulgence reached dimly into the room, and with it a touch of the cool breath of the spring night. There was an unusual stillness abroad; no sound to be heard save the distant, tireless, plaintive notes of the accordion.

II.

Athénaïse did not return the following day, even though her husband sent her word to do so by her brother, Montéclin, who passed on his way to the village early in the morning.

On the third day Cazeau saddled his horse and went himself in search of her. She had sent no word, no message, explaining her absence, and he felt that he had good cause to be offended. It was rather awkward to have to leave his work, even though late in the afternoon, — Cazeau had always so much to do; but among the many urgent calls upon him, the task of bringing his wife back to a sense of her duty seemed to him for the moment paramount.

The Michés, Athénaïse's parents, lived on the old Gotrain place. It did not belong to them; they were "running" it for a merchant in Alexandria. The house was far too big for their use. One of the lower rooms served for the storing of wood and tools; the person "occupying" the place before Miché having pulled up the flooring in despair of being able to patch it. Upstairs, the rooms were so large, so bare, that they offered a constant temptation to lovers of the dance, whose importunities Madame Miché was accustomed to meet with amiable indulgence. A dance at Miché's and a plate of Madame Miché's gumbo filé at midnight were pleasures not to be neglected or despised, unless by such serious souls as Cazeau.

Long before Cazeau reached the house his approach had been observed, for there was nothing to obstruct the view of the outer road; vegetation was not yet abundantly advanced, and there was but a patchy, straggling stand of cotton and corn in Miché's field.

Madame Miché, who had been seated on the gallery in a rocking-chair, stood up to greet him as he drew near. She was short and fat, and wore a black skirt

and loose muslin sack fastened at the throat with a hair brooch. Her own hair, brown and glossy, showed but a few threads of silver. Her round pink face was cheery, and her eyes were bright and good humored. But she was plainly perturbed and ill at ease as Cazeau advanced.

Montéclin, who was there too, was not ill at ease, and made no attempt to disguise the dislike with which his brother-in-law inspired him. He was a slim, wiry fellow of twenty-five, short of stature like his mother, and resembling her in feature. He was in shirt-sleeves, half leaning, half sitting, on the insecure railing of the gallery, and fanning himself with his broad-rimmed felt hat.

"Cochon!" he muttered under his breath as Cazeau mounted the stairs, — "sacré cochon!"

"Cochon" had sufficiently characterized the man who had once on a time declined to lend Montéclin money. But when this same man had had the presumption to propose marriage to his well-beloved sister, Athénaïse, and the honor to be accepted by her, Montéclin felt that a qualifying epithet was needed fully to express his estimate of Cazeau.

Miché and his oldest son were absent. They both esteemed Cazeau highly, and talked much of his qualities of head and heart, and thought much of his excellent standing with city merchants.

Athénaïse had shut herself up in her room. Cazeau had seen her rise and enter the house at perceiving him. He was a good deal mystified, but no one could have guessed it when he shook hands with Madame Miché. He had only nodded to Montéclin, with a muttered "Comment ça va?"

"Tiens! something tole me you were coming to-day!" exclaimed Madame Miché, with a little blustering appearance of being cordial and at ease, as she offered Cazeau a chair.

He ventured a short laugh as he seated himself.

"You know, nothing would do," she went on, with much gesture of her small, plump hands, "nothing would do but Athénaïse mus' stay las' night fo' a li'le dance. The boys wouldn' year to their sister leaving."

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders significantly, telling as plainly as words that he knew nothing about it.

"Comment! Montéclin didn' tell you we were going to keep Athénaïse?" Montéclin had evidently told nothing.

"An' how about the night befo'," questioned Cazeau, "an' las' night? It is n't possible you dance every night out yere on the Bon Dieu!"

Madame Miché laughed, with amiable appreciation of the sarcasm; and turning to her son, "Montéclin, my boy, go tell yo' sister that Monsieur Cazeau is yere."

Montéclin did not stir except to shift his position and settle himself more securely on the railing.

"Did you year me, Montéclin?"

"Oh yes, I year'd you plain enough," responded her son, "but you know as well as me it's no use to tell 'Thénaïse anything. You been talkin' to her yo'-se'f since Monday; an' pa's preached himse'f hoarse on the subject; an' you even had uncle Achille down yere yesterday to reason with her. W'en 'Thénaïse said she wasn' goin' to set her foot back in Cazeau's house, she meant it."

This speech, which Montéclin delivered with thorough unconcern, threw his mother into a condition of painful but dumb embarrassment. It brought two fiery red spots to Cazeau's cheeks, and for the space of a moment he looked wicked.

What Montéclin had spoken was quite true, though his taste in the manner and choice of time and place in saying it were not of the best. Athénaïse, upon the first day of her arrival, had announced that she came to stay, having no intention of returning under Cazeau's roof. The announcement had scattered con-

sternation, as she knew it would. She had been implored, scolded, entreated, stormed at, until she felt herself like a dragging sail that all the winds of heaven had beaten upon. Why in the name of God had she married Cazeau? Her father had lashed her with the question a dozen times. Why indeed? It was difficult now for her to understand why, unless because she supposed it was customary for girls to marry when the right opportunity came. Cazeau, she knew, would make life more comfortable for her; and again, she had liked him, and had even been rather flustered when he pressed her hands and kissed them, and kissed her lips and cheeks and eyes, when she accepted him.

Montéclin himself had taken her aside to talk the thing over. The turn of affairs was delighting him.

"Come, now, 'Thénaïse, you mus' explain to me all about it, so we can settle on a good cause, an' secu' a separation fo' you. Has he been mistreating an' abusing you, the sacré cochon?" They were alone together in her room, whither she had taken refuge from the angry domestic elements.

"You please to reserve yo' disgusting expressions, Montéclin. No, he has not abused me in any way that I can think."

"Does he drink? Come, 'Thénaïse, think well over it. Does he ever get drunk?"

"Drunk! Oh, mercy, no, — Cazeau never gets drunk."

"I see; it's jus' simply you feel like me: you hate him."

"No, I don't hate him," she returned reflectively; adding with a sudden impulse, "It's jus' being married that I detes' an' despise. I hate being Mrs. Cazeau, an' would want to be Athénaïse Miché again. I can't stan' to live with a man: to have him always there; his coats an' pantaloons hanging in my room; his ugly bare feet — washing them in my tub, befo' my very eyes, ugh!" She shuddered with recollections, and resumed,

with a sigh that was almost a sob: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Sister Marie Angélique knew w'at she was saying; she knew me better than myse'f w'en she said God had sent me a vocation an' I was turning deaf ears. W'en I think of a blessed life in the convent, at peace! Oh, w'at was I dreaming of!" and then the tears came.

Montéclin felt disconcerted and greatly disappointed at having obtained evidence that would carry no weight with a court of justice. The day had not come when a young woman might ask the court's permission to return to her mamma on the sweeping grounds of a constitutional disinclination for marriage. But if there was no way of untying this Gordian knot of marriage, there was surely a way of cutting it.

"Well, 'Thénaïse, I'm mighty durn sorry you got no better groun's 'an w'at you say. But you can count on me to stan' by you w'atever you do. God knows I don' blame you fo' not wantin' to live with Cazeau."

And now there was Cazeau himself, with the red spots flaming in his swarthy cheeks, looking and feeling as if he wanted to thrash Montéclin into some semblance of decency. He arose abruptly, and approaching the room which he had seen his wife enter, thrust open the door after a hasty preliminary knock. Athénaïse, who was standing erect at a far window, turned at his entrance.

She appeared neither angry nor frightened, but thoroughly unhappy, with an appeal in her soft dark eyes and a tremor on her lips that seemed to him expressions of unjust reproach, that wounded and maddened him at once. But whatever he might feel, Cazeau knew only one way to act toward a woman.

"Athénaïse, you are not ready?" he asked in his quiet tones. "It's getting late; we havn' any time to lose."

She knew that Montéclin had spoken out, and she had hoped for a wordy interview, a stormy scene, in which she might

have held her own as she had held it for the past three days against her family, with Montéclin's aid. But she had no weapon with which to combat subtlety. Her husband's looks, his tones, his mere presence, brought to her a sudden sense of hopelessness, an instinctive realization of the futility of rebellion against a social and sacred institution.

Cazeau said nothing further, but stood waiting in the doorway. Madame Miché had walked to the far end of the gallery, and pretended to be occupied with having a chicken driven from her parterre. Montéclin stood by, exasperated, fuming, ready to burst out.

Athénaïse went and reached for her riding-skirt that hung against the wall. She was rather tall, with a figure which, though not robust, seemed perfect in its fine proportions. "La fille de son père," she was often called, which was a great compliment to Miché. Her brown hair was brushed all fluffily back from her temples and low forehead, and about her features and expression lurked a softness, a prettiness, a dewiness, that were perhaps too childlike, that savored of immaturity.

She slipped the riding-skirt, which was of black alpaca, over her head, and with impatient fingers hooked it at the waist over her pink linen-lawn. Then she fastened on her white sunbonnet and reached for her gloves on the mantelpiece.

"If you don' wan' to go, you know w'at you got to do, 'Thénaïse," fumed Montéclin. "You don' set yo' feet back on Cane River, by God, unless you want to. — not w'ile I'm alive."

Cazeau looked at him as if he were a monkey whose antics fell short of being amusing.

Athénaïse still made no reply, said not a word. She walked rapidly past her husband, past her brother; bidding good-by to no one, not even to her mother. She descended the stairs, and without assistance from any one mounted the

pony, which Cazeau had ordered to be saddled upon his arrival. In this way she obtained a fair start of her husband, whose departure was far more leisurely, and for the greater part of the way she managed to keep an appreciable gap between them. She rode almost madly at first, with the wind inflating her skirt balloon-like about her knees, and her sun-bonnet falling back between her shoulders.

At no time did Cazeau make an effort to overtake her until traversing an old fallow meadow that was level and hard as a table. The sight of a great solitary oak-tree, with its seemingly immutable outlines, that had been a landmark for ages — or was it the odor of elderberry stealing up from the gully to the south? or what was it that brought vividly back to Cazeau, by some association of ideas, a scene of many years ago? He had passed that old live-oak hundreds of times, but it was only now* that the memory of one day came back to him. He was a very small boy that day, seated before his father on horseback. They were proceeding slowly, and Black Gabe was moving on before them at a little dog-trot. Black Gabe had run away, and had been discovered back in the Gotrain Swamp. They had halted beneath this big oak to enable the negro to take breath; for Cazeau's father was a kind and considerate master, and every one had agreed at the time that Black Gabe was a fool, a great idiot indeed, for wanting to run away from him.

The whole impression was for some reason hideous, and to dispel it Cazeau spurred his horse to a swift gallop. Overtaking his wife, he rode the remainder of the way at her side in silence.

It was late when they reached home. Félicité was standing on the grassy edge of the road, in the moonlight, waiting for them.

Cazeau once more ate his supper alone; for Athénaïse went to her room, and there she was crying again.

III.

Athénaïse was not one to accept the inevitable with patient resignation, a talent born in the souls of many women; neither was she the one to accept it with philosophical resignation, like her husband. Her sensibilities were alive and keen and responsive. She met the pleasurable things of life with frank, open appreciation, and against distasteful conditions she rebelled. Dissimulation was as foreign to her nature as guile to the breast of a babe, and her rebellious outbreaks, by no means rare, had hitherto been quite open and aboveboard. People often said that Athénaïse would know her own mind some day, which was equivalent to saying that she was at present unacquainted with it. If she ever came to such knowledge, it would be by no intellectual research, by no subtle analyses or tracing the motives of actions to their source. It would come to her as the song to the bird, the perfume and color to the flower.

Her parents had hoped — not without reason and justice — that marriage would bring the poise, the desirable pose, so glaringly lacking in Athénaïse's character. Marriage they knew to be a wonderful and powerful agent in the development and formation of a woman's character; they had seen its effect too often to doubt it.

"And if this marriage does nothing else," exclaimed Miché in an outburst of sudden exasperation, "it will rid us of Athénaïse; for I am at the end of my patience with her! You have never had the firmness to manage her," — he was speaking to his wife, — "I have not had the time, the leisure, to devote to her training; and what good we might have accomplished, that maudit Montéclin — Well, Cazeau is the one! It takes just such a steady hand to guide a disposition like Athénaïse's, a master hand, a strong will that compels obedience."

And now, when they had hoped for so much, here was Athénaïse, with gathered and fierce vehemence, beside which her former outbursts appeared mild, declaring that she would not, and she would not, and she would *not* continue to enact the rôle of wife to Cazeau. If she had had a reason! as Madame Miché lamented; but it could not be discovered that she had any sane one. He had never scolded, or called names, or deprived her of comforts, or been guilty of any of the many reprehensible acts commonly attributed to objectionable husbands. He did not slight nor neglect her. Indeed, Cazeau's chief offense seemed to be that he loved her, and Athénaïse was not the woman to be loved against her will. She called marriage a trap set for the feet of unwary and unsuspecting girls, and in round, unmeasured terms reproached her mother with treachery and deceit.

"I told you Cazeau was the man," chuckled Miché, when his wife had related the scene that had accompanied and influenced Athénaïse's departure.

Athénaïse again hoped, in the morning, that Cazeau would scold or make some sort of a scene, but he apparently did not dream of it. It was exasperating that he should take her acquiescence so for granted. It is true he had been up and over the fields and across the river and back long before she was out of bed, and he may have been thinking of something else, which was no excuse, which was even in some sense an aggravation. But he did say to her at breakfast, "That brother of yo's, that Montéclin, is unbearable."

"Montéclin? Par exemple!"

Athénaïse, seated opposite to her husband, was attired in a white morning wrapper. She wore a somewhat abused, long face, it is true, — an expression of countenance familiar to some husbands, — but the expression was not sufficiently pronounced to mar the charm of her youthful freshness. She had little heart to eat, only playing with the food before

her, and she felt a pang of resentment at her husband's healthy appetite.

"Yes, Montéclin," he reasserted. "He's developed into a first-class nuisance; an' you better tell him, Athénaïse, — unless you want me to tell him, — to confine his energies after this to matters that concern him. I have no use fo' him or fo' his interference in w'at regards you an' me alone."

This was said with unusual asperity. It was the little breach that Athénaïse had been watching for, and she charged rapidly: "It's strange, if you detest Montéclin so heartily, that you would desire to marry his sister." She knew it was a silly thing to say, and was not surprised when he told her so. It gave her a little foothold for further attack, however. "I don't see, anyhow, w'at reason you had to marry me, w'en there were so many others," she complained, as if accusing him of persecution and injury. "There was Marianne running after you fo' the las' five years till it was disgraceful; an' any one of the Dortrand girls would have been glad to marry you. But no, nothing would do; you mus' come out on the rigolet fo' me." Her complaint was pathetic, and at the same time so amusing that Cazeau was forced to smile.

"I can't see w'at the Dortrand girls or Marianne have to do with it," he rejoined; adding, with no trace of amusement, "I married you because I loved you; because you were the woman I wanted to marry, an' the only one. I reckon I tole you that befo'. I thought — of co'se I was a fool fo' taking things fo' granted — but I did think that I might make you happy in making things easier an' mo' comfortable fo' you. I expected — I was even that big a fool — I believed that yo' coming yere to me would be like the sun shining out of the clouds, an' that our days would be like w'at the story-books promise after the wedding. I was mistaken. But I can't imagine w'at induced you to marry me. W'at-

ever it was, I reckon you foun' out you made a mistake, too. I don' see any-thing to do but make the best of a bad bargain, an' shake han's over it." He had arisen from the table, and, approaching, held out his hand to her. What he had said was commonplace enough, but it was significant, coming from Cazeau, who was not often so unreserved in expressing himself.

Athénaïse ignored the hand held out to her. She was resting her chin in her palm, and kept her eyes fixed moodily upon the table. He rested his hand, that she would not touch, upon her head for an instant, and walked away out of the room.

She heard him giving orders to workmen who had been waiting for him out on the gallery, and she heard him mount his horse and ride away. A hundred things would distract him and engage his attention during the day. She felt that he had perhaps put her and her grievance from his thoughts when he crossed the threshold; whilst she —

Old Félicité was standing there holding a shining tin pail, asking for flour and lard and eggs from the storeroom, and meal for the chicks.

Athénaïse seized the bunch of keys which hung from her belt and flung them at Félicité's feet.

"Tiens! tu vas les garder comme tu as jadis fait. Je ne veux plus de ce train là, moi!"

The old woman stooped and picked up the keys from the floor. It was really all one to her that her mistress returned them to her keeping, and refused to take further account of the ménage.

IV.

It seemed now to Athénaïse that Montéclin was the only friend left to her in the world. Her father and mother had turned from her in what appeared to be her hour of need. Her friends laughed

at her, and refused to take seriously the hints which she threw out, — feeling her way to discover if marriage were as distasteful to other women as to herself. Montéclin alone understood her. He alone had always been ready to act for her and with her, to comfort and solace her with his sympathy and support. Her only hope for rescue from her hateful surroundings lay in Montéclin. Of herself she felt powerless to plan, to act, even to conceive a way out of this pitfall into which the whole world seemed to have conspired to thrust her.

She had a great desire to see her brother, and wrote asking him to come to her. But it better suited Montéclin's spirit of adventure to appoint a meeting-place at the turn of the lane, where Athénaïse might appear to be walking leisurely for health and recreation, and where he might seem to be riding along, bent on some errand of business or pleasure.

There had been a shower, a sudden downpour, short as it was sudden, that had laid the dust in the road. It had freshened the pointed leaves of the live-oaks, and brightened up the big fields of cotton on either side of the lane till they seemed carpeted with green, glittering gems.

Athénaïse walked along the grassy edge of the road, lifting her crisp skirts with one hand, and with the other twirling a gay sunshade over her bare head. The scent of the fields after the rain was delicious. She inhaled long breaths of their freshness and perfume, that soothed and quieted her for the moment. There were birds splashing and spluttering in the pools, pluming themselves on the fence-rails, and sending out little sharp cries, twitters, and shrill rhapsodies of delight.

She saw Montéclin approaching from a great distance, — almost as far away as the turn of the woods. But she could not feel sure it was he; it appeared too tall for Montéclin, but that was because

he was riding a large horse. She waved her parasol to him; she was so glad to see him. She had never been so glad to see Montéclin before; not even the day when he had taken her out of the convent, against her parents' wishes, because she had expressed a desire to remain there no longer. He seemed to her, as he drew near, the embodiment of kindness, of bravery, of chivalry, even of wisdom; for she had never known Montéclin at a loss to extricate himself from a disagreeable situation.

He dismounted, and, leading his horse by the bridle, started to walk beside her, after he had kissed her affectionately and asked her what she was crying about. She protested that she was not crying, for she was laughing, though drying her eyes at the same time on her handkerchief, rolled in a soft mop for the purpose.

She took Montéclin's arm, and they strolled slowly down the lane; they could not seat themselves for a comfortable chat, as they would have liked, with the grass all sparkling and bristling wet.

Yes, she was quite as wretched as ever, she told him. The week which had gone by since she saw him had in no wise lightened the burden of her discontent. There had even been some additional provocations laid upon her, and she told Montéclin all about them, — about the keys, for instance, which in a fit of temper she had returned to Félicité's keeping; and she told how Cazeau had brought them back to her as if they were something she had accidentally lost, and he had recovered; and how he had said, in that aggravating tone of his, that it was not the custom on Cane River for the negro servants to carry the keys, when there was a mistress at the head of the household.

But Athénaïse could not tell Montéclin anything to increase the disrespect which he already entertained for his brother-in-law; and it was then he unfolded to her a plan which he had con-

ceived and worked out for her deliverance from this galling matrimonial yoke.

It was not a plan which met with instant favor, which she was at once ready to accept, for it involved secrecy and dissimulation, hateful alternatives both of them. But she was filled with admiration for Montéclin's resources and wonderful talent for contrivance. She accepted the plan; not with the immediate determination to act upon it, rather with the intention to sleep and to dream upon it.

Three days later she wrote to Montéclin that she had abandoned herself to his counsel. Displeasing as it might be to her sense of honesty, it would yet be less trying than to live on with a soul full of bitterness and revolt, as she had done for the past two months.

V.

When Cazeau awoke, one morning, at his usual very early hour, it was to find the place at his side vacant. This did not surprise him until he discovered that Athénaïse was not in the adjoining room, where he had often found her sleeping in the morning on the lounge. She had perhaps gone out for an early stroll, he reflected, for her jacket and hat were not on the rack where she had hung them the night before. But there were other things absent, — a gown or two from the armoire; and there was a great gap in the piles of lingerie on the shelf; and her traveling-bag was missing, and so were her bits of jewelry from the toilet tray — and Athénaïse was gone!

But the absurdity of going during the night, as if she had been a prisoner, and he the keeper of a dungeon! So much secrecy and mystery, to go sojourning out on the Bon Dieu! Well, the Michés might keep their daughter after this. For the companionship of no woman on earth would he again undergo the humiliating sensation of baseness that had

overtaken him in passing the old oak-tree in the fallow meadow.

But a terrible sense of loss overwhelmed Cazeau. It was not new or sudden; he had felt it for weeks growing upon him, and it seemed to culminate with Athénaïse's flight from home. He knew that he could again compel her return as he had done once before, — compel her return to the shelter of his roof, compel her cold and unwilling submission to his love and passionate transports; but the loss of self-respect seemed to him too dear a price to pay for a wife.

He could not comprehend why she had seemed to prefer him above others; why she had attracted him with eyes, with voice, with a hundred womanly ways, and finally distracted him with love which she seemed, in her timid, maidenly fashion, to return. The great sense of loss came from the realization of having missed a chance for happiness, — a chance that would come his way again only through a miracle. He could not think of himself loving any other woman, and could not think of Athénaïse ever — even at some remote date — caring for him.

He wrote her a letter, in which he disclaimed any further intention of forcing his commands upon her. He did not desire her presence ever again in his home unless she came of her free will, uninfluenced by family or friends; unless she could be the companion he had hoped for in marrying her, and in some measure return affection and respect for the love which he continued and would always continue to feel for her. This letter he sent out to the rigolet by a messenger early in the day. But she was not out on the rigolet, and had not been there.

The family turned instinctively to

Montéclin, and almost literally fell upon him for an explanation; he had been absent from home all night. There was much mystification in his answers, and a plain desire to mislead in his assurances of ignorance and innocence.

But with Cazeau there was no doubt or speculation when he accosted the young fellow. "Montéclin, w'at have you done with Athénaïse?" he questioned bluntly. They had met in the open road on horseback, just as Cazeau ascended the river bank before his house.

"W'at have you done to Athénaïse?" returned Montéclin for answer.

"I don't reckon you've considered yo' conduct by any light of decency an' propriety in encouraging yo' sister to such an action, but let me tell you" —

"Voyons, you can let me alone with yo' decency an' morality an' fiddlesticks. I know you mus' 'a' done Athénaïse pretty mean that she can't live with you; an' fo' my part, I'm mighty durn glad she had the spirit to quit you."

"I ain't in the humor to take any notice of yo' impertinence, Montéclin; but let me remind you that Athénaïse is nothing but a chile in character; besides that, she's my wife, an' I hole you responsible fo' her safety an' welfare. If any harm of any description happens to her, I'll strangle you, by God, like a rat, and fling you in Cane River, if I have to hang fo' it!" He had not lifted his voice. The only sign of anger was a savage gleam in his eyes.

"I reckon you better keep yo' big talk fo' the women, Cazeau," replied Montéclin, riding away.

But he went doubly armed after that, and intimated that the precaution was not needless, in view of the threats and menaces that were abroad touching his personal safety.

Kate Chopin.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

IV. 1859-1870.

At the period at which we have arrived in the correspondence of Dante Rossetti and William Allingham there is a gap of about three years. The letter which closed the third part of this series was written at the end of 1856; the present part, my fourth and last, opens with one written in December, 1859. During some portion of this time the official duties of Allingham, I believe, kept him in London, so that doubtless the two men often met. That this was not the only cause of the absence of correspondence is shown by Rossetti's next letter. The circle of friends of both men had been rapidly extending in these latter years, so that probably they had not continued to each other all that they once were. That the great painter had no wish to break with his brother poet we can see by the kind way in which he now writes to him: —

XX.

Thursday [shortly before Christmas, 1859].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Many thanks for your volume just received. I was agreeably surprised to see my sister's name on your list, — deservedly, I think.

The book is all the welcomer that it leads me to hope I was mistaken in a conclusion I had begun arriving at, that I must unwittingly have incurred the displeasure of one of my oldest and most valued friends, no other than yourself. Your silence before going and since I wrote to you had led me to fear this possibility. Now, if it is so, will you tell me downright, and the why? But perhaps you are only paying me out in my own coin, — if utter absence of answer can be considered payment in any sense, — in which case I must confess I could only cry, *Mea Culpa!*

By the bye, that is the title of a queer little poem, evidently modern, in your collection, with no name to it. Whose is it? Or where got you it?

A merry Christmas and "various games of that sort" to you.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The "volume just received" was Allingham's *Nightingale Valley*. Christina Rossetti's *An End* is given on page 194.

"Various games of that sort," from one of Dickens's novels, would seem to have been a favorite quotation with Rossetti, for this was the second time he made it in his correspondence with Allingham.

XXI.

[Undated. Christmas, 1859.]

. . . Now I really think, to continue, there's much too much Wordsworth. He's good, you know, but unbearable. I don't pretend to have read all you've put in of his, but noticed with sorrow he has two more pieces in the book than Tennyson, who comes next, and six more than Shakespeare. One *morceau* of Wordsworth, which I had not met with anywhere else (To my Maiden Sister, sent by my Dear Wife's (and my own) darling boy, — or something like that), drew my pencil, I confess, to the margin in a moment, with the compound adjective "puffy-muffy," not inapplicable to much I have found in the same excellent writer.

Then of the Shakespeare sonnets inserted, the only one which, to my thinking, ranks among the very first is the *Love's Consolation*. In *The Wife of Usher's Well*, I do not think the inserted stanza indispensable to the sense,

and don't you agree with me that modern additions are best avoided, if possible?

Barthram's *Dirge* is, I believe, undoubtedly by Surtees. *Sic Vita*, you probably know, is often printed with two or three more stanzas of the same length as the one you give, but these perhaps you reject as spurious. I do not bear them in mind. . . .

So there I have made enough objections, — humbly, mostly, I beg you to believe, — and not said a word yet of all the praise the book deserves; full as much as Ruskin gives it. Your preface is most excellent, and will show the wise ones that the editor is "somebody" besides Giralrus. And why Giralrus? And why, I would almost say, *Nightingale Valley*? had I not almost said too much already.

Mea Culpa I described as a queer poem, in my last, lest by any possibility it should be written by any one I hated. The fact, as I thought then and think now, is that it is an extremely fine one; I think one of your very finest. I half suspected you, but it is not very recognizable as yours. What a splendid version you have of *Auld Robin Gray*! Is it altered at all by W. A.?

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

The "*morceau* of Wordsworth" is entitled, "To my Sister. Written at a Small Distance from my House, and sent by my Little Boy." According to Hall Caine, as quoted by W. M. Rossetti, "Rossetti thought Wordsworth was too much the high priest of Nature to be her lover." Mr. Caine speaks also of "Rossetti's grudging Wordsworth every vote he gets." His indifference to the beautiful poet was perhaps due to his having spent all his childhood and youth, and most of his manhood, in London.

"Ruskin," as Allingham told W. M. Rossetti, "wrote a warm little note to the 'editor of *Nightingale Valley*,' call-

ing it the best collection he ever saw." On the title-page it is described as "edited by Giralrus."

XXII.

PARIS, Wednesday [June, 1860].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Have you heard yet that I am married? The news is hardly a month old, so it may not have reached you, though I have meant to write you word of it all along, as you are one of the few valued friends whom Lizzie and I have in common as yet; nor, as the circle spreads, will she be likely to feel a warmer regard for any than she does for you. . . .

Jones is married, too, only a week ago. He and his wife (a charming and most gifted little woman) were to have met us in Paris, but he has not been well enough to travel. . . .

Rossetti was married to Miss Siddal at Hastings on May 23, 1860. On April 13, in a letter to his mother about the approaching event, he wrote: "Like all the important things I ever meant to do, — to fulfill duty or secure happiness, — this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility." Ruskin, writing to congratulate him, said: "I think *Ida* should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you look at *her*."

W. M. Rossetti, speaking of Lady Burne-Jones, says: "Two of her sisters are Mrs. Poynter, wife of the director of the National Gallery, and Mrs. Kipling, mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

It was during this visit to Paris (according to Mr. William Sharp) that Rossetti completed his drawing called *Dr. Johnson and the Methodistical Young Ladies at the Mitre Tavern*. Among the very few works of history and biography that he had read "Boswell's *Johnson* held a high place."

XXIII.

SPRING COTTAGE, DOWNSHIRE HILL,
HAMPSTEAD [end of *July*, 1860].

. . . I am anxious about the Sawdust Poem, but am not sure that that product is better adapted for wholesome spiritual bread than it is for the bodily. Sawdust, more or less, however, is the fashion of the day; —'s wooden puppet - show of enlarged views instead of Veronese's flesh, blood, and slight stupidity. Give me the latter, however, or even Millais' when Veronese's is not to be had. But oh that Veronese at Paris!

As to Ruskin's ten years' rest, I do not know about his writing, but I will answer for my reading, if he only writes like his article in the Cornhill this month. Who *could* read it, or anything about such bosh? . . .

By the bye, I remember sending you a little book of boggy poems in emblematic green cover, and hearing from you that you had one already. If you still have mine, would you oblige me by sending it back, as I sometimes think of it when I want to be surprised.

Do write me again, and I'll try to be a better correspondent, now I'm married and settled. My wife and I are

Yours affectionately,

D. G. }
E. E. } ROSSETTI.

The Sawdust Poem is perhaps described in the following letter of Allingham's, dated March 12, 1860: —

"I am doing something occasionally at a poem on Irish matters, to have two thousand lines or so, and can see my way through it. One part out of three is done. But alas! when all's done, who will like it? Think of the Landlord and Tenant Question in flat decasyllables! Did you ever hear of the Irish coaster that was hailed, 'Smack ahoy! what's your cargo?' 'Timber and fruit!' 'What sort?' 'Besoms and potatoes!' I fear my poem will no better fulfill expectations."

Rossetti, a month earlier, had seen Veronese's *Marriage in Cana*. He described it as "the greatest picture in the world, beyond a doubt." His brother writes that "later on, 1871, he had got to think Veronese (and also Tintoret) 'simply detestable without their color and handling.'"

The August number of *The Cornhill Magazine* contained the first part of Ruskin's *Unto this Last*.

"By the book of boggy poems Rossetti means a small, thick volume (I still possess it) called *Improvisations of the Spirit*, purporting to be written under the influence of 'spirits.' The author was Dr. Garth Wilkinson." (W. M. R.)

Mrs. Rossetti's Christian names were Elizabeth Eleanor.

XXIV.

[*September or October*, 1860.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I am sending you these things at last, — that is, the manuscripts, which Ruskin has only just returned me; I having asked him to send one, namely Jenny, to the Cornhill for me; he of course refusing to send that, offering to send some of the mystical ones which I don't care to print by themselves.

My delay has been partly through this, and partly through wanting to add more before sending them to you. But they'd better e'en go now, for no more will get done for the nonce. The only one very unfinished, both in what is written and unwritten (I think), is *The Bride's Chamber*. I wish you'd specially tell me of any you don't think worth including. You will find that your advice has been followed often (if you remember what you gave), and so it is not time wasted to advise me. When I think how old most of these things are, it seems like a sort of mania to keep thinking of them still; but I suppose one's leaning still to them depends mainly on their having no trade associations, and being still a sort of thing of one's own. I have no definite

ideas as to doing anything with them, but should like, even if they lie at rest, to make them as good as I can.

And what are you doing? How goes the sawdust poem you spoke of? And is it to be visible that wine is packed therein, or is a pure surface of sawdust, betraying *no* wine, the duty of the modern bard? So may the shade of Wordsworth smile on him and repay him by reading all his (W.'s) poems through to him when the kindred spirits meet.

I wish you were in town, to see you sometimes, for I literally see no one now except Madox Brown pretty often, and even he is gone now to join Morris, who is out of reach at Upton, and with them is married Jones painting the inner walls of the house Top built. But as for the neighbors, when they see men portrayed by Jones upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed (by *him!*) in extract vermilion, exceeding all probability in dyed attire upon their heads, after the manner of no Babylonians of any Chaldea, the land of any one's nativity, — as soon as they see them with their eyes, shall they not account him doting, and send messengers into Colney Hatch?

Lizzie has been rather better of late, I hope; certainly not subject to the same extent to violent fits of illness. She is at Brighton just now for a few days, but I know I may send *you* her love with mine. We are sorely put to it for a *pied-à-terre*, every house we try for seeming to slip through just as we think we have got it. For one in Church Row, Hampstead, which has just escaped us, my heart is in doleful dumps; it having a glorious old-world garden worth £200 a year to me for backgrounds.

Do let me hear from you (to Blackfriars) when you have got the book which goes with this, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

William has gone to Florence to old Browning.

Jenny was begun as early as 1847, was almost finished about 1858, and was published in 1870. *Bride-Chamber Talk* was begun as soon, but was not published till 1881, when its title was changed to *The Bride's Prelude*.

Rossetti took part in painting Mr. Morris's house. In the record of his work for 1858–59 his brother mentions the "*Salutatio Beatricis*, representing Dante meeting Beatrice in Florence, and in the garden of Eden, painted in oil in a week on a door in Mr. Morris's residence, The Red House, Upton, near Bexley Heath, Woolwich." I remember the beautiful paintings on the doors and furniture in this pleasant house. I have not forgotten, moreover, a long and eager talk on pigments between my host and a friend, of which I did not understand a single word.

"Top" is explained by the following quotation from W. M. Rossetti: "The nickname Top (oftener Topsy) had clung to Mr. Morris ever since his undergraduate days at Oxford."

Colney Hatch is a lunatic asylum near London.

XXV.

BLACKFRIARS, 1 November [1860].

... I wrote to Patmore after reading his book, which he sent me, saying all that I (most sincerely) admired in it, but perhaps leaving some things unsaid; for what can it avail to say some things to a man after his third volume? "Of love which never finds its published close, what sequel?" And how many?!

A man (one Gilchrist, who lives next door to Carlyle, and is as near him in other respects as he can manage) wrote to me the other day, saying he was writing a life of Blake, and wanted to see my manuscript by that genius. Was there not some talk of *your* doing something in the way of publishing its contents? I know William thought of doing so, but fancy it might wait long for his efforts; and I have no time, but really think its contents ought to be edited, especially if a

new Life gives a "shove to the concern" (as Spurgeon expressed himself in thanking a liberal subscriber to his *Tabernacle*). I have not yet engaged myself in any way to said Gilchrist on the subject, though I have told him he can see it here if he will give me a day's notice.

By the bye, talking of Blake, did I (I think I did) solicit from you one of the two copies you have, or had, of a certain greenish Book of Bogies, one whereof was once sent you by the present applicant, who lately found out from the Ghost's publisher that that literary character is quite out of print and has no further views on the British press? . . .

You know William is back from Florence, etc., having found the Brownings at Siena, the great one exuberant as ever. I had a request the other day to illustrate *Aurora Leigh*, from, or rather on the part of, the publisher, but really I don't think I could make much of it. However, if it were done by various hands, I should like to make one among them. R. B. was not very explicit to William on the subject of his present labors.

Have you seen a new volume, — however, I'm not quite sure the copies are all out yet, — namely, two plays by Algernon Swinburne? And did you meet him in London? He is very Topsaic, with a decided dash of *Death's Jest Book*, if you ever read that improving book. But there's no mistake about some of his poems — much more, indeed, than these published plays. The other day, Jones, his wife, my wife, and I went to Hampton Court and lost ourselves in the Maze. I wish you had been one of the party, and so would Jones have wished, I know, as you are on his select list, which is not too large. . . .

Rossetti, in the line which he incloses in quotation marks, applying it so humorously to Patmore's *Angel in the House*, parodies Tennyson's *Love and Duty*: —
 "Of love that never found his earthly close,
 What sequel?"

"One Gilchrist" was Alexander Gilchrist, author of *Lives of Etty and Blake*. "For him the feeling of Rossetti was one of genuine friendliness. He liked the writer and his writings, and had a high regard for his insight as a critic of art." Gilchrist's sudden death in the following November came as "a staggering blow" to his friend. When, a few months later, Rossetti lost his wife, he wrote to Mrs. Gilchrist, "I feel forcibly the bond of misery which exists between us, and the unhappy right we have of saying to each other what we both know to be fruitless."

The manuscript by Blake had been offered Rossetti in 1847 for ten shillings. "Dante's pockets," writes his brother, "were in their normal state of depletion, so he applied to me, urging that so brilliant an opportunity should not be let slip, and I produced the required coin. His ownership of this volume conducted to the Preraphaelite movement; for he found here the most outspoken (and no doubt, in a sense, the most irrational) epigrams and jeers against such painters as Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. These were balsam to Rossetti's soul, and grist to his mill. At the sale of his library the Blake manuscript sold for £110."

"Mr. Swinburne," writes William Rossetti, "dedicated to Rossetti his first volume, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*. His brilliant intellect, his wide knowledge of poetry and astonishing memory in quotation, his enthusiasm for whatsoever he recognized as great, his fascinating audacity and pungency in talk, and the singular and ingenuous charm of his manner to any one whom he either liked or respected made him the most welcome of comrades to Rossetti."

Rossetti wrote to "Shirley" in 1865: "You will find Swinburne's *Atalanta* a most noble thing; never surpassed, to my thinking."

XXVI.

[November 22, 1860.]

. . . About the poems, I never meant, I believe, to print the Hymn (which was merely written to see if I could do Wesley, and copied, I believe, to enrage my friends) nor the Duke of Wellington. The Mirror I will sacrifice to you, and have no prejudice myself in favor of Ave, but should be smothered by certain friends it has if it did not go in. Are your objections to it on poetic or dogmatic grounds? and does Dennis Shand displease you for anything but its impropriety? But perhaps I shall find my answers in the margins. The one of any length I most thought of omitting, myself, is The Portrait, which is rather spoon-meat; but this, I see, you do not name, and perhaps I may leave it. My chief reason for including as much as I could would be to make the volume look as portly as may be from such a middle-aged novice. I would throw The Bride's Chamber over altogether if I could muster energy to supply an equal amount of new matter, but fear I shall have to finish it off somehow if I rush into print, as I almost think of doing now. . . .

"I believe I have this Hymn somewhere. It was never published. I can remember that some years after Rossetti's death it was produced to me as being his, and I pronounced it spurious; but since then I have seen reason to alter my opinion. Wellington's Funeral was finally published by him; The Mirror, not by him, but by me, in the Collected Works." (W. M. R.)

Dennis Shand, W. M. Rossetti describes as "a ballad of a rather light kind, not published."

About The Portrait Rossetti wrote to his mother in 1873: "I remember that, for the family Hotch-Potch, long and long ago, I first wrote The Blessed Damozel, and also a poem about a portrait. Have you these ancient documents, and

could you let me have the same if in my own handwriting?"

XXVII.

[Postmark, November 29, 1860,
LONDON, E. C.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — The book comes safe. I have not yet had time to look well through your suggestions, but am glad to see there are fewest in the things done later. Some of the others I know can never be set quite right, but I dare say I shall find some help thereto in your notes. Would you tell me as regards Jenny (which I reckon the most serious thing I have written) whether there is any objection you see in the treatment, or any side of the subject left untouched which ought to be included? I really believe I shall print the things now, and see whether the magic presence of proof-sheets revives my muse sufficiently for a new poem or two to add to them.

Indeed and of course my wife *does* draw still. Her last designs would, I am sure, surprise and delight you, and I hope she is going to do better than ever now. I feel surer every time she works that she has real genius — none of your make-believe — in conception and color, and if she can only add a little more of the precision in carrying out which it so much needs health and strength to attain, she will, I am sure, paint each picture as no woman has painted yet. But it is no use hoping for too much.

I quite agree with you in loathing Once a Week, illustrations and all. By the bye, what could be more astonishingly bad than —'s two or three? Meredith's novel, however, has very great merit of a wonderfully queer kind, I thought. Did you? But through your poem (how long have such little commodities as five-hundred-line poems been lying by with you?) I should like greatly to open a connection even with Once a Week, though it is only once a century that I feel disposed to illustrate. (I had

an application through Chapman, the other day, about doing Aurora Leigh all through, as I understood, but could n't, though I should like to join with others, if feasible, for a block or two, for Brown-ing's sake.)

I wish you would let me know what the subject is in your poem. If modern, so much the better; only, if Irish, I fear failing in character and truth. But I am not so despairingly dilatory quite now, I think, as I used to be in those famous old days, and might not perhaps turn your poem into a posthumous one.

As for Swinburne's plays, I don't think they will be to your liking. For my own part, I think he is much better suited for ballad-writing and such like, but there are real beauties in the plays too. . . .

On May 24, 1870, Rossetti wrote to his maiden aunt: "I just hear from mamma, with a pang of remorse, that you have ordered a copy of my Poems. You may be sure I did not fail to think of you when I inscribed copies to friends and relatives; but, to speak frankly, I was deterred from sending it to you by the fact of the book including one poem (Jenny) of which I felt uncertain whether you would be pleased with it. I am not ashamed of having written it (indeed, I assure you that I would never have written it if I thought it unfit to be read with good results), but I feared it might startle you somewhat. . . . My mother likes it, on the whole, the best in the volume, after some consideration."

George Meredith's novel in *Once a Week* was Evan Harrington.

XXVIII.

[January, 1861.]

. . . We have got our rooms quite jolly now. Our drawing-room is a beauty, I assure you, already, and on the first country trip we make we shall have it newly papered from a design of mine which I have an opportunity of getting made by a paper-manufacturer, some-

what as below. I shall have it printed on common brown packing-paper and on blue grocer's-paper, to try which is best. [Here follows, in the original letter, a design of the wall-paper.]

The trees are to stand the whole height of the room, so that the effect will be slighter and quieter than in the sketch, where the tops look too large. Of course they will be wholly conventional: the stems and fruit will be Venetian red, the leaves black; the fruit, however, will have a line of yellow to indicate roundness and distinguish it from the stem; the lines of the ground black, and the stars yellow with a white ring round them. The red and black will be made of the same key as the brown or blue of the ground, so that the effect of the whole will be rather sombre, but I think rich, also. When we get the paper up, we shall have the doors and wainscoting painted summer-house green. . . .

We are organizing (but this is quite under the rose as yet) a company for the production of furniture and decoration of all kinds, for the sale of which we are going to open an actual shop! The men concerned are Madox Brown, Jones, Topsy, Webb (the architect of T.'s house), P. P. Marshall, Faulkner, and myself. Each of us is now producing, at his own charges, one or two (and some of us more) things towards the stock. We are not intending to compete with costly rubbish or anything of that sort, but to give real good taste at the price as far as possible of ordinary furniture. We expect to start in some shape about May or June, but not to go to any expense in premises at first. . . .

"Our rooms" were the old quarters by Blackfriars Bridge, somewhat enlarged. W. M. Rossetti, describing "the foundation of the decorative firm, which, known at first as 'Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co.,' is now named 'Morris & Company,'" continues: "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood introduced into painting

something that might well be called a revolution, and the firm introduced into decoration something still more revolutionary for widespread and as yet permanent effect."

XXIX.

[Indorsed LONDON, May 10, 1861.]

. . . Now, there is a world of words about myself when I had to tell you about your work; that is, Morley Park, which I read and found full of beauties, — best where most impassioned, as all poetry is and must be. The monologue of the deserted woman seemed to me most sustained in this respect, and you will say truly ought to be. In the rest I must say I found a certain degree of constraint in style, a rather willful stiffness of expression (of which the opening couplet shows as good an example as any), and I thought also too much dwelling here and there on minute objects in nature, particularly in the bridegroom's speech to the bride. I have it not by me, so am speaking from memory. Moreover, the speeches struck me sometimes as having rather too literary — or clever — a turn. I recall as an instance what the main speaker says to his returned friend about his grown-up sweetheart, towards the end. The work is quite yours, however, and *really* a work, and would harmonize much better with a volume of your poems than with Macmillan's Macademy of stones for bread. By the bye, I dare say you liked my sister's little pennyworths of wheat prominent among the pebbles. . . .

The title of Morley Park was changed first into Southwell Park, and finally into Bridegroom's Park. It is included in a volume called *Life and Phantasy* in the last edition of Allingham's works. The opening couplet is as follows:—

"Friend Edward, from this turn remark
The sweep of woodland. Bridegroom's Park,
we call it."

"My sister's little pennyworths of wheat' were poems by Christina in Mac-

millan's Magazine. One of them (the first) was Up-Hill, now of considerable celebrity." (W. M. R.)

XXX.

Monday [summer of 1861].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I am sending you by *book post* with this a sewn copy of my book. I have only just got a few, and do not offer it you *en permanence* in this state, as I am going to make an etching, or perhaps two, for it, and there is another index to come at the end, but had six copies sent me now to use in getting a publisher, etc. My first offer of it will be to Macmillan, with whom I have had some talk.

What I want chiefly to get rid of is the printer's bill, but I am led to think by some friends that I ought to expect *something* in money also. What think you? Will you tell me, and say all you have time to say in the way of criticism? *Cancels* are still possible. There are five *cancel* leaves already in the book (chiefly on score of decorum!), which you will notice by their being in the rough as yet. . . .

"My book' was *The Early Italian Poets*, now called *Dante and his Circle*. No etchings were produced in it. Macmillan did not publish it, but Smith and Elder." (W. M. R.)

For the "*something* in money" which his friends led him to think he ought to expect he had to wait eight years. By 1869, about six hundred copies having been sold, he received "a minute dole of less than nine pounds."

XXXI.

August 10, 1863,
16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I have been meaning to write any day since last seeing you, though in truth without much to say, but I am anxious to hear in return how you get on in your new quarters. I have not been out of London since seeing you, except for a couple of

days to Brighton; and indeed, though I have earned this year more than any previous one, I seem never to have a penny wherewith to run away for a little, like other people. Perhaps I may yet, though, in another month, and who knows but I may see Venice? But I suppose it will not be. . . .

Have you seen a new volume of poems by Jean Ingelow? Really there seems a good deal in it.

This house goes on getting more settled, and I more restless. I do not know where it will take me to nor how soon. I see hardly any one. Swinburne is away, Meredith has evaporated for good, and my brother is seldom here. There is only one more to unite with me in good wishes to you.

I would begin another sheet, however, but for the little to say, so to make something I will direct your attention to the headings of these sheets, which are a combined effort of self as designer and Knewstubb's (my pupil's) brother's firm as executants; he insisting on making me a present of a small stack of paper, headed in various colors, which stuff up every drawer in my studio, and will last half my lifetime, or indeed head the news of my death when that occurs, before the black-edged paper has arrived. The above morbidity reminds me of the green boggy book, which you know you promised to send up when it came to hand.

Have you seen the Blue Book on the Royal Academy, and would you like to see it? If so, I will send it you as a good cupboard skeleton in return for your bogies. There is abundance of rotten and decayed matter shoveled up in it, with much overfed sweltering thereby engendered, gorged creatures and starved anatomies, with some will-o'-the-wisps and the ghosts of various reputations. The only evidence of the lot which is worth reading as original thought and insight is Ruskin's. Him I saw the other day, and pitched into, he talked such awful

rubbish; but he is a dear old chap, too, and as soon as he was gone I wrote my sorrows to him. Browning was here at same time, very jolly indeed, and stayed and walked many times round the rooms, and many times stood still, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes wide open.

My love to you, and believe me ever yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

Rossetti lost his wife on February 11, 1862. He had no heart to go on living in his old home by Blackfriars Bridge, and removed up the river to Chelsea. There he took a large house, in which his brother, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. George Meredith were to have rooms, as sub-tenants.

Why Rossetti, with the large income that he was making, seemed "never to have a penny wherewith to run away," why he never saw Venice, is indicated by the following passage in his letter to his brother, dated April 23, 1864: "I have seen the owner of the zebu, and undertaken to buy him for £20, — £5 payable on Monday, and the rest within a fortnight. I shall then have plenty, but just now have none. Could you pay your £5 as the first installment?" The zebu was a small Brahmin bull, who chased his new master round a tree, and was at once resold.

Of Jean Ingelow's new volume of poems Matthew Arnold wrote: "She seemed to me to be quite 'above the common,' but I have not read enough of her to say more. It is a great deal to give one true feeling in poetry, and I think she seemed to be able to do that; but I do not at present very much care for poetry unless it can give me true *thought* as well. It is the alliance of these two that makes great poetry, the only poetry really worth very much."

"The headings of these sheets" are thus described by W. M. Rossetti: "My father owned a largish seal marked with a cross, — a tree having the motto 'Frangas non flectas,' — and he said this was

regarded as his crest. Mr. Knewstub, my brother's art assistant, who was connected with the firm of Jenner and Knewstub, got that firm to present to Gabriel a die with the crest and a monogram."

The Blue Book was The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Present Position of the Royal Academy in Relation to the Fine Arts.

"Mr. Ruskin," writes W. M. Rossetti, "took keen delight in Rossetti's paintings and designs. He praised freely and abused heartily both him and them. The abuse was good humored and was taken good humoredly. . . . They took in good part, with mutual banter and amusement, whatever was deficient or excessive in the performance of the painter or in the comments of the purchaser and critic."

XXXII.

24 December, 1865,

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

. . . I heard of your being in town but for a flying visit, in which I am sorry you did not find time to look me up. However, if I scramble once more through the fogs and duns of a London Christmas, I'll hope to visit you again yet.

Worse, however, than not having yet thanked you for a pleasure offered is my omission to do so for one actually bestowed and enjoyed; namely, the gift of your Fifty Poems. I remember they fared well with me, for I read them one evening right through when I felt much in want of other voices than plaguy ones from inside and outside; and I found them full of good words and true. Every one is a study, — not work thrown away, or no-work shoveled together; those new to me were to the full as good as the old ones, and many of the old gained greatly on reacquaintance. So here come my late but real thanks to you.

Ever affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Allingham wrote to W. M. Rossetti on March 19, 1865: "My volume of

Fifty Modern Poems is just coming out. Most of the pieces have been in magazines, etc. The whole is to myself already a thing of the past and not very interesting. I am occupied with other ideas. One quality the book has (implied in 'Modern'), — it is in harmony with the best minds of our day as to religion, being at once reverent and anti-dogmatic."

XXXIII.

22 March [1867].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I inclose an answer to Aidé, which will tell you my mind, except that I may add to you that £1400 is £1400 to me, or rather to anybody rather than me, as I never see it at all, and that my plan is to rent, not to buy. I have been pot-boiling to an extent lately that does not hold out much hope of estate buying or even renting. Moreover, as I have n't been outside my door for months in the daytime, I should n't have had much opportunity of enjoying pastures and pleasancess. I have accordingly no news whatever, except of my easel, which is too mean a slave to small needs to be worth reporting on. I do not see a fellow of any sort really much oftener than you do, I imagine. . . .

There should not have been any need for "pot-boiling." In this year Rossetti made "little or not at all less than £3000."

His habit of not going outside his door in the daytime is thus accounted for by his brother: "He rose late; painted all day, as long as light served him; then dined; and whether winter or summer, all was darkness, tempered by gaslight or moonlight, by the hour he left the house."

XXXIV.

Monday [September 30, 1867].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Do by all means come up, not for a day, but for as long as you can. I am most wishful to return with you for another spell of country air and exercise, but must tell

you that since returning to town I have found the confusion in my head and the strain on my eyes decidedly rather on the increase than otherwise, and am getting really anxious about it. I mention this quite in confidence, as it would be injurious to me if it got about. The only two to whom I have named it are Brown and Howell, and I do not mean to say more about it. To-morrow I shall finish a drawing I have been at work on, and on Wednesday shall probably go to Bowman, the oculist. . . .

Rossetti had had a "spell of country air" at Lymington, in Hampshire, near the Isle of Wight, where Allingham was living. About this time "his eyesight began to fail. Sunlight or artificial light became increasingly painful to him, producing sensations of giddiness."

Howell had been Ruskin's secretary. Later on he was employed by Rossetti "to transact the sale of uncommissioned work. As a salesman he was unsurpassable."

XXXV.

Thursday [October 10, 1867].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — . . . I went to Bowman, who gave me the information that if it did n't get better it might get worse. Your D. G. R.

To his mother he wrote, nearly two years later: "I suppose I told you of my seeing Bowman before I left London, and that instead of taking a guinea fee (which he refused) he proposes to pay me one hundred and fifty for a little water-color."

XXXVI.

25 August, 1868, 16 CHEYNE WALK.

. . . I'm going to start away somewhere, but fancy seaside. There's a deadly-lively or very quiet place called Southwold, in Suffolk, where the Morrises, Howells, and others have been lately, and I think perhaps of going there. I don't know exactly what my moves may be; but would it be in the

nature of things for you to take a trip with me anywhere, at present? I think we rather used up the walks about Lymington last year, and seaside is desirable, and certainly no impending female photographers or even poets laureate. . . .

"The last line of this letter refers to Tennyson at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and to his near neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, a lady of good position and a very cordial friend of Rossetti. She had taken to photographing, and produced many remarkable things of broad pictorial effect." (W. M. R.)

XXXVII.

Wednesday [Christmas, 1868].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Many are Christmas nuisances, and here comes another, — accompanied, however, by all affectionate wishes.

I have been looking up a few old sonnets, and writing a few new ones, to make a little bunch in a coming number of the *Fortnightly*, — not till March, however, as they are full till then.

Among them are the inclosed two, about which I want an opinion. It seems to me doubtful whether the second adds anything of much value to the first, and whether it (the second) is not in itself rather far fetched and obscure. I wish you would tell me what you think. I would excise the second if the first is best by itself.

I suppose you heard that I have been queer with my eyes. This has caused inaction and the looking up of raveled rags of verse. I am now at work again, however.

Affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P. S. Is n't there a chance of your coming up this Christmas? Come and stay with me.

Rossetti describes these sonnets in a letter to his mother, which begins: "I

send you my sonnets, which are such a lively band of bogies that they may join with the skeletons of Christina's various closets and entertain you with a ballet."

XXXVIII.

21 February, 1870,
16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — As you expressed a willingness for a little more scratching and sifting at my poetic diggings, I trouble you on a rather abject dilemma regarding a very old piece of work, — Sister Helen, inclosed. The family name used in it was originally "Keith." This I altered because of Dobell's ballad, Keith of Ravelston, which bears also on faithless love and supernaturalism. (I may add, however, that D.'s ballad was never published till some years after mine had been originally in print, but still I hate coincidences of the kind.) This I have changed to "Holm," which is objected to now, from a quarter I think worth considering, as not being a well-sounding territorial name. My reason for asking you about it is that (the Boyne being mentioned in the poem) an Irish name might perhaps do best. Would "Neville" do, and would it fit in with "Eastholm," "Westholm," and "Neill of Neill"? Would you give me a hint or a suggestion of some better name or system of nomenclature, if such occurs to you? The father being "of that ilk" should stand, I think, as elucidatory. I write in great hurry, as I am trying to get the thing off for a new revise, and should be much obliged, therefore, if you could answer my question without delay.

I suppose you saw the evidently personal onslaught on William's Shelley in the Athenæum, — by Buchanan, I believe. I suppose I may expect to fare likewise, if nothing interferes.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

So early as 1853 Rossetti mentions having given "a ghastly ballad called

Sister Helen" to a magazine edited by Mrs. Howitt. Of Keith of Ravelston Rossetti wrote in 1868: "I have always regarded that poem as being one of the finest, of its length, in any modern poet; ranking with Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and the other masterpieces of the condensed and hinted order so dear to imaginative minds." Of Dobell's poem the following is the first stanza: —

"The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line."

In 1866, Mr. Buchanan, in a burlesque poem, had made "a gratuitous and insolent attack upon Mr. Swinburne." W. M. Rossetti, in a review of Swinburne's poems, retaliated by saying that "the advent of so poor and pretentious a poetaster as Robert Buchanan stirs storms in teapots." Mr. Buchanan replied by his "personal onslaught" on W. M. Rossetti's edition of Shelley, which he followed up a little later by a severe review of Dante Rossetti's *Poems*. This he enlarged and published under the title of *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, and other *Phenomena of the Day*. "I have," writes W. M. Rossetti, "more than once been told by friends that the animus against my brother apparent in the article should be regarded as a vicarious expression of resentment at something which I myself had written." On Dante Rossetti, who was already in a nervous state of health, Mr. Buchanan's attack had a disastrous effect. "He was a changed man, and so continued till the close of his life."

I venture to quote, without first obtaining Mr. W. M. Rossetti's leave, the following passage from a letter in which he informs Allingham of the proposal made to him that he should edit Shelley: "Is it not a glorious chance, this Shelley editing and biographizing? Willingly would I not only be doing it for pay, but do it for nothing, or pay to do it."

XXXIX.

28 February, 1870.

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Thanks for attending so promptly to my bewilderments. I have adopted "Weir," which seems to answer well. "Kerr" has not emphasis enough — runs too much off the tongue — for the poise of the verse.

As for that kind, good, overwhelming Lady A., she has written to me from at least six different parts of the British Islands during the past year, asking me to come down instantly and meet a sympathizing circle. But such things are quite impossible to me at the pitch of brutal bogysm at which I have arrived. *You* seem somehow to keep your own man, but I am hardly my own ghost. . . . I shall get into the country somewhere — where, I don't yet know — within a few days and for a few weeks, to try if there is any marrow left in me that can be squeezed out in the form of rhyme before I go finally to press. I mean to be out in April, — latter end, I suppose, — and should like a few more pages if possible. I want to get near three hundred if I can, but have been obliged to give up the idea of finishing several things I had in hand for the purpose; and for all that, have done no work to speak of in painting, with this divided mind. I must cart the things off now, and then get to my easel again.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Lady A." was, I conjecture, Lady Ashburton. Rossetti wrote to his aunt in 1874: "Lady A. spoke of you in a friendly, even an affectionate way."

Of the Poems published by Rossetti in the spring of this year his brother says: "This date, 1870, should be borne in mind by any amateurs of Rossetti's work; for the volume named Poems of 1881, though partly a reissue of the book of 1870, is very far from being identical with it."

XL.

SCALANDS, ROBERTSBURGH,
HAWKHURST, KENT [March 7, 1870].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — You will be surprised at my address, which is Barbara's Cottage, not far from Hastings (but in Kent, as I find, or at least the above seems the proper form). I have been here a few days in company with Stillman, William's American friend; having come for the purpose of recruiting and "working off" my book with the conscientious decency of Mr. Dennis the hangman. I shall have it out before the end of April. Stillman and I have this house to ourselves, and he is an utterly unobstructive man. . . . Barbara does not indulge in bell-pulls, hardly in servants to summon thereby, so I have brought my own. What she does affect is any amount of thorough draught, a library bearing the stern stamp of "Bodichon," and a kettle-holder with the uncompromising initials of B. B. She is the best of women, but I fear from what I last saw of her that her health is failing, like my own.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

P. S. By the bye, I fell back on "Keith," after all, in that ballad. I could not quite please myself otherwise.

Scalands was the house of Madame Bodichon (Miss Barbara Leigh Smith of an earlier letter), who had been the kindest of friends to Rossetti's wife. In May, 1854, he wrote: "Lizzie and I spent a pleasant day at Scalands, where Barbara and Anna Mary [Howitt] have been staying. They made themselves very jolly, and it is a most stunning country there." Madame Bodichon was also a warm friend of Allingham. "I love William Allingham," she was one day heard to say.

Of Mr. Stillman W. M. Rossetti writes: "Few men could have been better adapted than he, none could have been more willing, to solace Rossetti

in his harasses from insomnia and other troubles; but it is a fact that a remedy worse than the disease was the result of his friendly ministrations. Chloral as a soporific was then a novelty. Mr. Stillman had heard of its potency in procuring sleep, and he introduced the drug to Rossetti's attention. My brother was one of the men least fitted to try any such experiment with impunity. He began, I understand, with nightly doses of chloral of ten grains. In course of time it got to one hundred and eighty grains! It wrecked his mind, and at last destroyed his life.

XLI.

[Undated. About *November*, 1870.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I can put your books on my basement floor (stone-paved servants' hall), where they will not be in the damp, I believe, and can stand clear of the floor if thought necessary. Or if you think it absolutely needed, I can clear space in a lumber-room upstairs.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

XLII.

16 CHEYNE WALK, Friday
[about *November*, 1870].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I'm very sorry to tell you the high tide yesterday got into my basement floor, and that three of your boxes were a foot or more deep in water for some time. It is most vexatious to think what may have happened to the books. Will you look in to-day at dusk and stay to dinner at six? I am only sorry that I have to go out about seven.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

“On the basement of Rossetti's house at Chelsea there were spacious kitchen-

rooms and an oddly complicated range of vaults, which perhaps had at one time led directly off to the river-side.” The Thames Embankment had not as yet been raised in front of Cheyne Walk. In one of the boxes deposited on the basement floor it chanced that Allingham had placed the letters he had received from Rossetti. Some of them still bear marks of the floor; two or three have been much injured, and one has been rendered illegible.

With this brief note the correspondence between the two men came to an end. Their friendship, once so strong and close, was not to last till death should come to give the final separation. So early as 1864 Allingham recorded in a note, “Our intimacy is a thing of the past.” It must have revived to a certain extent, for in 1867 Rossetti passed some time with him at his house in Lymington. With the lapse of years, the letters, as has been seen, became less frequent and far briefer. So late as Christmas, 1868, we find the great painter signing himself, “Yours affectionately;” after that date he is merely, “Ever yours.” Warm hearted though he was in his friendships, nevertheless few of them lasted to the end of life. “It is a fact,” writes his brother, “and a melancholy one, that Dante Rossetti, as the years progressed, lost sight of all his Preraphaelite Brothers, except only of Stephens at sparse intervals, — ‘dear stanch Stephens, one of my oldest and best friends,’ as he wrote of him.” He became estranged from Ruskin and Browning. Between him and Allingham, happily, there was no open and direct breach. The long friendship slowly died away.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A LITERARY MODEL.

THE necessity for the model became more and more apparent to Foster as he became more and more a disciple of the modern school.

The first thing which suggested the idea to him was his story of *Against the Tide*. In this narrative, the hero, Armstrong, is caught in a thunderstorm while out sailing on Great South Bay, and of course he is wet to the skin. Now, Foster had intended to have Armstrong run in at Babylon that afternoon, to call on the heroine; but of course no man could expect to be received with any degree of welcome if he presented himself in that drenched and dripping condition, and it seemed for the moment as if the idea must be given up.

"But the storm quickly passed over," stated Foster, trying to help his hero on the way to five o'clock tea; "and before long Armstrong's clothes were dried by the sun."

No sooner had the author written these words than the little Spirit of Realism, which haunted him day and night, whispered gently into his ear that it would probably take a very hot sun and several hours of time to dry the clothes which had become saturated with fresh water under a rainfall of ten minutes' duration.

"Nonsense," responded Foster restively, "I don't believe it. And what if it did? No one would ever know it. If I choose to say that a man's clothes will become dry in half an hour, who will challenge the statement? But what if some inquisitive fellow should test it? What would become of my reputation as a realist? Though I don't know that the clothes would not dry in half an hour; I don't know whether they would or not."

"Very well," said the Spirit of Realism; "then there is but one course open to you. You must sacrifice a suit of

clothes in the interests of literature, soak them in the bathtub for ten minutes, and then see how long it takes them to dry in the sun."

With a sigh Foster assented to the reasonableness of this proposition, and prepared to carry it out.

The sun ought to have been that of a day in early September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for that was the time of the storm in Foster's narrative; but as it was then only the latter part of February, it did seem as if it would be almost too hard to be obliged to wait nearly seven months in order to verify one sentence in a story which had already been promised to the publishers. The best that could be done was to saturate the clothes as required, notice the time it took them to dry in the latter part of February, and then, making the most accurate calculation possible of the difference in the drying power of the sun in the two seasons of the year, add or subtract the number of minutes, as the case might be.

All this Foster did, carefully and honestly, and as the result of his observations rewrote his sentence thus: "Armstrong's clothes were dry in about five hours." It had been, in reality, five hours and thirteen minutes after taking the garments out of the water and hanging them in the sun, before the realist, handling them anxiously, could say to himself that they were quite dry. But the thirteen minutes he placed on the credit side of the account of the September sun, and was then so far false to his principles as to write "about five hours," instead of stating plainly and clearly just how long it took the clothes to dry.

Having done this, however, he began to feel that he could now go on with his story with a clear conscience, when the Spirit of Realism again inter-

posed. It told him, kindly but firmly, that he had not made any allowance for all of Armstrong's wet underclothes. These the sun could reach only through the outer suit, so that they would necessarily take longer to dry; and while they continued wet, they would retard the drying of the coat and trousers. Then, just as he was bringing his mind to bear upon this underclothes problem, the Spirit reminded him that the warmth of the human body would materially affect the length of time which it would take the sun to do its work of drying; and that to hang a coat and a pair of trousers, or even the whole paraphernalia of a man's outfit, to dry in the sun by themselves, would, after all, be shirking the duty of a writer, who must be true to facts as they are, at whatever cost.

At this point Foster almost rebelled. For one little minute he wished that the good old days, in which a vivid imagination was of some small use to a writer of fiction, were with him still; and that realism, with all its painful accuracy and truthfulness, had never evolved itself from the inner consciousness of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But this relapse was for the instant only. Foster knew that he had long since committed himself to the modern methods, and that it was far, far too late to draw back now. So, humbly bowing before the new mandate of the Spirit, he cast about him for some way in which to render his obedience. It was then, in that moment of his dire need, that the thought of the model came to him, bringing with it such a sense of relief in the solving of this and all future problems of a like character that he could only wonder dizzily why it had never occurred to him before.

"Why," he asked himself judicially, "should the artist who works with the brush deem it so absolutely essential to the truthfulness of his pictures to have that which he is portraying actually before him, while the artist who works with the pen is supposed to be able to

draw his pictures from the memory of previous observations? Imagine the impressionist who would try to give us a picture of street life in Cairo, drawn from memory, never having taken even a sketch on the ground; or think of a portrait of a Spanish cavalier, for instance, painted without any model, merely from what the artist could recall of his impressions on that subject, gathered while traveling through Spain during the previous autumn. Yet we realists," continued Foster, warming to his theme, "we pretend to study life, and to send forth our word-pictures of men and things as they actually are. We observe, certainly, — we make it our business in life to study character and conditions; but that is not enough. I begin to see for the first time," he assured himself, "that that is not enough. We too need the model; and a model, I, for one, mean to have for the remainder of my realistic life!"

This having been decided, the author at once went forth to seek his model for the storm scene in *Against the Tide*. This should have been very simple, as it seemed to Foster at first. No particular intelligence would be necessary, he thought, no insight and no training; nothing but a constitution strong enough to enable a man to endure a bath with all his clothes on, and the subsequent five hours' drying in a February sun. Surely, any man out of work would be glad to take the contract, and would not object to earning the honest penny simply because the work required was perhaps a little out of the ordinary line. So it would seem, certainly, but the realist found it otherwise.

He had in his mind, at first, a colored man whom he had befriended from time to time, and who, he thought, would be glad of the chance to earn two dollars, and at the same time to help his benefactor out of a difficulty. So he sent for Rastus, and Rastus promptly presented himself.

"Rastus," said Foster, "I have a little work which I should like to have you do for me."

"Yes, sah," responded Rastus, rolling his eyes, and displaying a gleaming expanse of white teeth.

"It will not take you long," continued Foster, — "about five hours, or less; and I shall pay you two dollars for it."

"Yes, sah," again responded Rastus, with more alacrity than before, and this time with a facial expansion of about eight inches. Rastus usually worked all day — a dinky's day, from nine to five — for a dollar and a quarter; but Foster was now engaging him as a model, and a good model, the author knew, would be cheap at that price.

Foster then carefully explained to Rastus the nature of the work which he wanted him to do. The negro's eyes opened wider and wider, but the grin as steadily faded away; and before the realist had finished his exposition the desired model was a black statue of gravity, whose head was being slowly shaken from side to side.

"You wan' dis chile to put on dese yere t'ings," pointing to the clothes which Foster had laid out in readiness for his experiment; "an' den you wan' me git in de bathtub wid 'em on; an' den I set fo' five hours in 'em, till I jes' dry in de sun." Here the head-shaking became even slower and more solemn. "No, sah, Mistah Fostah, sah; I couldn' do it, nohow."

"But why, Rastus?" expostulated Foster. "Why can't you do it? You'd like to earn the two dollars, would n't you?"

"Oh yes, sah."

"You have n't anything else to do, have you?"

"No, sah. Dese yere hard times, cyarn' git nuthin' to do, nohow, sah."

"You're not afraid of catching cold, I hope?"

The grin, so modified as to be scarcely recognizable, illumined Rastus's face

for a moment, but almost instantly disappeared.

"No, sah; not afraid ob teekin' col', sah. Dis chile nebber teck col'."

"Then why, in the name of common sense, do you refuse to do what I ask of you? Give me some reason!"

But Rastus was dumb, while the head-shaking was continued for some moments in solemn silence.

"Well?" cried Foster at last, impatiently. "Well, will you do it, or won't you?"

Rastus rolled his eyes, his countenance expressive of the deepest regret.

"Ve'y sorry, sah. Like to 'bleege you, Mistah Fostah, sah, but I couldn' do it, nohow." And Foster felt that further argument would be superfluous.

This experience with Rastus was a little disappointing; for once Foster had conceived the idea of the model, he had anticipated no difficulty in carrying it out, supposing that Rastus would be only too happy, technically speaking, to pose. The event undeceived him, but did not result in the abandonment of his project.

He next sought an Irishman whom he had employed at various times to take care of his furnace, and to him he unfolded the plan in all its details, and offered him two dollars and a half if he would do the work required. The man listened with shrewd attention until the point was reached at which Foster developed the bathtub and drying process. Then he interrupted him with, "An' fwhat wud Oi do that for?"

Foster explained that he had a particular reason for wanting to know how long it would take the clothes to dry.

"An' fwhy don't yez jist hang thim over a chair till yez can say that they're dhry?"

"I wish to know how long it will take them to dry on a man's body."

"An' it's mesilf yez wants to put on thim things, an' to git into the wather with thim on, is ut? An' to set in the chair beyant an' shiver for foive hours,

is ut? Thin it's Pat O'Reilly as wud n't demane himsilf by doin' ut, for yez or for anny other man in the wurruld, by all the powers! An' it's ashtounded at yez Oi om, Misther Fosther, as has always trated me loike a gintleman till now!" And, with this outburst of self-respect, Pat O'Reilly stamped heavily down the stairs, and was out of the house before Foster could recover from the stupefaction in which this second defeat had left him.

"No one need come to me with any more absurd stories of hard times, and of the thousands of men who are willing to do anything, but can find nothing to do!" raged Foster to himself that evening. "It's all nonsense! Do anything! Why don't they do it, then, when they get the chance? 'Wud n't demane himsilf by doin' ut'!" he repeated scornfully. "Well, what I want is a man with sense enough to appreciate the fact that in doing what I ask he is not only helping himself by earning honest wages, but he is also serving the best spirit of his time in promoting the interest of realistic literature!"

But where to find this man of sense and literary ardor? Foster thought of the columns in the daily papers, headed, "Help Wanted: Males," and tried to write an advertisement which would appeal to the proper spirit in some intelligent man out of work, and which would at the same time convey a perfectly clear idea of what would be required of the applicant; for any repetition of the experiences with Rastus and Pat O'Reilly was a thing to be avoided, if avoidance were possible.

So he began to write:—

"Wanted—A man to act as model for an author. Must be willing to"—

Here he stopped, and repeated the last four words to himself. "Must be willing to—Must be willing to—Oh, must be willing to *what*?" he demanded, in desperation. "I can't explain what I need in a newspaper advertisement; and

if I don't explain, I shall be besieged by men with no more perception of the real importance of the work than Rastus or Pat had. And I see plainly that no man who is incapable of understanding the spirit of the thing will do what I want."

With this the realist went to bed. At three o'clock in the morning he awoke suddenly, and at once the solution of the problem was in his brain, having come to him as such things do. He went to sleep again, and slept until eight o'clock. At that hour he arose, dressed and breakfasted calmly, and then betook himself with great confidence to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

"I have been told," he said to the secretary, who came forward to meet him, "that scores of men sleep on the floor here every night; that many of these are intelligent and even cultivated men, who in ordinary times would be filling responsible and lucrative positions, but who, owing to the hard times, are now out of work, and are willing to sweep the city streets for a dollar a day."

The secretary, wondering if he saw before him a street commissioner or a philanthropist, responded briefly, "You have been correctly informed, sir."

"Very well," continued Foster; "then it seems to me that I must have come to the right place to engage a man to do a little work for me. I am an author."

"Yes?" questioned the secretary.

"Yes," repeated Foster. "A realist," he added.

"Ah!" returned the secretary. "You have come here for—er—in search of local color, perhaps?"

"Oh, not at all," disclaimed Foster hastily, "not at all!" He explained to the secretary exactly what he wanted, and the young man was deeply interested at once.

"I think I know the right man for your purpose," he said,—"a man who will take an intelligent interest in the work, and at the same time be one whom

it will be a pleasure to you to assist pecuniarily; for just at this time he needs money very much indeed. His name is Haskins, — Henry Haskins. He will be here after six o'clock, and I will ask him to call on you this evening."

Foster thanked him, and then, elated by even so much success, he went home to await the coming of him who was to be the right man in the right place.

Before ten o'clock, that evening, the model was engaged. About eight Mr. Haskins presented himself, and the interview was satisfactory to both of the men. The realist explained at great length his idea of a literary model, and Haskins entered into the plan with the most intelligent enthusiasm.

"I see exactly what you need," he exclaimed, "and I wonder that no one has ever thought of it before! Why should n't an author use a model as an artist does, and for the same reasons? But how did you happen to think of it?"

Foster told him about *Against the Tide*, and read the story aloud up to the point of the thunderstorm and Armstrong's predicament. Haskins was much interested, and said that it would be a pleasure to him to feel that he was necessary to the completion of the narrative. The realist told him of the contrary opinion of Rastus and Pat; but Haskins replied that of course men of that mental calibre could not understand the significance or necessity of the work required, and that therefore they would not have made satisfactory models, even if they had been willing to do what the author asked of them.

"For I suppose," continued Haskins thoughtfully, "that you will not always require a model for such experiments as this. I should think a sympathetic model could pose for a great many situations which only a man who realized the literary value of what he was doing would be capable of representing. There must be numberless instances in which a model would require insight and sympathy in

order to coöperate intelligently with the author in his plan."

Haskins then went on to give Foster some account of his previous life, and of the circumstances which had brought his finances to their present condition. He said that he had been born on a farm in Columbia County, and that he had lived there until he was nineteen. Then the country boy's longing for the life of a great city had drawn him to New York, and for several years he had made his way there with encouraging success. At the end of the first year of struggle he had obtained a position with a Wall Street broker, and had kept it until the failure of the firm, almost at the beginning of the hard times, had left him with nothing to depend upon except what he had saved. He had lived upon that for nearly a year, having been utterly unsuccessful in his efforts to get anything to do. No one wanted him; there were a hundred men for every vacant place. At last, when his money had given out, he had applied to the Young Men's Christian Association for help, and had been permitted to sleep at night on the floor, at the rooms, while his days were spent in doing anything that would bring in enough money to buy food.

"You would be amazed, Mr. Foster," he said to the realist, "if you knew some of the men who are doing just what I am doing, in these times. Every day I see men whose education and training and experience have fitted them to fill responsible positions, but who are now glad to get any kind of work, at almost any pay. For my part, I never expected to be as hard up as I have been for the last two months. Of course I could have gone home at any time, or my friends would have sent me some money if I had written for it; but I would n't."

So Foster's offer of good pay for work which he would enjoy for its own sake was a sea-breeze on a hot day to Mr. Haskins, and his ready acceptance of the offered position was equally refreshing

to Foster. The realist and the model elect parted at ten P. M., mutually satisfied.

Promptly on the morning following his engagement, the model made his appearance at the author's rooms, ready to pose for *Against the Tide*. He put on the clothing (including the underwear) which Foster had provided for the experiment, and then stepped into the tub of cold water as cheerfully as if it had been his lifelong habit to indulge, with all his clothes on, in a plunge bath immediately after breakfast. He remained in the water until he and all his garments were as wet as they would have been had he just been exposed to a thunderstorm on Great South Bay. Then he emerged, and placing his chair upon a large piece of oilcloth, in order that the water which was dripping from him should not injure the rug on the floor of Foster's study, he lighted a cigar, and, sitting there in the bright sunshine of a south window, calmly awaited results. Foster had noted the exact moment of his model's emergence from the water, and was prepared to go on with his story in confidence as soon as the drying should be complete, and he should have ascertained the precise length of time consumed by the process. In the meantime, he and Haskins had a long and interesting conversation about the author's new idea and the possibilities of its future development.

"After all," remarked Haskins, "there will always be limits to a model's ability to pose, because there will always be certain situations and conditions in which it will be impossible for him to place himself."

"Yes," assented Foster thoughtfully, "that is very true. Suppose, for example, that I wished to make a careful study of the influence of remorse, or of the spirit of revenge or of gratitude: I don't see how you could possibly be of any assistance to me."

"Or," continued Haskins, "suppose

that in the course of one of your stories your hero or your villain should be guilty of murder in the first degree. You could hardly expect me to pose for such a situation as that?"

"Oh, well," answered Foster, "as to that, a realist does not deal very largely with murders. We seldom have a villain in our stories, and often not even a hero. We have left those characters, for the most part, to the dramatist; and of late even he is beginning to look askance at them."

At last the model's clothes were dry enough to have justified a man in calling upon a woman who he had some reason to suppose would welcome him in almost any circumstances. Upon assuring himself of this fact, Foster looked at his watch.

"How long has it taken?" asked Haskins, with interest.

"Four hours and twenty-two minutes," announced Foster. "And now," he continued, "the question is, would it have taken a longer or a shorter time for the clothes to have become dry out of doors, in September?"

"I don't believe there would be very much difference," replied Haskins. "It seems to me that you have done all that any one could be expected to do, to verify your statement; and if I were you, I should go on with the story upon the basis of the result of this experiment."

"Very well," answered Foster; "then I will say that the clothes were dry in four hours' time."

He did so, and pictured the drenching and subsequent waiting for the clothes to dry in words which made one sneeze as he read of the wet garments clinging to the body, and then becoming gradually free from moisture during the four hours' evaporation of the water. With the intelligent coöperation of his model, the author's work had become a pleasure to him, and the Spirit of Realism was quiet for many days and nights at a time.

Thus *Against the Tide* was finished at last, and was mailed to the magazine for which it had been written. It was published not long afterward, and Foster received a copy of the number in which it appeared, accompanied by a note from the editor.

"You will notice," the editor wrote, "that I have taken the liberty of making a slight change in one paragraph of your story. You say that although the storm did not last long, it was four hours before Armstrong's clothes were dry enough for him to make his call at Babylon. Now, when you think of it, I believe you will agree with me that the heat of a September sun in our climate would effect the drying process in a

much shorter time than that which you have mentioned. It is a minor detail, of course, but knowing as I do your desire to be perfectly accurate even in the small matters, I meant to have called your attention to this statement before the story was put into print. I am sorry that I neglected to do so until it was too late; but I hope that you will have no objection to the words which, at the last moment, I substituted for yours."

Foster took up the magazine, and, turning to his story, he ran his eye down the printed columns until he read these words:—

"But the storm quickly passed over, and before long Armstrong's clothes were dried by the sun."

Mary Boardman Sheldon.

PASSAGES FROM JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

The Transfiguration of Judith.

SLOWLY from her knees
Judith arose, but dared not lift her eyes,
Awed with the sense that now beside her stood
A God's white Angel, though she saw him not.
A gleam fell on her, touching eyes and lips
With light ineffable. . . .
On cheek and throat and bosom lay such tint
As in the golden process of mid-June
Creeps up the slender stem to dye the rose.

Daybreak in Samaria.

Like one that from a lethargy awakes,
The Hebrew woman started: in the tower
No winged thing was, save on a cross-beam
A twittering sparrow. From the underworld
Came sounds of wheel and hoof, vague hints of life,
And where the black horizon blackest lay
A moment gone, a thread of purple ran
That changed to rose, and then to sudden gold—
A wave of gold that breaking on the dark

Flung its red spray against the cliffs and spurs,
But left the valley in cool shadow still.
And still the mist above the Asshur camp
Hung in white folds, and on the pendent boughs
The white dew hung.

Judith goes to the Camp of Asshur.

Then Judith veiled her face, and took her scarf,
And wrapt the scarf about her, and went forth
Into the street with Marah, the handmaid.
It was that hour when all the wretched folk
Haunted the market-stalls to get such scraps
As famine left; the rich bazaars were closed,
Those of the cloth-merchants and jewellers;
But to the booths where aught to eat was had
The starving crowds converged, vociferous.
Thus at that hour the narrow streets were thronged.

.
O saddened Muse, sing not of that rough way
Her light feet trod among the flints and thorns,
Where some chance arrow might have stained her breast,
And death lay coiled in the slim viper's haunt;
Nor how the hot sun tracked her till she reached,
She and her maid, a place of drooping boughs
Cooled by a spring set in a cup of moss,
And bathed their cheeks, and gathered mulberries,
And at the sudden crackling of a twig
Were well-nigh dead with fear: sing, rather, now
Of Holofernes, stretched before his tent
Upon the spotted hide of that wild beast
He slew beside the Ganges, he alone
With just his dagger; from the jungle there
The creature leapt on him, and tore his throat,
In the dim starlight: that same leopard-skin
Went with him to all wars.

Judith and Marah in the Tent.

And when they were alone within the tent,
"O Marah," cried the mistress, "do I dream?
Is this the dread Assyrian rumor paints,
He who amid the hills of Ragau smote
The hosts of King Arphaxad, and despoiled
Sidon and Tyrus, and left none unslain?
Gentle is he we thought so terrible,
Whose name we stilled unruly children with

Passages from Judith and Holofernes.

At bedtime — *See! the Bull of Asshur comes!*
 And all the little ones would straight to bed.
 Is he not statured as should be a king?
 Beside our tallest captain this grave prince
 Towers like the palm above the olive-tree.
 A gentle prince, with gracious words and ways.”
 And Marah said: “A gentle prince he is —
 To look on; I misdoubt his ways and words.”
 “And I, O Marah, I would trust him not!”
 And Judith laid her cheek upon her arm
 With a quick laugh, and like to diamonds
 Her white teeth were between the parted lips.

At the Tent Door.

Now the one star that ruled the night-time then,
 Against the deep blue-blackness of the sky
 Took shape, and shone; and Judith at the door
 Of the pavilion waited for Bagoas;
 She stood there lovelier than the night's one star.
 But Marah, looking on her, could have wept,
 For Marah's soul was troubled, knowing all
 That had been hidden from her till this hour.
 The deadly embassy that brought them there,
 And the dark moment's peril, now she knew.
 But Judith smiled, and whispered, “It is well;”
 And later, paling, whispered, “Fail me not!”
 Then came Bagoas, and led her to the tent
 Of Holofernes.

Epilogue.

Thus through God's grace, that nerved a gentle hand
 Not shaped to wield the deadly blade of war,
 Judea was saved. . . .
 And love and honor waited from that hour
 Upon the steps of Judith. And the years
 Came to her lightly, dwelling in her house
 In her own city; lightly came the years,
 Touching the raven tresses with their snow.
 Many desired her, but she put them by
 With sweet denial: where Manasseh slept
 In his strait sepulchre, there slept her heart.
 And there beside him, in the barley-field
 Nigh unto Dothaim, they buried her.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS WORK.

THAT a man should produce a substantial body of literary work and achieve a considerable literary reputation in the last six or seven years of a life spent in newspaper work, with its continual emphasis upon the ephemeral and its distracting scramble after the popular, is unusual. The sight, therefore, of the ten sumptuous volumes of the works of Eugene Field¹ is, to say the least, surprising. In number they are divided equally between prose and verse. Of the prose volumes, three — *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, *The Holy Cross*, and the *Second Book of Tales* — are made up of short pieces. These consist chiefly of simple dialect sketches; of fables, allegories, and fairy-tales, usually in pseudo-archaic diction, and little pastels of home life, especially those aspects of home life which take their color and meaning from the love of children. Of the two other volumes, one, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, is a rambling discourse, in a thin dramatic disguise, on the delights of reading and book-owning; the other, *The House*, is the narrative of a familiar domestic episode, humorous and ostensibly dramatic in tone, but with an easily detected autobiographic subtexture. The poetry consists of *A Little Book of Western Verse*, supplemented by a second and a third volume of the same tone and intention, *Poems of Childhood*, and a series of riotous "translations" from Horace, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*. This surely is no mean array.

Perhaps the most surprising characteristic of the short tales and sketches, to those who knew of Field only as a Western newspaper wit, is the old fashion of their sentiment and form. The story

of the *Holy Cross*, which recounts the meeting of some Spanish soldiers from the army of Cortes with the Wandering Jew, and the subsequent pardon and release from his torments of that hackneyed personage, is exactly in the tone of outworn romanticism of the early decades of the century. It recalls Chateaubriand, but without his ardency, or at least without the breath of adventure that permeates the first attempts in a given literary mode. Such pieces as *The Oak-Tree* and the *Ivy*, of which there are a great number in the three volumes, with their wooden appurtenances of *Ice-King*, *South-Wind*, and the like, are so much akin to the profitable tales which one remembers from sleepy Sunday afternoons over the godless imitators of Hans Andersen that one feels a humorous desire to charge the author with plagiarizing his own nursery books. Tale after tale, again, is written in a sort of sham-archaic diction which Field invented for himself, and which, used as it is for the most divergent purposes without a corresponding change of key, ends by giving a distressingly artificial effect. Answering to this lack of modernity in form is a still more curious persistence of old-fashioned sentiment. It is of course none the worse for being old-fashioned, but there is something odd, even a little pathetic, in the way in which this daily fun-maker for the most headlong and modern of cities kept turning back to trite and homely motives; putting one side, as if he did not know them, the questioning, the daring, the mysticism, and the cynicism of modern life, choosing as a medium of expression this or that much-fingered, instrument, full of wheezy memories of tunes.

It is only fair to add that sometimes this homeliness of sentiment, so far from being insipid, acts as a tremendous

¹ *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field*. Sabine Edition. Ten volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

reinforcement. In such a sketch as *The Little Yaller Baby*, for example, the elements of pathos, though as familiar as maternity, are as poignant as the presence of death. If Field had written a dozen things like that one, he would deserve a place among those who, having known the eternal secrets of the heart, stand outside time, and of whom it is impertinent to inquire whether their work is old or new. But this intense entering into a human situation is very rare with him. Pathos his tales often have, but it is the pathos of reminiscence, the pathos of the popular song which depends upon the manipulation of a few chords warranted by long service to produce a melting effect; sincerity they have, but it is the sincerity of a mind not thoroughly awake, of an imagination not quite vitally quickened.

This lack of tenseness in Field's prose work shows itself in two striking ways, significant enough of the conditions under which he labored to deserve mention. The first is his poverty, or at least his unwarrantable repetition, of motive. The note which he struck so tenderly and resonantly in the poem by which almost alone his name is widely known, *Little Boy Blue*, the tragedy of childhood led away from its toys and its prattle by the shadowy hand of death, reappears again and again, in less and less persuasive adumbrations, until one's sense of delicacy is outraged, and one is forced to cry out against what has come to seem little better than cant. This is, alas, only one instance out of many; almost every striking tale or poem in the ten volumes is flanked by two, three, or half a dozen weak replicas. The second way in which Field's lack of self-criticism and of artistic strenuousness shows itself is in his wanton marring of carefully prepared effects for the sake of introducing some bit of irrelevant humor which has struck his predatory journalistic eye. In the volume called *The House*, for instance, we have come

almost to believe in Reuben Baker, the mild, garrulous astronomer, who watches in helpless dignity his shifty little wife Alice buy and fit up the coveted home, when we are plunged into a series of "grinds" upon public characters and institutions of Chicago, from which we emerge with complete repudiation upon our lips for the flimsy figure. He is no longer a portrait, a humorous transcript of real character, but a jester's marionette. In the same way, the Bibliomaniac bids fair for a few chapters to be an individual. A really delicate perfume of personality begins to disengage itself from the pages; the fragile, detached old enthusiast begins to take on the winning hues of life. Then, without warning and as if petulantly tired of the effort, the author flattens him into pasteboard and uses him to hang "copy" on, — and rather cheap and incoherent copy at that. All this, along with a great deal else that is deplorable in the body of writing which Field left, is undoubtedly due, in large measure at least, to his newspaper training. One who sees the work of his pen perishing with the day that gives it birth is not apt to be scrupulous about repetition of motive; one who assists in the great daily hand-banding of the choir of heaven and furniture of earth is not apt to keep a conscience virginal toward the demands of a little imaginary gentleman in a white choker, who is timidly eager to maintain himself as a genuine creation in the world of art.

It is pleasant to turn from the prose to the verse, for here we come upon bits of well-nigh flawless workmanship, and upon something that approaches supreme perception. The verse divides itself loosely under five heads: rollicking jingles, the aim of which is to raise a laugh at any cost; serious or semi-serious poems of a reflective sort; translations, both serious and flippant; dramatic poems, usually in dialect; and the inimitable "poems of childhood." The jingles are

supreme in their irresponsible and delightful class. Such delectable titles as *The Schnellste Zug*, *Plaint of the Missouri 'Coon*, and *The Two Little Skee-zucks* only faintly suggest the joy that is in them. The author has thrown himself into these happy-go-lucky trifles with a whimsical gusto which takes criticism captive. At callous moments we can find fault with them: we can see that they are too long, that their nonsense is not always so weirdly inspired as we had thought it. But for the most part we submit ourselves to their tyranny, and are left with only a titillation of fun in the roots of our hair and an unspeakable gratitude in the region of the risibles.

The reflective poems, including the more serious of the translations, are much less successful. There are, to be sure, a few pieces which command respect for their sincerity and tenderness, such for example as the famous *Little Boy Blue* and *Contentment*, which latter has a note of quiet nobility thoroughly fine. Usually, however, Field had not the power to speak of old things with a new voice. Here, even more than in his prose, the lack of magnetic correspondence between substance and style is apparent. The thought does not induce itself with expression by any inner willfulness. There is a sameness of style which in the end amounts to a drone. His lack of subtlety in the perception of style is especially noteworthy in the translations. The five volumes contain a great number of these, covering a range from Bion and Horace to Béranger and Dr. Watts. I can recall scarcely a half dozen where the peculiar aroma of the style has been even faintly caught. The poignant concreteness of Heine, the sweep and volume of Goethe, the golden mist of the Sicilian lyrists, the sanctified diffuseness of the evangelical doctor, are all melted down into a common mould, respectable but featureless.

Closely connected with this latency of

the stylistic sense is the tendency to introduce types, and not individuals, which makes the dramatic verse of Field so essentially undramatic. The pieces which deal with the life of the Western mining-camp, *Red Hoss Mountain*, as well as many others written in the same good-natured thumping seven-foot lines, come beyond all chance of question from the same mouth. This is not to say that they are therefore failures. By no means. The figures that gathered about Casey's immortal "table dote," and took part with such admired decorum in the "conversazhyony" at the Gosh-all-Hemlock mine, move in a world of humor that pours a redeeming light over their artistic shortcomings. It is only to say that the magical touch which could lift these bundles of quizzical humors into imaginative reality, as some of the miners of Bret Harte and some of the human odds and ends of James Whitcomb Riley have been lifted, is hopelessly to seek.

With the same pleasure that one turns from Field's prose to his verse one turns again to that best portion of his verse which deals with child life; for here the most guarded critic can forget his qualms, and yield himself whole-heartedly to a new and naïve fascination. The reputation which some of the more serious of these child poems have achieved is not, to my thinking, wholly deserved. There is in them just a hint of stock sentiment, at the minimum in such direct and concrete things as *Little Boy Blue*, at the maximum in such self-conscious ones as *The Dead Babe*. It is in the lighter, more fanciful and rollicking of the verses that the author strikes a vein thoroughly fresh and charming. One has to go to Schumann's *Kinderscenen* for a parallel rendering of the silver-gray phantasmagoria, half dream, half waking gleams and splinterings of fancy, that Field has given us in *The Fly-Away Horse*, and *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*. Always excepting Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse*, I know of no work, save perhaps

that of Field's own friend Riley, which gives us the atmosphere of the young mind as faithfully as the delightful boyish soliloquy called *Seein' Things at Night*. The humorous paternity of *The Ride to Bumpville* wins us at the first line with the stealing tenderness and well-being of the fireside, and even the somewhat gurgling paternity of *The Bottle Tree* and *Googly-Goo* leaves us with a smile that is wholly engaged. Strangely enough, too, in the handling of these sympathetic little subjects, many of the technical limitations of the poet's gift which we have noticed are refined quite away. Elsewhere his sense of style is dull or non-existent; here the diction springs new as a flower out of rich deposits of nursery tradition, and the tune, starting with the swing of the cradle or the to-and-fro of a grand dame's rockerless chair, leaps and lingers and bickers and swirls like the spirit of water. If *Mother Goose*, wandering into the semicircle of light where Dante found the limbo of the good poets, should sit at the feet of Shelley and learn the magic of his lyre, I fancy that her wizened, beatified old throat would break out sooner or later into much such a carol as *The Rock-a-By Lady* from *Hushaby Street* or *The Song of Luddy-Dud*. It is no small thing to voice the joys and woes of one whole stage of the earthly journey, however short, especially when that stage is full of the most enormous little psychic adventures. This Field has done. He has written the *Canterbury Pilgrimage* of infancy. The great book of human interpretation is the poorer that the tale had to be left half told.

But Field did not pretend to be an artist; one can imagine the droll repudiation he would have made of the title. Yet at rare moments and in dealing with a few subjects he had the artist's touch. Moreover, it is not difficult to see that in the last years of his life his sense of the beauty and value of creative art rapidly deepened. He seems to have

been conquered by the Muse almost before he knew it, as one who should stop by an Athenian door-sill to chat with a lazy citizen, and go thence knowing Socrates and questioning the ultimate. Yet if this rare touch had never come to him, he would still have been, from many points of view, an engaging and suggestive figure. He was one of those unusual men who contrive to be profoundly typical of their time and environment at the same time that they retain the raciest of individualities. His irrepressible gayety, his obstreperous plunging through bush and brier after the will-o'-the-wisp of fun, his jaunty plucking of laughter from dullness, represent a trait of the nascent but already recognizable national temper which bids fair to mark us off most saliently from our native English stock. The imperturbable impudence with which, in the *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, he slaps Horace on the back and drags him off for a lark and a supper, is more extravagantly American than it has entered into the heart of the most inspired of our foreign parodists to conceive. It may be said parenthetically that we feel a pleased assurance that Horace does not in the least resent the familiarity, but goes boon and meek to "polish up the city," confident in the assurance of his brother bard that Mæcenæ will "pay the freight."

Recalling the intimate charm of Field's friendship, of which there is abundant evidence in the introductions to the various volumes, and those inimitable drolleries of daily walk and conversation which distinguished him racily among his contemporaries, we must look at him rather as a personality which only tardily and incompletely arrived at expression, than as an artist with whom expression was the first concern. The elements of this personality were singularly rich. He joined an almost Gothic grotesqueness and exuberance of fancy with an absorption in homely affections and a forthright crude sanity which usu-

ally go with imaginative limitations. He found an equal relish in the uproarious humors of Bohemianism and the delicate elusive atmosphere of the minds of children. But for the most part this unusual range of endowment obtained only fortuitous and lax expression, and it is a matter for regret that, in the definitive edition of his writings, piety should have intervened to prevent a thorough winnowing of that which has a chance to

live from that which is predoomed to die. A man engaged in the pursuit of an exacting profession cannot, in the leisure moments of six or eight years, produce ten volumes of imaginative writing which shall even begin to approach, as a whole, the level of his best. As it stands, the bulk of his writing is unwieldy, and much that is lovely and sound is in danger of being swamped by much more that is tawdry and mistaken.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

MISS WILKINS'S MADELON.

IT has sometimes been lamented, half whimsically, that there is no training-school for novelists, as there is for painters and sculptors; yet if the novelist has to master his art by untutored practice, he may have this resort, at least, that the writing of short stories offers a species of apprenticeship in the craft. Not that the short story may not be a worthy end in itself; sometimes the artist in this form reaches perfection here, and needs no larger canvas. But if one has it in him to draw his figures life-size, the short story may well serve for preliminary studies. Miss Wilkins has shown indisputably that her power in delineating life comes largely from the faculty of holding in a firm grasp the secret of a mastering impulse or principle. She has illustrated this in a large number of sharply defined personalities, drawn, so to speak, as individual figures, or in small groups occupied with quick incidents. With the growth of power the same kind of handling is apparent when she essays more considerable pieces, and carries the action over a longer time under a greater range of circumstances. She still has the unfaltering grasp impelled by clear insight, and the steady movement along

direct lines. The concentration of power in her short stories is very great; it is even more noticeable in her longer tales. We had occasion to express our respect for her art when *Pembroke* appeared, and our admiration is not lessened by the new illustration of her artistic force in *Madelon*.¹

The heroine, *Madelon* herself, displays just this tenacious grip of an idea that we have recognized as the central fact in Miss Wilkins's art; so does *Lot Gordon*, the hero; so does *Burr* in a somewhat less degree; so does *Burr's* mother; and the same set, to use an expressive word, is what gives backbone to the otherwise invertebrate *Dorothy Fair*. Minor characters, like *Richard*, display a similar disposition, and at the close of the book the whole community is in peril of being swept into a Niagara of wrong-headedness. We think the culmination of *Madelon* is genuinely in the mere hint that is given of an impending disaster arrested by the suicide of the hero.

The book is, in fact, a most artistic portrayal of the *idée fixe* of the psychologist. We have no wish to enter the domain of the pathologist, yet we would point out to the reader how much of

¹ *Madelon*. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

Miss Wilkins's skill seems to lie in stopping just short of insanity in her characters. A little more, and every mother's son and daughter of them would be in the madhouse. Well, is not that the logical outcome of what is characteristic in New England country life, and is it not a tribute to Miss Wilkins's genius that she should have caught this temper and transferred it in all its fascination to the pages of her books? Heretofore, the type illustrated has been the New Englander of purest strain, such as may be seen in several instances in this tale; but in creating the Hautvilles Miss Wilkins has shown a not unfamiliar type, the English crossed by the French and Indian, and she has been unerring in her rendering of the rich, vibrant nature thus produced. But these, too, must have the dominant passion, and thus, though the author of their being takes a new clay in her hands, she fashions it again after her own image.

In the working out of her tragedy — for tragedy it certainly is — Miss Wilkins has shown dexterity in avoiding the grotesque while coming pretty near it at times, and there are fewer of those sudden gleams of beauty which gave relief in *Pembroke*. We suspect the explanation may lie in the somewhat artificial character of the central moment of the drama. The stab which she gives Lot Gordon when she mistakes him for Burr comes upon the reader almost before he is ready, and at once the whole story is pitched in a high key. There is scarcely a lowering of that key to the last. It is as if the author did not dare once relax, lest the note should not be recovered. The intensity thus is in the author almost more than it is in the tragedy itself, and for this reason the reader may take a somewhat more curious and less absorbing interest in the acting than might otherwise be the case. Yet if he comes upon few passages of clear beauty such as he had learned to hope for in this writer after reading *Pembroke*, he is impressed again by the extraordinary con-

centration of language of which Miss Wilkins is capable, and gives the highest praise to an art which makes language have the cold splendor of a winter sunset.

MR. FREDERIC'S THE DAMNATION OF
THERON WARE.

The practiced novel-reader enters upon Mr. Frederic's new story¹ with keen anticipation of pleasure, so carefully sketched is the prelude scene, and so confidently does the author move forward. This feeling that he is in the hands of a master of fiction remains with him pretty much all through the First Part, which relates the experiences of a young Methodist minister and his wife, disappointed in their hopes of a flourishing parish, and shoved aside into a mean living in a large country town having a considerable Irish population. The description of the Conference in the opening chapter is graphic and quietly humorous, and the setting of the young couple in Octavius is so managed as to convey at once a good notion of a petty parish, in which the minister finds himself subjected to the ignoble tyranny of ignorant trustees. This minister, Theron Ware, with his ambition and his immaturity, is partially introduced; at least so the reader comes to think afterward, for on looking back, at the end of the story, he is reminded of the rather slight intimations given of Theron's native character before it is brought to the test. The novel, one premises from the title, has for its main purpose the disclosure of the history of a human soul.

Not long after the Wares have set up their home in Octavius, the minister chances upon the dying of a poor workman who has met with an accident. He follows the rude litter on which the injured man is borne into a shanty, and finds himself presently in the company of a Romish priest and a young Irish girl.

¹ *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By HAROLD FREDERIC. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1896.

"The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice, with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light. One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street-door. He found himself bowing with the others to receive the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneeling with the others for the prayers; following in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostril, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the *Asperges me, Domine*, and *Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus*, with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the *Confiteor* vigorously and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous, and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

"Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names, — *beatum Michaellem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum*, —

invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him."

The sharp contrast between Theron Ware's poverty-stricken surroundings and the richness of this Catholic world is set forth all the more admirably that the reader is not for a moment deluded into thinking he is to be invited to witness anything like conversion from the one faith to the other. Not this way does Theron Ware's damnation lie. The young minister simply is suddenly thrown out of his groove and dislocated from his habitual mode. The accident brings him into friendly relations with the priest and the Irish girl, who is the emancipated daughter of an honest and plain Irishman grown rich in his industry, and wont to humor the girl in any fancies she may choose to take up. One other personage is grouped with the priest and the girl, an apparently cynical Dr. Ledsmar; and these three, by a sort of tacit agreement, amuse themselves with the innocent young parson. One of the felicities of the book is the skillful manner in which the reader's mind is drawn off from this view of the case until the dénouement, and his attention fixed upon Theron Ware as he subjects himself to the criticism of the three.

The real plotter against Theron's simplicity is the girl, Celia Madden, and it is in the relation between the two that the artificiality of the story appears. It is not impossible to concede the psychological facts of Theron Ware's slumping, — we can find no other single word to express the change from a conventionally good man into a noxious reptile, — but we question the naturalness of the means as elaborated by Mr. Frederic. He has conceived a man of some intellectual and emotional readiness, with a meagre education and very limited knowledge of the world; inoffensively virtuous through lack of opportunity for vice, but with no genuine foundation for his character. He has intended to make

him not merely amiable, but rather attractive in his untried ingenuousness. "You impressed us," says Celia Madden, who acts as the recorder in Theron's damnation at the last, "as an innocent, simple, genuine young character, full of mother's milk. It was like the smell of early spring in the country to come in contact with you. Your honesty of nature, your sincerity in that absurd religion of yours, your general *naïveté* of mental and spiritual get-up, all pleased us a great deal. We thought you were going to be a real acquisition." All this is well said, and one must bear in mind that Mr. Frederic had a difficult task to perform in delineating a character which should seem all this to persons with the angle of vision which the priest, Celia Madden, and Dr. Ledsmar had, and should at the same time be normal and ordinary enough to his wife and neighbors, while the reader was slowly to penetrate the real consciousness of the man. It is a task performed with unusual skill, and with a pardonable amount of open analysis; but in performing his task Mr. Frederic found it necessary to make Celia Madden play the part of fictitious temptress to this very feeble St. Anthony, and it is here that one feels the distortion of nature. It was well enough to present Celia Madden as rich, handsome, clever-mouthed, free with bravado; but to invest her with all the furnishings of her sybaritic apartment, to represent her as using the blandishments of dress upon poor Theron (effecting a change, by the way, in a period of time which would be brief for a variety actress), to make her try the effect of a sort of musical cathartic upon the minister's rigidly conventional conscience, — this portion of the story strikes one as very artificial and out of key. Nevertheless, one returns with the feeling that the scheme of the book is sound; that in the separate characters of the group of three as seen by the reader there is a latent quality which would ac-

count for their attitude toward the young minister; for the story in its unconscious intention is a damnation also of these three. Our contention is that in the half-sketch of Dr. Ledsmar there is too much left for us to guess, and that the part Celia has to play is illustrated by abnormal incidents; the priest alone is satisfactorily characterized.

There is one minor character, Celia's brother Michael, who deserves high praise. His outline is admirably drawn, and the scene in which he holds the mirror up to Theron Ware's face is most effective. As to the debt-raisers, Soulsby and Sister Soulsby, given the rather unbelievable premise of their past career, they are cleverly drawn and highly entertaining. The Methodist scenes throughout are very vivid, and though highly accented do not impress one as caricatures, — a statement not so surely made of Sister Soulsby. Most readers, we think, will say that the master stroke is in the last page, where Theron is shown, after his recovery from the shame of his exposure to himself, as just the same man he was in the beginning. It would be hard to find a sadder book, if one were looking for a pitiless illumination of a whited sepulchre. Nevertheless, we set it aside with the conviction that Mr. Frederic has overreached himself, for he leaves in the reader's mind an instinctive revolt against the fairness of the record. On this showing, indeed, Theron Ware damns himself, and his three accusers seem to get off scot-free; but in the higher court of human reason one feels that the upright judge would question more thoroughly the credibility of some of the evidence, as not agreeing wholly with the facts of human nature.

MRS. BURNETT'S A LADY OF QUALITY.

There is no doubt that what with the analysts and the realists, we are bound to be schooled by the writers of fiction in the habits of the human being as he disports himself behind the hedge of his

outward demeanor. As the stories of adventure get told, the novelist retreats farther into the field of the human spirit, and plies his Roentgen rays to discover that which is hidden from ordinary observation. Here is Mr. Frederic winding about in the soul of a poor Methodist parson, and now Mrs. Burnett,¹ rejecting herself into the early part of the eighteenth century, asks us to follow her in her exploration of the walled-up cellar of a lady of quality's soul. She has a superficial advantage in the literary masquerade she adopts. It is hard for the reader to believe heartily in the maxim that human nature is the same in all ages, and he is likely to be in a docile mood when he is bidden see an Englishwoman of two hundred years ago perform feats of character which he would regard as quite impossible in the creatures whom he passes on bicycles to-day. A superficial advantage, we say; for after all, when one strips off the supposed Bickerstaffian language and gets to the actual facts, there are certain bald incongruities which send one back with a doubt whether either language or behavior is true to the time depicted. Indeed, one might search the literature dominated by Steele and Addison very diligently without discovering any piece of writing so violent as this narrative, or so lavish in its decorative qualities; and this anachronism of style tempts one, as we have intimated, into a doubt if Mrs. Burnett has possessed herself truthfully of the spirit of the period. The book certainly is not imitative as Henry Esmond is, and one begins to wonder why the author should have taken pains to make the manner of her tale antique in an obvious fashion, when her main object after all was to tell a story which no possible author of that time could have told.

¹ *A Lady of Quality*. Being a most Curious, hitherto Unknown History, as related by Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, but not presented to the World of Fashion through the pages of The

Be this as it may, we are more concerned to inquire, not so much whether a Bickerstaff could have told the story as whether the story could have happened, not by the laws of probability, but by the laws of everlasting right and wrong which form the immutable standards for a novelist who desires her work to be imperishable. The opening scenes of the book are powerful. A baronet, Sir Jeffery Wildairs, compacted of all the rude vices that could be crowded into an English country gentleman of the time, brutally abandons his timid wife who is in the pains of childbirth. She had already given him several daughters, two of whom survive, and now still another is born, and nearly smothered at birth by the wild young mother in her own death-agony. But Clorinda, as this infant is named, is an exception to the progeny. From the first drawing of breath she proves an extraordinarily vigorous creature. Her father, enraged that he has no son, absolutely neglects her, and she emerges into his notice only when, at the age of six, after an education chiefly in the stables, she discovers in him, whom she had never seen, the man who has set up ownership in a fiery horse she regards as her special property. She flies at him with a riding-crop and pours out a volley of oaths, at first to his amazement and then to his delight, as he recognizes in this infuriated little vixen his own child.

Mrs. Burnett does not spare the colors in painting the manners and morals of her heroine in her tender years. She does not flinch from reporting her oaths and describing her ribaldry, though she saves the reader the actual words of the pothouse songs which the child sings. Clorinda, who has demonstrated her power of will by subduing with brute force men, women, dogs, and horses, and

Tatler, and now for the first time written down by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

has her father entirely under her thumb, is rendered masculine to the eye by being dressed in boy's clothes until she is fifteen, when presto! the willful little dame is transformed into a superb-looking girl, and provides herself with a chaperon and a brand-new set of manners and graces. The record of her life as a hoiden of the most atrocious sort being closed, she opens a new chapter as a toast and woman of society. Her father's companions are a set of debauchees well on in life, the only exception being a Sir John Oxon, no less a rake, but young, handsome, and universally triumphant. Clorinda, perceiving his designs upon her, at once brings her chaperon forward as body-guard, and for the novelist's purpose all goes on smoothly. She holds her ground, and only by the slightest possible movement of the eyelids does the novelist communicate to the alert reader a notion of what goes on out of sight. Sir John, who is a spendthrift, suddenly turns his back on Clorinda, and becomes betrothed to a girl with a fortune. Thereupon Clorinda accepts the hand of an elderly earl, who makes her an honest husband; and after his death, when she is still but a girl in years, she has a year in seclusion, then comes forward as a dazzling belle, and wins the love and worship of a noble duke who is as splendid in all manly qualities as she is beautiful in womanly. It is difficult, by the way, in a mere argument of the story, to refrain from splashes of color; for the reader of the story never is allowed to forget how queenly Clorinda is, how dissolute Sir John is, and how magnificent is the duke. But on the eve of her marriage Clorinda has a private meeting in her house with Sir John, who forces himself upon her with the vindictive purpose of reasserting his property in her and compelling her submission. The weapon he holds is a lock of her hair which he had cut from her head, unknown to her, in one of their secret meetings. The weapon she snatches up is a loaded whip, and, with

all the fury of her masculine girlhood surging out of her, she strikes him dead.

In a scene intended to be ghastly, and not without a repressed horror, Clorinda calmly receives her friends, with the dead man under the divan, and then at midnight carries the body into a subterranean cellar which she has workmen wall up. The early part of the eighteenth century serves her purpose quite well for the disposition of the remains and the concealment of the traces of her crime, though we would make a timid parenthetical remark that in that period, in great houses like Clorinda's, fine gentlemen were not in the habit of letting themselves out of the front door as Sir John Oxon is supposed to do. Clorinda then marries the duke and lives happily thereafter, her chief occupation, besides gracing the world, being to look after the victims of Sir John Oxon's lust,—and they seem to turn up at every corner,—and reinstate them or give them decent burial. At the close of the book, Clorinda's sister Anne, who has been her companion since Sir John Oxon appeared on the scene, and is a plain, saintly woman, is on her death-bed. The reader has had intimations from the novelist that sister Anne knew more than she told, but Clorinda has been less observant. It is to her, therefore, a terrible revelation when she finds through Anne's confession that this sister had been a witness throughout; that from the hour of the midnight meetings to the time when Clorinda carried the man she had killed into the subterranean cellar, Anne had been aware of each step in her sister's career. But Anne's shamefaced love for Sir John and her spaniel-like devotion to her sister had kept her lips sealed. Clorinda, overwhelmed by the disclosure of this fathomless love, looks with awe upon Anne, whom she had heretofore treated with a somewhat patronizing affection, and is ready to obey her as she would her confessor.

“ ‘ Anne, Anne,’ she whispered, ‘ must

he know, my Gerald? Must I — must I tell him all? If so I must, I will — upon my knees.’

“The doves came flying downward from the blue, and lighted on the window-stone and cooed. Anne’s answer was as low as her soft breath, and her still eyes were filled with what she saw, but which another could not.

“‘Nay,’ she breathed. ‘Tell him not. What need — wait, and let God tell him — who understands.’”

And so the duchess never told her husband, least of all her children, who gave promise of exceeding their parents in nobility and beauty; and on the tablet over the resting-place of the ducal pair were inscribed the lines (early eighteenth century): —

“Here sleeps by her husband the purest and noblest lady God e’er loved; yet the high and gentle deeds of her chaste, sweet life sleep not, but live and grow, and so will do so long as earth is earth.”

Far be it from us to intimate either that Mrs. Burnett is ironical in this conclusion, or that we demand of her a treatment which would visit some sure even if slow retribution on Clorinda for the murder of her lover. A stern Calvinist would doubtless shift in his mind the scene of her damnation to a later world, if she missed condign punishment in this. A Greek would have transferred the reward of her guilt to her children. Neither would have let her escape. Mrs. Burnett, not unlike her fellow novelist, Thomas Hardy, in his redoubtable case of *Tess* versus the Almighty, settles the whole question of responsibility for Clorinda by letting her explain to Anne that she merely took up the riding-whip and flew into a passion, and it was God who saw to it that the butt of the whip struck the exact spot on Sir John Oxon’s temple which would let the most life out

with the least amount of recriminating blood. Moreover, in arguing the case for Clorinda, Mrs. Burnett puts in the very natural plea that she was made so; in fact, she made her herself, and knows.

It is hard to be patient with the sophistry of such a novel, and harder still when the author bridges over chasms so lightly. She is positive enough when she allows her heroine to excuse herself on the ground of her imperfect early education, but precisely this imperfection does not seem to trouble her in the least when she wishes to make a queen out of a baggage. Nor can the pious scenery at the end make the reader accept sister Anne’s absolution as definitely closing the case against reference to any further tribunal. There are many striking scenes in the book and a great deal of brave language, but the artificiality of the morality of the tale eats into its literary virtue, and one feels that he has had an unpleasant time of it for nothing.

MR. PARKER’S THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

An historical romance which is concerned with adventure rather than with problems of moral history is the spirited one which we do not need to detail, since readers of *The Atlantic* have already enjoyed a year of it in the magazine.¹ Mr. Parker, for some reason, has changed Robert Stobo into Robert Moray, and he has taken the opportunity, as a conscientious workman, to give a final revision to his story now that it takes on the permanent form of a book; but the story itself remains, with its fine spirit, its keen edge of adventure, its delicate touch of the deeper things of life. We do not ask for the documents which Mr. Parker has chosen to produce in the way of contemporaneous prints to give versimilitude to his use of historic names and places, and the innocent reader

¹ *The Seats of the Mighty*. Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterward of

Amherst’s Regiment. By GILBERT PARKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

who takes up the book for the first time need not fear that he is to be given a historic narrative mildly flavored with imagination. Mr. Parker has shown, we think, the right mode of dealing with history in his romance. He has chosen a great critical moment, one of the great moments of history, and has set his persons in the drama made for him, where they are not puppets, but probable minor characters; and then he has interested himself in these people, well knowing that they cannot move freely without now and then giving to and receiving from the actual historic personages. Thus,

though his own creatures might have been in the eyes of the world subordinate, they are for the purposes of his story principal, and he does not make the mistake of trying to give them reality simply through their association with actual characters. Yet we do not believe a reader who has once come to know Doltaire, Mathilde, Alixe, and Robert Moray himself will ever read the narrative of the great conflict between France and England without seeing these figures moving about on the scene of action. It is a generous book, and warms the blood.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

The first four volumes have appeared of what promises to be the most comprehensive edition of Wordsworth. His poems, his prose, his letters, and a life by the editor, Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, will occupy sixteen volumes; and as Mr. Knight has done his work once before, it is reasonable to suppose that he has gleaned very thoroughly after the harvest he himself gathered. The poems are to be included in six volumes, and the method of editing is exhaustive, to use a favorite and rather too significant term. Not only are Wordsworth's prefaces given, but they are supplemented by additions and corrections drawn from a variety of sources; various readings are added, with dates, and abundant annotations furnished. It is in this last respect that the editor has been over-indulgent to himself. What possible service is rendered by a footnote to a quotation introduced by Wordsworth into a poem, stating that the editor has not been able to trace the quotation to its source? And again and again in footnotes to *The Prelude*, for instance, Mr. Knight treats the reader as if he were dealing with an ignorant schoolboy. These are flies in the apothecary's ointment, however, for the edition is unquestionably a definitive one. (Macmil-

lan.) — *Miscellaneous Studies, a Series of Essays*, by Walter Pater. (Macmillan.) Apparently, the gathering up of the fragments. To any one who has learned to admire the melancholy grace of Mr. Pater's work the essays will be of interest, and one of them, at least, *The Child in the House*, will doubtless always be held as very indicative of the working of his mind. — *The Rhythm of Life, and Other Essays*, by Alice Meynell. (Copeland & Day.) The impression most likely to remain with the reader of this score of brief essays is of a mingled restraint and penetration. He is in the hands of a writer who uses language with extreme care, picking and choosing her phrases and words to express with precision an individuality of mind eager to get at truth by a certain obliquity of vision. She takes a new attitude that she may catch a new light, but she sees straight. All this leads to a half-Orphic utterance at times dangerously near the weakness of straining for effect. — *Critical Kit-Kats*, by Edmund Gosse. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A little gallery of portraits, many of them drawn from life. Mr. Gosse takes the reader at once into his confidence, and chats with him so pleasantly of his friendships, personal and literary, — for the subjects of these essays are his friends, whether he has known them in the flesh or not, — that we feel we have

acquired more than a superficial acquaintance with the authors before the specific criticism of their work begins. Particularly to be noted is the loving and pathetic sketch in which the writer lauds the memory of the "most inspiring, the most fascinating being" he has ever known, Robert Louis Stevenson. — *Adventures in Criticism*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Scribners.) It is rare that a collection of book reviews written in brief for especial times and seasons possess a value that is permanent. Mr. Quiller-Couch has reason to call his essays "Adventures." Touching upon some twoscore subjects, from a new edition of Chaucer to an old one of Trilby, his comments occasionally approach serious criticism, but commonly confine themselves to a page or two of skirmishing about some salient point of attack or defense. Something about the book, call it what you will, lightness of touch or lack of weight, suggests the possible model of *Obiter Dicta*. Mr. Quiller-Couch is often suggestive, sometimes pointed, and once, at least, by a critical fault and human virtue, he is feelingly enthusiastic. — The uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels has been carried forward by the issue of *A Laodicean*, *Desperate Remedies*, *Wessex Tales*, and *The Hand of Ethelberta*. The map of Wessex which has accompanied the other volumes is reproduced here, — a curious commentary on the devotion of Mr. Hardy to one locality. Each volume also has a pleasing etching for frontispiece, and Mr. Hardy has written brief prefatory notes. (Harpers.) — *The Uncommercial Traveller* and *A Child's History of England* in one volume, *Reprinted Pieces* and *A Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices* in another, have been added to the new edition of Dickens's works. Charles Dickens the Younger furnishes interesting introductory comment. (Macmillan.) — The third volume in the edition of Björnson edited by Mr. Gosse is *A Happy Boy*, translated by Mrs. William Archer. (Macmillan.) — The latest volume of the Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley, includes *Gobseck* and *Another Study of Woman*, belonging to *Scenes from Private Life*, and *The Secrets of the Princesse de Cadignan*, *Unconscious Comedians*, and *Comedies Played Gratis* (the last the title given to *Gaudissart II.*), from *Scenes from Parisian Life*.

POETRY.

Poems, by Alice Meynell. (Copeland & Day.) A small volume of poetry by one who has been fed both by poetry and by life. There is much intellectual delicacy, much emotional subtlety, comprised in the verses, and now and then an audacity of expression which startles one by its calmness. The shades of meaning which Mrs. Meynell chases are worth the effort to catch them, and caught, show a firmness one does not ordinarily look for in shades. The book is one which appeals to thoughtful lovers of poetry, and we suspect will be most welcome to poets themselves. — *Birds of Passage*, by Mathilde Blind. (Chatto & Windus.) The major portion of the volume is taken up with somewhat dubiously lyric impressions of travel in Europe and the East. If any testimony were needed as to the mistaken nature of such a task, this book would be ample. It is difficult to understand how verse so little vitalized as this should have received such praise as has been its portion at the hands of respectable English reviews. — *The Parody*, by A. S. Martin. (Holt.) An entertaining anthology of parody, compiled from various sources, with an introductory essay. — *Songs of Night and Day*, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. (McClurg.) If Dr. Gunsaulus lacks the rare lyrical gift which is beyond the reach of infinite pains, his verse is harmonious, and he applies it with mature skill. His proficiency seems to us the result of careful study and experiment. Perhaps his most successful poem is that written to commemorate the centenary of John Keats, in ornate and dignified blank verse. His appreciation of Keats is keen and just, yet as one reads one feels that the author has found his own inspiration in Tennyson rather than in the more spontaneous utterance of the earlier poet. Dr. Gunsaulus has much that is interesting to say, and throughout his book runs a note of deep and thoughtful faith. — *Songs*, chiefly from the German, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. (McClurg.) This volume contains selections from a large number of German poets, which are sensibly arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initial letter of their author, instead of in those complex divisions which injure the practical value of so many collections. A song is one of the most deli-

cate of creations. Transplanted in another language it may still be lovely, but its charm can never be the same. The nice relations between sound and sense must disappear. These songs from the German are careful in their workmanship, but the very labor spent upon them steals their freshness. However, the words are sweet and simple, the translation is fairly literal, and now and then a line rings with the original note. It is no small praise to add that much of the imaginative quality distinctive of the best type of German song remains. — *Armenian Poems*, rendered into English Verse by Alice Stone Blackwell. (Roberts.) The universal sympathy with the sufferings of Armenia lends a natural interest to a volume with this title. Unfortunately, as she states in the preface, the author is unacquainted with the originals, and as she is herself obliged to rely upon literal prose translations, the reader is separated from the poet by a twofold barrier. Still, the simplicity with which these verses are rendered leads us to believe that in thought, at least, but little change has been made. Whether the translator has taken pains to select such Armenian stanzas as best show the patriotism of the people or not, certain it is that few collections of poetry can boast an equal national pride or a more passionate love of liberty. — *Soul and Sense*, by Hannah Parker Kimball. (Copeland & Day.) Within and without, this slender volume shows no weakness for externals. Its sober gray binding incloses a collection of verses which discuss the battles of the soul with more austerity than grace. The thought is uniformly serious and concise, but its scope is not wide. The gate of life is death; unselfishness and prayer are the strait road to happiness. Belief in this is a hopeful and religious gospel, but one that has been often preached before. — *Words for Music*, by William Wells Newell. (Sever, Cambridge.) — *A Christmas Canticle, Saint's Day Ballads, and Sundry Other Measures*, by E. H. Stafford. (The Bryant Press, Toronto.) — *Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill, a Book of Moods*. (Crane & Co., Topeka.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his *Family Letters*. With a *Memoir* by William Michael Rossetti. In two volumes. (Roberts.) The first of these two handsome volumes

is occupied with the memoir, the second with the letters, and both are provided with interesting portraits of various members of the Rossetti family. It would be unfair to expect a critical biography; indeed, one would rather not have it just now. What Mr. William Rossetti has furnished is *mémoires pour servir*, and as such these abundant memorials of family and personal life are full of value and charm. We are glad that we have the whole group, for no one but a son and brother could have sketched so freely the several personalities. This island in the sea of British insularity — to use an inadmissible phrase — is and always must be a good picnic ground for lovers of literature and art. — *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, by W. Fraser Rae. (Holt.) It is not very many years since Professor Minto wrote that "the real Sheridan as he was in private life is irrecoverably gone," and so it seemed. Trustworthy biographers he had none; for his best known life, written by the poet and professional biographer, Thomas Moore, is disfigured by great inaccuracy. Owing to the numerous attacks upon the playwright's life and character, Mr. Rae has been obliged to stand largely upon the defensive, but he seems to us to have routed Sheridan's detractors all along the line, and we are glad to believe that this biography is final. Politics and the drama aside, Sheridan's life is still of great interest. His courtship of the beautiful singer of Bath, his brilliant wit, his close friendships with the greatest men of his time, and the lights and shadows of his career make a story of romantic and human interest. The book has a preface by Sheridan's great-grandson, Lord Dufferin, and an appendix gives the correct text of his greatest surviving oration, spoken against Warren Hastings. — *Dolly Madison (Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times)*, by Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Scribners.) The story of Dolly Madison gives us a pleasant, gossiping account of life in the social circles of the post-Revolutionary era. Throughout Jefferson's administration, when distances were the only magnificence of the new capital, Mrs. Madison was an important figure in Washington society. During the eight years that followed, as mistress of the White House, she played a brilliant part in the unceasing gayety of the capital, where her attractions and tact seem to

have contributed largely to her husband's popularity. The capture of Washington by the British in 1813 adds a bit of dramatic excitement to the book. Politics are carefully, and perhaps, as little suiting the character of the book, wisely eschewed. — *Memoirs of Barras*, Member of the Directorate, edited by George Duruy. Translated by C. E. Roche. Vol. III.: The Directorate from the 18th Fructidor to the 18th Brumaire. Vol. IV.: The Consulate — The Empire — The Restoration — Analytical Index. (Harpers.) How much, or rather how little faith we may be inclined to place in Barras as an historian, there can be no doubt as to the truthfulness of the vivid impression the later volumes of his memoirs convey of the weakness and corruption of the government of the Directorate, and of the value, within limitations, to the student, of the account the ex-Terrorist Director chooses to give of the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, and, still more, of that of the 18th Brumaire, which was to prove the period of his final retirement from public life, though doubtless that was far from his thought at the time. But he was a keenly interested observer of affairs during the Consulate, Empire, and Restoration; always a man of large fortune, — the price of treachery, M. Duruy argues, plausibly enough. Fortunately, the personages who suffer most from the venomous tongue and pen of Barras are not those whose characters were hitherto unsmirched, and in the end the portrait which the reader finds most odious is that of the narrator himself. — *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Zenaïde A. Ragozin. Part III. The Religion. (Putnams.) This volume brings to a close the English version of a well-known work with perhaps the most complete and satisfactory account of the faith and religious institutions of the Russians that has yet appeared in print. The main defect of the book, as of the two previous volumes, arises from the fact that it was written some fifteen years ago, and gives the reader little or no suggestion of the changes that have taken place in Russia during the past decade. It is a matter for regret that a work otherwise so valuable should be under such obvious need of being modernized. The translator, in spite of a few French idioms, has done her work

well. — *Russian Politics*, by Herbert M. Thompson, M. A. (Holt.) Mr. Thompson's volume fills a somewhat unique place in the list of modern books on Russia. Written for a popular audience, with the facts skillfully compacted, it gives a most intelligible and interesting account of the present drift of affairs in the great Slav empire. Though the author has opinions of his own, he is none the less liberal in providing extracts from the works of previous writers. The book is a useful, and perhaps the only handbook to Russian politics now in the field.

FICTION.

Old Mr. Tredgold, a Story of Two Sisters, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. (Longmans.) Old Mr. Tredgold's portrait must be added to Mrs. Oliphant's gallery of selfish men, a numerous and varied collection, as her faithful readers know. Mr. Tredgold is also sordid and vulgar, and all these qualities are inherited by his favorite daughter, a "popular" young woman, to whom fall all the gifts of fortune, while to her wiser and better sister comes little but loss and disappointment. As a study of a shallow, selfish, and, after her desires, successful woman, the presentment of Stella is admirable, and with equally remorseless truth are drawn the commonplace people who form the sisters' world. Mrs. Oliphant can interest us in very uninteresting folk, and this novel, although it distinctly belongs among her lesser tales, is very clever. Generally speaking, hearty respect must be felt for the binding force which law and public opinion give to an Englishman's testamentary dispositions, but in this case we are glad that an American novelist would hardly dare to make the climax of a tale depend upon so iniquitous a will as Mr. Tredgold's, so little chance would it have of ever being probated. — *Briseis*, by William Black. (Harpers.) It is on Dee-side that we first meet the heroine of this agreeable history, a Greek-Scotch girl, as familiar with the ballad lore of the northern land as though she were not a maid of Athens. To her enters the young Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly, and though the love that there begins is crossed for a while, we are always serenely confident of a happy ending, after the good old fashion. Some of the *dramatis personæ* of Prince Fortunatus make a

welcome reappearance in this tale, the flirtatious Miss Georgie Lestrangle being its second lady, and the chief cause of its more romantic woes. — *Comedies of Courtship*, by Anthony Hope. (Scribners.) Of the two stories which nearly fill this handsome volume, *The Wheel of Love* can hardly come under the classification of the general title, for it is pure farce, though it be very good fooling; and even *The Lady of the Pool*, which at the start promises to be a pleasing comedy, has many rather incongruous farcical intervals. But whatever we may call them, both tales, though far from their author's best, show his deftness in construction, his crisp, vivacious style, and the clever, pointed dialogue we always look for. The four brief sketches which complete the book have already been published in this country, under changed titles and without the writer's knowledge, and are here reprinted in their proper form and by his authority. — *In Search of Quiet*, a *Country Journal*, May-July, by Walter Frith. (Harpers.) A barrister, benevolently, if somewhat inquisitively interested in his neighbors' affairs, retires for three months to the pleasant village of Thorpe Green, in search of quiet wherein to complete a law-book he has in hand. But he finds the human drama going on in his rural retreat, comedy and tragedy both, and as he has a sense of humor and pathos, his journal of passing events is far from uninteresting. To be sure, the tale has the slow movement inevitable in a daily record, but it is sympathetically and gracefully told, and in its leisurely course does not lose its hold upon the reader. — *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, being a *Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the Years 1685-1687*, under *Strange and Difficult Circumstances*, by A. E. W. Mason. (Macmillan.) Mr. Mason is a very promising recruit in the ever increasing company of novelists of whom Mr. Weyman may be considered the leader. The story of Morrice Buckler, while containing the usual abundance and variety of adventure, is less markedly historic than most of its compeers; and though the action begins with a tragedy of Monmouth's rebellion, it relates mostly to the personal affairs of the hero, which may be said to be sufficiently exciting and warlike, and are narrated with unflinching spirit. Indeed, the writer has done

so well that we regret a certain carelessness as to details which detracts from the verisimilitude of his tale. His personages go from country to country with a celerity hardly of that day, and the heroine, who in Tyrol knows no English, apparently speaks that language with perfect ease in London directly after, where she also intrudes into the next century by going with powdered hair to see a comedy of Farquhar's; while it is a little bewildering that the young English gentleman, who is a student at Leyden, and his friend, who is a victim of Jeffreys, should both be Roman Catholics. — *When Greek meets Greek*, by Joseph Hatton. (Lippincott.) A conventional story of the French Revolution, in which the usual incidents are used with a fair measure of intelligence and skill. The climax is so dramatic and effective that readers will probably condone its extreme improbability. — *The Reds of the Midi*, translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. (Appletons.) There is certainly nothing of the conventional in this Revolutionary tale, which follows the march of the Marseilles Battalion to Paris, and depicts anew the terrible 10th of August. It is told by a peasant, and the writer's perfect art is shown in the fact that the narrator, from beginning to end, in every least particular, thinks, feels, understands, or misunderstands as a peasant would. Not only is the story itself recounted with exceeding vividness and truth, but the shoemaker's shop and the group of listeners are admirably sketched. The translator's work is exceptionally well done, and the make-up of the little volume, which has a portrait of Gras as a frontispiece, is attractive. — *The Release*, by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.) Two of the best known of Miss Yonge's historical tales are those which trace the fortunes of the Ribbaumont family in the time of the St. Bartholomew, the Fronde, and the English civil war, and her readers will be glad to meet their late eighteenth-century representatives in this story of the last days of old France and the first of the new era. The tone of certain phases of English and French life at that epoch is taken with ease and grace, and the book throughout is pleasantly readable. — *Those Good Normans*, by Gyp. Translated by Marie Jussen. (Rand,

McNally & Co.) The Normans here satirized, none the less pungently because of the writer's easy good humor and lack of serious intent, are narrow, selfish, vulgar-minded when not vulgar-mannered, and, above all, sordid. Of course, Gyp's delicate irony, graceful persiflage, and smiling cynicism practically defy all attempts to really convey them from their native French, and so the lady's Normans, while quite as repellent, are hardly so amusing when they are presented to us in an English guise. — *The Veiled Doctor*, by Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. (Harpers.) — *Emma Lou*, Her Book, by Mary M. Mears. (Holt.) — *The White Virgin*, by George Manville Fenn, and *Pretty Michal*, by Maurus Jokai, have been added to Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library.

RELIGION.

The Expansion of Religion, by E. Winchester Donald. (Houghton.) This book is more than a defense. Complete and logical belief make it sound a fine note of optimism for the future of religion. Religion, Dr. Donald takes in its broadest form as everything that tends toward man's salvation; and since salvation, or "having all that is best in a man at its best," is incomparably the most important of all things, religion must play an ineradicable part in human life. It is not, however, in the light of a permanent power, but as an expansive force, that the book considers religion, and the discovery of this expansion in every feature of society is its most stimulating characteristic. The larger value religion sets upon human life, its increasing readiness to accept truth wherever found, the growing conception of its economic value in restraining crime, its nascent efforts to humanize the struggle between labor and capital, all testify to a magnificent increase in its effective force. Dangers always beset the argument from effect to cause, but although the potency of other factors may in part be underrated, Dr. Donald supports his assertions by arguments at once plausible and real. Speaking of the great struggle between Socialism and Individualism, Dr. Donald frankly proclaims Religion to have cast her weight with the latter just so far as the former sacrifices the individual to the organism, and it is this honesty of opinion that gives the book much of its

value. The increasing necessity of organized religion is concomitant with the expansion of religion itself, for, Dr. Donald argues, it is through the churches that universal religion speaks most clearly and most persistently to men.

TRAVEL AND SUMMER RESORTS.

In *India*, translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant. (Holt.) A book on India so eminently un-English has a novel interest. M. Chevrillon was but little over two months in India, yet his sensitive mind, unprejudiced against an antipodal civilization, is completely steeped in what he saw and felt. Though few volumes of travel are so completely impregnated with the spirit of the country they describe, there is hardly one that does not give the reader more precise information. In India is anything but a guidebook. Throughout the journey, we scarcely realize that the author is by our side, and the impressions which crowd upon us seem to come from an impersonal source. The heat, the vegetation, the brilliancy of color, the endless variety of life in its most complex forms, are mirrored in a dreamy style admirably suggestive of the Eastern imagination. A large portion of the book is taken up by somewhat rhapsodical but interesting digressions upon the religions of India. The chaotic divinities of Brahmanism and the placid contemplation of Buddha seem naturally to require a specific, descriptive treatment. M. Chevrillon's method is purely imaginative. Its very vagueness lends it uncommon effectiveness. — *The North Shore of Massachusetts*, by Robert Grant; *Newport*, by W. C. Brownell. (Scribners.) Two little volumes in a brief series devoted to summer resorts. They are not guidebooks; they are simply what might be looked for in an illustrated magazine, sketchy characterizations of the places named, hardly illuminating to the person who has not visited them, and only lightly reminiscental to him who has. They are prettily illustrated and quickly read.

FINANCE.

The Science of Money, by Alexander Del Mar. (Macmillan.) Mr. Del Mar uses in part the historical, in part a logical method in his treatment, and discusses exchange, value, price, money as a mechan-

ism, interest, effects of expansion and contraction, and reaches the conclusion that money may and should be regulated. To be sure, he admits that the method is open to the gravest difficulties. Unfortunately, he comes to this admission at the end of the book, and gives the merest hint to any one who would attempt to overcome these difficulties.

PERIODICALS.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine for November, 1895, to April, 1896 (The Century Co.), enables one to make a survey of six months, and thus permits a surer perception of the plan of the magazine than a desultory examination of single numbers. It offers an opportunity also to get the effect of the new type.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The April part of Murray's A New English Dictionary (Macmillan) covers Field-Fish. The catholicity of this dictionary is well seen in its register of American slang without necessarily condemning it, as in the case of our picturesque use of the verb "to fire." We do not see why there may not be a kindred origin, without any historical connection between them, with the old use of the word, to drive one out by fire.

COOKERY.

Cold Dishes for Hot Weather, by Ysaquirre and La Marca. (Harpers.) Considering what the American summer can be, it is fitting that the first book given solely to cold dishes in all their varieties should be produced here. We recall an attractive midsummer book devoted to ices, but this little manual ranges from *consommé* to sandwiches, and includes fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, as well as salads and sweets. All the dishes described can be prepared in the cooler (or less heated) morning hours, and be eaten cold later in the day. The receipts are set forth plainly and briefly, and as no extraneous matter is introduced the small volume contains a good deal. — What One Can Do With a Chafing-Dish, a Guide for Amateur Cooks, by H. L. S. (John Ireland, New York.) As the chafing-dish has a peculiar value in the days when amateur cooks are likely to find a kitchen range insupportable, this also can be considered a summer book, and it certainly offers a surprising number of receipts which *can* be worked out in this, for some of them, rather cramped fashion. But the collection is large enough easily to admit of selection.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Reminiscences of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

WHEN I was a child of twelve or thirteen, I spent the winter in Washington, and had the good fortune to know Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, whom I remember to this day with vivid interest and love. It was probably pleasant for her to have a young person about her, and for days and often weeks at a time she and her widowed daughter would have me with them. General Winfield Scott lived in the house next Mrs. Hamilton's, and I became familiar with his soldierly figure, and remember how eagerly I watched for him on New Year's Day, when his six-feet-and-four was arrayed in all the glory of full uniform for the President's reception. I had my own idea of the God of War, but not Mars himself could have filled it more gorgeously

than the general as he crossed the broad sidewalk in a dazzle of gold and color, with waving plume and clanking sword. But there was no prancing war-horse, and I had a miserable sense of flatness when all that splendor was swallowed up in a rusty hack and jolted away in the most commonplace manner.

Mrs. Hamilton's favorite room in her house, which was on H Street, near the site of the Presbyterian church, was the front room of the English basement, the dining-room being back of it. There, by the window, in her own particular chair, she sat for hours, either looking out, or weaving mats on a small frame with pins along the sides. No longer able to read or even to knit, this work was a great resource to her who had always been full of activity. Precluded

from any social exertion by her great age (she was then ninety-five), she often seemed pleased to turn to me for amusement. I would read to her, or sit near and sew my bits of work while she was in a talkative mood; or, in fine weather, I would walk with her. Leaning her right hand on a stout cane, and her left arm upon my arm, she would walk several blocks, generally to a florist's, for she was passionately fond of flowers; and always there was from her a cheerful little stream of talk, either of reminiscences, or of observations of nature, or of philosophical reverie, when everything else seemed to be forgotten. In stormy weather there were her mat-weaving and backgammon, of which she was very fond. I would have to tell her the number on the dice, because she could not see; but she would play for hours. I asked her once if she had always liked it. She replied: "Yes, always. When I was young, Mr. Franklin taught me to play. He visited my father's when I was a girl, and was very kind to me."

One of her reminiscences that made a deep impression on me was the story of a great gathering of the Indians of eastern New York at Saratoga, which was then only a log fort. All the chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations had met in solemn council, row after row of fine specimens of manhood standing silently around an open space, where a bit of green-sward gleamed in the sunshine. Although they were dressed in all the barbaric pomp of war-paint, there was peace on their faces as they stood awaiting the approach of a small group of whites, — one or two officers in full uniform, and a tall commanding man in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl about thirteen, dressed in white, with uncovered head and half-curious, half-frightened eyes. This man was General Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honored as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him a tribute of devotion. At a sign from the great chief their ranks parted to admit General Schuyler, who advanced into the open space, still leading his little daughter. There, with many ceremonies, the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rites by laying their hands upon her head, and giving her an Indian name meaning "One-of-us." This incident as told by Mrs.

Hamilton was the more impressive because she herself was the little maid thus adopted.

I recall one of her reminiscences of General Washington, because it gave me a new idea of him. She had been talking of men of bodily strength, and she observed that Washington was a very strong man. She then told an incident that must have happened soon after her marriage, for she was at the time at headquarters with her husband. Washington was writing in his office, a room on the second floor of a farmhouse. The farmer's wife, who was washing clothes, suddenly discovered that the shed-roof was on fire. She rushed screaming into the house, and Washington came bounding down the stairs, picked up one of the large washtubs full of suds, ran upstairs with it, got out on the roof, and emptied it on the blaze; then he ran for another tub, and still another, before he succeeded in putting out the fire.

After dinner, it was the custom for Mrs. Hamilton, if well enough, to spend an hour or so in the large parlors on the first floor, where every evening there were many visitors, friends and strangers. Generally she enjoyed their calls, taking part in the conversation and showing a lively interest in current affairs; but sometimes she was unable to make the exertion. She did not make calls herself, but once I remember she went to one of President Pierce's receptions. When it was known that the widow of Alexander Hamilton was present, she became the attraction of the evening; and the President, anxious to do her honor, left his place, offered his arm, and escorted her around the East Room.

Her dress, always black, of wool in the morning and of silk or satin in the evening, had been made after the same fashion for many years. She wore a plain full skirt, and a plain, rather short waist folded over (not under) a muslin kerchief. Around her neck was a broad, finely plaited ruffle fastened behind, and a small soft shawl was laid over her shoulders. Her face, with its fine features, was framed by a plain snowy cap edged with a finely plaited ruffle, and tied under the chin. Some of the fire of youth still shone in those dark eyes, as she sat and talked with her guests, or, when they had gone, she slowly walked about the large rooms, leaning on her cane, pausing at one old bit or another of furni-

ture to tell me its history. These rooms were crowded with relics, — swords, books, china, pictures, and many other things whose history I would gladly recall. The side wall near the entrance door was almost covered with a large half-length portrait of Washington, who sat to Stuart for it, and gave it to Hamilton. Under a large handsome centre table in the front parlor was a great silver wine-cooler, also a gift from Washington. I remember nothing more distinctly than a sofa and chairs with spindle legs, upholstered in black broadcloth, embroidered in flowery wreaths by Mrs. Hamilton herself, and a marble bust of Hamilton standing on its pedestal in a draped corner. That bust I can never forget, for the old lady always paused before it in her tour of the rooms, and, leaning on her cane, gazed and gazed, as if she could never be satisfied.

She always called him Hamilton. One night, I remember, she seemed sad and absent-minded, and could not go to the parlor where there were visitors, but sat near the fire and played backgammon for a while; when the game was done, she leaned back in her chair a long time with closed eyes, as if lost to all around her. I never heard her complain, and I loved her with a reverent love that made me feel awed as the long silence was broken by the murmured words, "I am so tired, — it is so long. I want to see Hamilton." What thoughts must have come to her from the past! — for she had griefs and losses beyond the usual grievous lot of woman. It is told in history that her oldest son, Philip, fell in a duel before his father met a similar fate; but it is unwritten history that the oldest daughter, a lovely young creature, was so shocked by her brother's cruel death that her reason fled forever. In a private asylum she lived to be an old woman.

When Mrs. Hamilton died, at the age of ninety-seven, although an interment in old Trinity churchyard in New York had been for years a forbidden thing, her last request was granted. Quietly, at night, that frail little form was laid to rest there by the side of her beloved and illustrious husband.

In the Shadow of Frivolous Ancestors. — The Little Spinster came of stern Puritanical New Hampshire stock, and her life had been so full of study and of good works that there had been no place for even the mild

diversions of a country town. Propriety was written in every line of her prim, slight figure, and at a tender age one could see that she was destined for spinsterhood. She had studied philology and political economy at the Sorbonne in Paris, and, absorbed in her work, she had passed unscathed through the light-mindedness of the gay city. Then brain and nerve succumbed, and her physician forbade all study, and ordered a long outdoor idleness far from distracting Paris. Her place of retreat was untroubled by railways and telegraphs, and a people lived there who knew not the name of Calvin, and the word "conscience" had no meaning to its ears. Far back in the centuries, one ancestor of the Little Spinster had belonged to the people that were now about her, and she felt at once strangely akin to them. All that she saw seemed to stir sweet misty memories in her brain, even the new faces wearing an oddly familiar look.

They took the Little Spinster to their hearts at once, making much of her, giving dainty feasts for her, bringing pretty gifts, and saying fond, flattering things such as she had never heard before, and which brought a wavering color to her not uncomely face. Encompassed by all sweet observances, with tired nerves lulled to rest by the murmur of the sea, the years seemed to roll backwards. Her cheeks lost their lines, and grew plump and bright; her hair began to stray about in wayward rings; she laid aside her bowed spectacles, and assumed a coquettish pair of eyeglasses; she bought a pair of red slippers, and became dissatisfied with her bonnet. She tied on one of the gay aprons of the country, with its trimmings of worsted balls, and she had been seen to "hippitty hop" with the children, the red slippers twinkling merrily.

But this was not the worst. A certain High Official there (a married man, too!) flirted desperately with the Little Spinster, and a flirtation cannot flourish when only one takes part. She who never touched even hard cider in her New Hampshire hills now drank not only with her eyes when the High Official pledged her silently at their feasts. Before she left that land many tender words had been whispered unimproved in her ears (though not in the tongue of the Westminster Catechism, let us at least say that for her), and more than

once had that smooth little hand been kissed.

Forgetful of her Moral Obligations, and that to be happy and to make others so is not the Chief End of Man, she let slip one by one some moorings of her cherished propriety, until she felt herself swept away by the current of this new life, which after all was not all new, but seemed to join with some hidden spring in her own being now for the first time revealed.

But unfortunately for the peace of mind of the Little Spinster, she could not dwell always in the Land of Forgetfulness. An invitation which was not to be refused came from her friends the MacNabbs of Scotland, a family who in strictness and uncompromising propriety surpassed even her own people. And, the night she arrived, she left behind in her slumbers that strange new self, and awoke to her old character.

Now, in the evenings, as she sits with the MacNabbs, musing before the fire, knitting a long gray stocking, it is not always the firelight which makes her face so rosy. She is saying to herself, "Oh, was it really I who acted so?" and a cold horror seizes her at the thought, "What if aunt 'Phrony should ever know!" Her mind goes back to her childish idea of the judgment day, where, in a kind of circus with raised seats, vast numbers of people listened eagerly as the angel Gabriel (she always thought of him as wearing spectacles) read aloud each person's sins in thought and deed, all his little hidden weaknesses, his unsuspected errors revealed. She thinks, with a kind of grim despairing humor of the astonishment and dismay of the Blanktown church sewing-circle when her lapses in propriety are proclaimed, those twilight wanderings with the High Official, those kisses on her unresisting hand — and here the Little Spinster, with a jerk of her knitting needles, drops a score of stitches, and the MacNabbs glance up in mild surprise.

Beginning Civilization over again. — The poor boys of large cities have plenty of physical vigor, plenty of cleverness, plenty of bravery; but, as a class, they have the sad failings of untruthfulness and irresponsibility. Untruthfulness must have been bred in their bones, it comes to them so naturally. A boy has a school age and a country-week age. He goes to the theatre with the dime entrusted for an errand, and

he swears, when called to account, that he has lost it. He loafs away the evening on a street corner, and reports at home that he has been to a boys' club. He withdraws his deposit with the stamp savings society on the plea of needing a pair of shoes, and goes to the circus with the money. He returns a library book, which has come to grief through his own carelessness, with a circumstantial account of the way it got into the hands of the baby. He finds himself a job, and goes regularly to work under pretense of going to school, that his earnings may not be deflected into the family exchequer.

These are deceits with a purpose. He lies just as glibly without a purpose, — out of pure fun or from the force of habit. Sometimes he lies even to his own disadvantage. For instance, he comes in all sincerity to be helped out of a scrape, and misrepresents to you the very circumstance that might save him. A written promise makes a certain appeal to his honor; but as to keeping an oral promise, that is purely a question of convenience.

So much of the untruthfulness on the part of the boys as has to do with the keeping of promises is closely allied to the lack of the feeling of responsibility. A dozen or more boys are unable to get from the library that they patronize the particular book they have set their hearts on, because it is not returned when it should be. The boy who has it is done with it. He knows well enough that it is wanted. He fails to act on his knowledge from indifference, not from malice. A Saturday excursion into the country goes by default, because the one boy who was to notify the rest of the party did not do it. He received a ticket for a league game to be played the same Saturday: he was provided for; never mind about the ten others. He has never stopped to think that in social arithmetic one is many times less than ten. The final dress rehearsal of a dramatic club is impossible because two of the young actors take a sudden notion to go in swimming; and so on. In a word, these boys have no social sense in most relations of life.

But there is one signal exception, — the street gang. In the street gang is a genuine healthy *esprit de corps*. A member of a street gang who tells tales, or who otherwise willfully or carelessly neglects his duty

to the gang, is liable to condign punishment. Thus, I happen to know of a boy who was severely drubbed for failing to pass the word along to his gang of the presence on a certain wharf of a discarded crate of specked oranges, of which he himself took advantage.

This strong gang feeling takes another interesting form. There is one gang that meets on one street corner, and another gang that meets on another corner two streets away. To any observer the two gangs are of the same social stratum. Yet there is a subtle difference of some sort which forbids the members of one gang from associating with the members of the other gang: each has a sort of social scorn of the other.

What have we here, then, but the phenomena of primitive society, — the individual irresponsibility and untruthfulness, the gang or clan feeling which is the beginning of a social structure, bringing with it a sense of social obligation, and the differentiation of gangs or clans? It is an interesting if not a flattering reflection that the student of primitive institutions finds the best field for study in city life, where civilization in its complexity has o'erleaped itself, and re-presents the phenomena of barbarism.

The only way to rebuild civilization, where the task has thus to be all done over again, is to begin in the same fashion that civilization itself was first begun: accept the street gang as the base of a higher structure, as the tribe was in the beginning; gradually enlarge its range, till the gang conscience widen to the ward conscience or boss allegiance. Happy are we if boss allegiance widen to a civic conscience. This is the road that the street boy must travel if our institutions have the saving grace that we think they have; and there is no shorter road.

What Factory Girls Read. — One girl who worked in a factory, and in whom I was greatly interested, told me that she belonged to a circle of twelve girls who subscribed for periodicals and passed them around. She liked best to read short stories and poetry. She did not recall the names of any of the persons who wrote the poems in magazines, but she remembered the name of Longfellow. She thought what he wrote was "lovely." Turning over

the leaves of a periodical which chanced to be lying on the table, she came across the name of Shakespeare. I asked her if she knew who he was. She looked at me with charming, childlike hesitancy in her eyes, then timidly ventured her suggestion: "Was he a poet?" I once asked a company of about fifty girls of the class who work in factories how many knew of Shakespeare. Six felt confident enough to raise their hands. Probably at least a dozen more knew as much as they, but did not dare raise their hands. Among the six was found the knowledge that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote plays.

At one time, in a mill where a girl that I knew worked, one of them read love-stories aloud to the others during the brief period of leisure at noon. One taste of this girl's rather surprised me, and it might well surprise publishers who wish to suit the popular fancy. She said she did not care for the illustrations in magazines. She liked to read all those departments in journals which consist of talks with the readers, hints about behavior, about embroidery, about dabbling in so-called "art" matters, about house-furnishing and such things. "I never tire of reading them," she said, and turning over the leaves of a magazine, she exclaimed, "Oh, I love dearly to read about battles! I do! An' the history of the United States. I read all the school history I could get, — just questions and answers, — I thought it was so interesting." She had never read the history of any other country for the simple reason that she had never seen a volume which treated of any history but our own.

An August Memory. — The twin star in the Roman sky known as Octavian Augustus has always given me a confused impression, doubtless aggravated in that he springs full-armed upon the scene, as — nay, it is no hackneyed Minerva from Jove's head we offer for our comparison, but — as parentless as the Emperor Charles V. This long-headed, cold-hearted, disolute old man in knicker — in *toga pretexta*, we should say, — who uses Cicero and Antony alike as stepping-stones, outwitting either at will; this repellent stripling, who, himself without a grievance, shares, if he did not originate, proscriptions that outdid the fierce, hot-blooded massacres of Marius or Sulla; Octavian, I say, unworthy heir to

the name of great Julius (whom Romans at least found ever generous and forgiving), comes nigh to a preëminence of abhorrent badness in all that century of violence from Nasicæ's bludgeon to Cleopatra's asp.

The long, wise reign of the Emperor Augustus is perhaps the most successful piece of quiet statecraft the world has ever seen. The new order gave the still-vested Roman world such peace, such unity, such material prosperity, as it had never seen before. The capital was not merely rebuilt, it was architecturally transfigured. "Brick I found thee, marble I leave thee," was no empty boast by any means. Hundreds of desecrated shrines rose taller and lovelier from their ashes. Even the faith of an earlier nobler day for a moment seemed to raise its languid head while scholastic Virgil and Epicurean Horace sang. Intellectual genius, no matter how humble its origin, was sought out and cherished. For such wisely selfish generosity an *Æneid* or a *Carmen Sæculare* was indeed a princely recompense; but how many autocrats have realized this, and courted their poet with the fit humility of an ephemeral superior? Can Grande did not, nor Chesterfield!

All this wonderful transformation from the age of blood and iron to what seemed almost the Saturnian age returned, this real order and imperial rule just when Rome and civilization were about to sink together into the rift of civil strife, too wide for any Curtius to close, — all this new world centres in one quiet, unpretentious man, who, avoiding so far as he may all splendid pomp and insidious titles, grasps the substance, indeed, but not the insignia of power. It is in his own despite that he is deified while yet living.

Though practically despot over the haughtiest of races, he does not, like Tarquin and Julius, meet a tyrant's fate. After a reign almost as long and unshaken as Victoria's, he dies peacefully in his bed, while his sceptre passes without question to the unloved heir of his choice. How spotless, we think, must have been the whole life of this philosophic prince, so to enshrine him in the heart of a lordly nation! Where is there a greater contrast between all that should accompany honored and reverend old age and that most merciless, treacherous, and repulsive of boy conspirators! Once again

we had quite forgotten that they are one and the same man!

To be sure, if we turn away from the heroic outlines of imperial annals, and con the *chronique scandaleuse* of, for example, Suetonius, the later portrait will blend more readily into the earlier. In particular, the home-happiness of the Emperor's closest friends found in him as dangerous a guest as any Stuart can have been. Mæcenas himself seems to have had good cause for jealousy. Again, even the fiery Terentia, the prime minister's wife, could not win as a boon from her imperial lover the life of her brothers (or near kinsmen), who were entangled in a conspiracy against him.

Even literary men found Rome in the "Augustan age" no paradise, if once their master's resentment was kindled. Thus the belated Pompeian and abusive orator Labienus was cruelly sentenced to have all his books burned! This anticipation of posterity's doom of oblivion broke his heart and drove him to suicide. The more prolonged sufferings of poor Ovid will be remembered, though his precise offense may never be revealed.

Is it certain that authorship owes so heavy a debt of gratitude to Augustus? Literature flourished, no doubt, in the imperial gardens and hothouses. Possibly the delicate flower of Virgilian genius would else never have bloomed at all. On the other hand, republican Horace lost his sturdier traits all too soon in that languid air. Poetry, above all arts, perhaps, requires the atmosphere of freedom; and here early death was involved in the very sources of life. Perhaps for a time more men of ability were turned to literature, if only because other paths of ambition were closed. Yet the paralysis of despotic rule soon fell upon this as on all noble arts. Horace is indeed the last who, by an occasional flash of bolder reminiscence, recalls that he had known and shared the vain final struggle of the tyrannicides. Virgil's first note is in the extremest tone of adulation: —

"A god shall he be to us ever."

The empire, it is often asserted, was inevitable, and beneficent, for Rome in the last century B. C. Perhaps so. Death also may be inevitable, and beneficent, for nations as for men. Certainly the empire was better than unceasing turmoil and civil war. Paralysis is preferable to convulsions.

As for Augustus the author, all the glories of Augustus the emperor have not saved him from the limbo appointed for the commonplace. His chief usefulness was as a frank, judicious critic, safe from any petty jealousy in his supremacy of power. Suetonius mentions a poem on Sicily in hexameters. Of his epigrams, composed and dictated during the interminable daily baths, Martial has preserved one, thereby assuaging all our regret for the rest; there are hardly six coarser verses in Martial himself! Augustus began also a tragedy, Ajax, but when questioned as to its fate, answered wittily that his hero had "fallen upon the sponge;" alluding to the scene in Sophocles' play, doubtless copied generally in tragedy, where Ajax throws himself upon the sword which had been presented him by Hector at the close of their duel. We regret the loss of the *Vita Sua*, in thirteen books, though it was probably even less ingenious than his great-uncle's *Commentarii*. One weighty historical document we do still owe to Augustus, though it may not be, in style and language, the creature of his brain. It is the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, chiefest of Latin inscriptions. This account of the Emperor's life and exploits, more truthful and less boastful than Darius's panegyric at Behistun, covered the walls of a temple dedicated to "Augustus and Rome." In Apollonia of Pisidia fragments from a monumental Greek version of the same document have been found. Here, indeed, the greatness of the first Roman Emperor stands clearly revealed. In authorship proper he hardly plays a part at all; though a clear conception both of his public and his private character will, for obvious reasons, always be of importance to any serious study in the history of literature. Like Pericles' Lorenzo or Elizabeth, he is an essential part of the environment, the background as it were wherever the record of authorship is delineated.

An Unworked Field of Romance. — The striking revival of "romantic" or "ideal" fiction in English, at a time when the "realists" were supposed to be having it all their own way, has of course been the subject of

abundant comment; but one singular trait in the new romances appears to have been overlooked: they are almost all autobiographies. The stories of Stevenson, Weyman, Rider Haggard, and Gilbert Parker, all dealing with remote times or remote countries, are personal narratives, supposed to be told by the heroes themselves; so is *The Prisoner of Zenda*. On the other hand, the "realistic" novels or stories of "modern life" which so lately held the field are told in the historic form; so were the romances of Dumas and Scott. The latter tried the personal form once, in *Redgauntlet*, as a series of letters; but halfway through he returned to the historic style, to the immense advantage of his novel. Defoe's early realistic fictions are throughout autobiographies.

But the method adopted by Stevenson and others seems to be a concession, unconscious, perhaps, to the realists of what is true in their contention, that ancient days and lands of adventure are separated by an impassable gulf from the average citizen of London or New York. Yet there were men and women living in those remote days, and what is dead forever to us was a living reality to them. Let them tell their story as they may be supposed to have felt it, and it brings the time one stage nearer to us. Just so with the returned traveler, who has lived for a time in lands and among races which to us are impossibilities. The one reality is human nature, to which no circumstances can be strange when it is actually among them.

Leaving this thought to be masticated, I pass to a kindred one: why has it proved impossible to write a story of classical life — Greek or Roman — which is not a mere handbook of antiquities? Yet Shakespeare found in Plutarch as good material as in Holinshed; Coriolanus and Cleopatra are as vivid as Faulconbridge and Cordelia. The romance of Panthea as told by Xenophon lacks no element of a true love-story. Yet no one who has attempted a classical novel, from Bulwer down, has made anything more lifelike than a sculptured slab. Could not Mr. Anthony Hope try his hand on Alcibiades or Germanicus?